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SECRET
MEMOIRS
AND
MANNERS

Of several
PERSONS of QUALITY
of Both SEXES.

FROM THE
New ATALANTIS,
AN
Island in the Mediterranean.

By M^{rs} Dela-Riviere Hawley
In Four Volumes.

Written Originally in ITALIAN.

V O L. I.

The Sixth Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-
Hall. 1720.

W. Musgrave.



To His Grace

H E N R Y
Duke of *BEAUFORT*,

Marquess and Earl of *Worcester*,

Earl of *Glamorgan*, Baron *Herbert*,

A N D

Lord of *Chepstow*, *Ragland*, and
Gower.

My LORD,

HOW vast must be the Ambition
of an unknown and meer Trans-
lator to dare to hope from so
great a PRINCE, his most Noble Pro-
tection for so small a Trifle? But he
who enters not the Lists, can never pre-
tend to win the Race: This Attempt,

The Dedication.

how daz'ling soever, had never been Mine, without a proportionable degree of Admiration for those heroick Qualities conspicuous in Your Grace; thence Inspir'd, my Presumption may Hope to avoid Your Frowns, tho' the Performance prove not so Happy to meet Your Smiles.

The following Adventures First spoke their own mixt Italian, a Speech Corrupted, and now much in Use thro' all the Islands of the Mediterranean: From whence some Industrious Frenchman soon Transported the Piece into his own Country; and by giving it an Air and Habit, wherein the Foreigner was almost lost, seem'd to Naturalize it: A Friend of mine, that made the Campaign, met with it last Year at Bruxels; and thus, a la Francois, put it into my Hands, with a Desire it might Visit the Court of Great Britain.

That the unknown Translator has presum'd to lay it at Your Grace's Feet,
pro-

The Dedication.

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proceeds not only from a long and profound Veneration to Your Grace's Family, and Your Own Eminent Vertues, and fix'd Heroick Principles, but he fancy'd so near a Resemblance of Yours to the Young Prince in the Prado, in the first Volume; and in the Continuation of His Character in the Second Volume, where Vertue and Astrea repair to the Young Hero's Palace, that he thought in Justice it could belong to none but Your Grace.

If it be true, That a Resemblance, tho' never so much to our Disadvantage, be said to make us wish better to the Resembler than to another, who carries nothing about him of the same Air and Features, we may hope those favourable Sentiments will be no Strangers to Your Grace's Breast; which is a Repository for all Things Great and Humane, for all Things Just and Noble. To speak You but to half the Height of Your Own Elevated Character, (to those who have

not the Honour to know You) would look like the Daubings of Flattery ; and to those who are so Blest, an Attempt as utterly impossible, as it wou'd be to endeavour to make all Mankind Wise, or Honest, or Handsome : You will be better found in the Encomiums Astrea gives in her Visit to the Young Prince de Beaumont ; thither I must refer my self, and once more implore Your Protection, and for ever Your Pardon, for an Attempt so daring as is this of

My LORD,

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace's

Most profoundly Obedient

AND

Most Humble Servant.

ONCE upon a Time, *Astrea* (who had long since abandon'd this World, and flown to her native Residence above) by a new-form'd Design, and a Revolution of Thought, was willing to re-visit the Earth, to see if Humankind were still as defective, as when she, in a Disgust, forsook it. Her Descent was as soon performed as thought upon; the *European* World being the most Fam'd above for Sciences, she resolv'd her Visit should be there. Accordingly (by a little too strong a Propension of one of the Winds that bore her) she alighted upon the Cliffs of an Island, named *Atalantis*, situated in the *Mediterranean Sea*. Tho' her Design was rather for *Rome*, or the Metropolis of *France*, or *Great-Britain*, Places renowned in the Court of *Jupiter*, for *Hypocrisy*, *Politicks*, *Politeness*, and *Vanity*. No sooner did she re-tread that Ground so long since abandon'd, but in a rapturous *Soliloquy*, thus she began. All hail, thou beautiful Product of the Eternal Mind! How enchanting are thy Prospects? How generous is the Earth? How charming her Fruits? How flowing the Waters? How cooling, how limpid the Streams? How refreshing to the Taste and Limbs of Mortals? How pleasingly they wind, to make fruitful the

Neighbouring Meads, those grassy Pastures, the aspiring shady Groves, and the whole Bosom of the Terrestrial Globe?

But, Oh great *Jupiter*! who hast thus richly endow'd Nature, the Offspring of thy Power, so suited it for Admiration and for Use, so worthy of its Divine Original! To what a Race hast thou delivered these Enjoyments? How corrupt? How unworthy of Benefits so Sweet, and of Possessions so Ravishing?

As she was continuing these Exclamations, there arose, *Pensive* and *Forlorn*, a *Beautiful Person* that sat near her, and who knowing the Divine *Astrea*, ran with open Arms to embrace, and call her Daughter. She wonder'd at the Raptures of the *Stranger*; therefore, repelling her eager Careses, she survey'd her Form, to see if she could recollect who this dejected Beauty was. Her Habit *obsolete* and *torn*, almost degenerated into Tatters: But her Native Charms, that needed not the help of Art, gave to *Astrea's* returning Remembrance, that it could be no other than her beautiful Mother *Vertue*. But Oh! how despicable her Garments! how neglected her flowing Hair! how Languid her formerly animating Eyes! how Pale, how Withered the Roses of her lovely Cheeks and Lips! how Useless her snowy Arms and polished Fingers! they hung in a melancholy Decline, and seemed out of other Employment, but sometimes to support the Head of the dejected Fair One! Her Limbs enervated

vated and supine, wanting of that Energy which should bear her from a Solitude so affrighting!

When *Astrea* had recovered her Astonishment, known and embraced her lovely Parent, (for her Beauty being *Divine*, could degenerate no farther than a seeming *Impair*) she earnestly enquired into her Change of Habit and Appearance? To whom *Vertue* thus answered.

Vertue.] *Astrea*, Thou didst chuse well in abandoning a World unworthy of thee: I had long since followed thee, if great *Jupiter* had not forbid my Flight; perhaps lest these Creatures of his Fancy, Clods of *Earth*, who, by his Command, were impregnated by *Phæbus*, should be entirely destitute, even of the Pretence of those Ornaments which are called *Vertue*.

Thee, they have not mourned for since thy Flight, but have constituted a false Appearance in the *Divine Astrea's* room, a Mock sort of *Justice*, whom they invoke upon every Occasion, without any real regard to Right or Wrong. *Me*, they have thrust out from *Courts* and *Cities*. *Cupid* (our little Relation) for a long time allowed me a Refuge in the Heart of some of his noblest Votaries, but even He is turned *Apostate*. I have no Sanctuary among the *Lovers* of this *Age*; the youngest *Virgin*, and the most ardent *Youth*, are contented to quote me only as a *Name*, something *Fine*, that their Histories indeed make mention of;

a Thing long since departed ; and which, at this Day, is not to be found among them. *Innocence* is banished by the First Dawn of early *Knowledge* ; *Sensual Corruptions* and hasty *Enjoyments* affright me from their Habitation. They embellish not the Heart so as to make it worthy of the God ; but their whole Care is outward, and transferred to the Person. By a diabolical Way of Argument they prove, the Body is only necessary to the Pleasures of Enjoyment ; that Love resides not in the Heart, but in the Face, and as certain of their own Poets have it,

*To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love, the Passion is forgot.*

Hymen no more officiates at their Marriages, the *Saffron Robe* hangs neglected in the Wardrobe, the *Genial Torch* is long since extinguished ; the Glare only of a false Light appears ; *Interest* is deputed in his room : He presides over the *Feasts*, he joins their Hands, and conducts them to the Sacred Ceremony of the *Bed*, with so much Indifferency, that were not Consummation a necessary Article, the *unloving Pair* could, with the utmost Indifferency, repair to their several Chambers. Guess then, my lovely *Astrea*, what must be the Off-spring of such an Union ! How void of generous Fire, of that sparkling Genius, the Product of Noble Free-born Love. Hence it is, that the present Times are so defective of *Heroes*, and if some excel others, 'tis only like Trees
planted

planted in the same Soil. *Chance* gives them the height over their Companions, or, more properly speaking, a dextrous Management of *Vice*: *Artifice* and *Disimulation* is sure to carry a Man through, in whatever he undertakes. What Hope remains for so barren, so airy a Name as mine, of being so much as Countenanced by Mankind? *Valour* and *Beauty*, formerly my two nearest Companions, do not so much as remember they were ever acquainted with me. I no longer have Crowns and Garlands at my Disposal, as in the Morning of the Creation, when Kingdoms and Lawrels were Merited, and Vertue made the Choice.

Quite exploded from *Courts* and *Cities*, I was reported to have refuged among the *Villagers*; but alas! they knew less of me there, than in the Cabinets of Princes. For Mortals being by Nature, as well as Custom, corrupt; the Lessons of *Philosophy* and *Humanity* only, refine and fit them for the Study of *Vertue*; a generous Education illuminates the *Clod-born Birth*, without which, Man is the greatest Brute of the Creation; the rustick Soul looks out in *Native Ignorance*, *Cruelty*, *Avarice*, *Distrust*, *Fraud*, *Revenge*, *Ingratitude*, *Self-Interest*; and the whole ignoble Train, that fly before the Dawn of Knowledge, and the Sweetness of Science. Thus may I well (neglected as I am) appear Disconsolate, Abandon'd, flying to the utmost Verge, to bewail my Misfortunes in these solitary Cliffs, talking of
my

my Woes to the sonorous Waves, which by the resounding of the Rocks, eccho to my Wailings, and sometimes out-beat the remembrance of my Miseries. But you, my lovely *Astrea*, that are not condemn'd, like me, to Wander, exploded and alone; What again has brought you to the Commerce of this despicable Race?

Astrea.] You know the *Lunary World*, tho' inferior to this in many Things, yet are Professors of the same Manners; and are, in short, a Twin-Creation. There was an Emperor, who gave Life to a Daughter, born a Master-piece of *Nature*, for *Beauty*, *Virtue*, and *Sorrow*. She was Married to a neighbouring Prince, who had more Ambition than Success: Puff'd up with the vain Hopes and Pride of his new Father's Empire, he thought nothing too Great for him to Attempt; he put on the Royal Diadem, and call'd himself King of a People who were Oppress'd, and held in Slavery by a Nation more Mighty than themselves. The Consequence of it was, his being forsaken, first by his Imperial Father-inlaw, then by all his inferior Allies: He not only lost his new-assum'd Sovereignty, but his own Hereditary Principality. The Queen, his Wife, a Miracle of Suffering Goodness, wander'd with her wretched Children from Territory to Territory; and at length, refug'd in the Court where she was Born. How often and how tenderly did this unhappy Queen invoke my Name? How did she appeal to *Justice*, whether

whether she deserv'd those Miseries she suffer'd? How vainly did her Cries, her Tears and Beauty, excite her Country-Men to Arm in her Husband's Defence, and to Re-seat him in his native Rights? Those whom she implor'd, were deaf as Rage or Winds. It would indeed, have been Matter of splenetick Laughter to *Momus*, as well as Wonder, if the Queen had succeeded, and that People void of *Religion*, open *Debauchees*, *Blasphemers of Great Jupiter*, and all the *Gods, Gamesters, Usurers*, should have Arm'd in the Defence of *Vertue*, with which they had no Acquaintance; it was not to be expected from them, and therefore my Votary was to sink under the Burthen of her Woes, hopeless of Redress. My Heart melted at the Complaining of this beauteous and upright Princess. I hastned to the height of *Olympus*, where Great *Jove* holds his awful Residence: Neither the Splendor of his Palace, nor the glorious Brightness of his own Divinity, suspended in me, tho' for a Moment, the Desire I had of redressing the Injur'd. I represented to Great *Jupiter*, the Wrongs that were wrought in his *Lunary World*. The Father of Gods and Men, seeing me so nearly concern'd, receiv'd me to his Ambrosial Arms, wiped off those Tears which Anguish had wrung from me, and bad me be Comforted; That the good Queen should receive a double Portion of Bliss hereafter in the happy Regions, when her Years of Wandering were accomplished; That

That she was not Punish'd for her proper Crimes, but her Husband's Ambition, and her Father's Supineness; That, since her own Country had refus'd to Arm in her Defence, *Bellona*, and the avenging Furies, *Fear* and *Death*, should take up their Residence among them, until a Prince descended from the Beautifullest of her Daughters, should obtain the Sovereignty over 'em; mean while *Poverty* and *Captivity* should prove the Lot of many, yet *Pride* and *Luxury* be abated in none; That they should Labour with endless Toil to cultivate the Earth, and gather the Fruits she gave, and should compass their *Lunary Globe* for Gain, thro' the uncertain dangerous Ocean, yet find all the Profit lavish'd away in War, in hopes to save themselves from *destructive Violence*; perpetual Terror of *Storms* and *Pirates* should be to the *Merchants* and *Mariners*; of *Captivity* and *Death* to the *Soldier*, the Decline of Power in the *Statesman*, ever trembling to descend a Height where they can scarce maintain themselves from precipitately falling. The Debauches in the Young with Wine and Love, in the Old of *Hypocrisy*, *Avarice*, and *Gruelty*, should, like incessant Plagues, haunt their aking Thoughts; 'till the young Prince ascended, to put an End to their Sufferings with their Vices, by his own bright Example, leading 'em all into the glorious Path of Vertue and Renown, from whence they should begin to date their *Era* of being a happy People.

By

By this Sentence of *Jupiter's*, I grew well acquainted, that I was impotent of Power to assist the Suffering Queen ; she dy'd in Exile ; but the young Prince, descended from her, Born indeed with generous Inclinations, is in danger of Suffering under the greatest of Misfortunes, the want of royal Education ; tho' Necessity be thought to be the best Instructor, especially to Princes (who, in a flowing Fortune, are continually seduc'd, from without by Flatterers, from within by their own Pride arising from the hourly Homage of all about them) ; yet it is too apt to cramp the Soul, and equal the Sentiments of a Person to his Fortune. To avoid either of these Extremes (in Gratitude to the Queen, who was so true a Votary to me) I have resolv'd to be my self his Guide in Difficulties, his Leader to Renown and Glory, his Guard in War, his Assistant in Peace. My Aim is to make him Deserving of being Great, as well as to be So ; and of the Two, rather to be Good than Mighty. I would fit him for all that Grandour which the Destinies have allotted him. I will have him Merit the Empire over Mankind ; not alone Fam'd for Brutal Courage, as was *Alexander* ; for Subtilty and Wisdom as *Cesar* ; for being Invincible as *Achilles* ; Fortunate as the most Fortunate ; but these, and all other graceful Particulars, shall be united in his Breast ; such as may truly compleat a Heroe fond of his People's Good,

and

and both in War and Peace, Cautious of their Safety, yet wisely Expensive of his Own.

In the Task I have undertaken, I have thought it necessary to Visit this lower Globe, where all the Arts and Vertues are profess'd with more Ostentation, than in the Lunary; with my own Eyes to see the Change of Manners, that I may the better regulate his. I will go to the Courts, where *Justice* is profess'd, to view those Magistrates, who presume to hold the Scales in my Name, to see how remote their Profession is from their Practice; thence to the Courts and Cabinets of Princes to mark their Cabal and Disingenuity; to the Assemblies and Alcoves of the Young and Fair, to discover their Disorders, and the height of their Temptations; the better to teach my young Prince how to avoid Them, and accomplish Himself.

Vertue.] The Design is Noble, and worthy Him you intend your exalted Favourite; but alas! What can you do? You may indeed Preach to him to avoid *Vice*, but then you must teach him to avoid *Mankind*: All are Corrupt: And you will, by this Visit, only furnish your self with Matter of Complaint to *Jupiter*, from ocular Proof; when you have seen how abandon'd they are, it will excite your Rage and Desire utterly to destroy the Race. Your Cries, the Cries of *Justice*, extorted by conscious Resentment, will, of Necessity, attack the greatest of all the Gods, even in his most innermost Re-

treat,

treat, and force him to blend these wretched Mortals with the Dust they were Originally taken from ; so to annihilate their very Being, who dare thus contemptuously to Breathe in Defiance of all the *Vertues* ; and fraught with *Vice*, fly full in the Face of the very Power that Form'd 'em, obeying none of the Precepts of their Wise Creator. Nay, in their proud, vain Hearts, daring to question, if they and their World had an Original ; or from all Eternity were not independent of, or co-equal with Omnipotence ?

Astrea.] I easily believe what you say, admirable Mother ! but because out of Multitudes of Evil still some Good may be extracted, if you please to favour me with your Company, I will proceed in my intended Purpose.

Vertue.] Alas, *Vertue* will blush, and hang the Head, offended and asham'd at the Pollutions of Mankind. Go on to the Capital, 'tis called *Angela* ; I will expect your Return upon the Brow of yon aspiring Cliff.

Astrea.] *Mercy* ever dwells with *Vertue* : Your Intercession may be necessary, (besides the ineffable Charms of your Conversation) lest *Justice*, too highly provok'd by those audacious Objects we may encounter, and, without waiting for the Sentence of *Jupiter*, be tempted to Punish, as well as Condemn ; we will make us Garments of the ambient Air,

Air, and be Invisible, or otherways, as we shall see convenient.

Vertue.] 'Tis hard to deny a Person so Amiable. See, my dear *Astrea*, here is a Boat that belongs to Fishermen, the Sea falls at a little distance into a pleasant River, twelve Leagues in length, it will shorten our Passage; let us go aboard, and commit our selves to the Protection of the Gods.

Astrea.] I cannot enough admire the Ingenuity of Mortals; the Art of Navigation is superior to all others: How early must they inure themselves to *Hardships*, contempt of *Heat* and *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Thirst*? Intrepid in the midst of the most astonishing Dangers, when both the Winds and Seas are at War! Sheets of Lightning descending! The Moon obscur'd! The Stars, as it were, extinguish'd! The rattling Thunder bellowing throughout the Heavens! All Things full of Horror and Despair! The dangerous Rocks, and devouring Sands ready to dash and to receive 'em! Yet Custom has render'd even those Evils familiar to 'em.

Vertue.] And wou'd you believe, that even in the very Moment of Destruction, when their Vessell strikes, and the rousing Waves rush greedily to devour 'em, their very Prayers are mingled with Blasphemies! A new-invented Vice, since you abandon'd the Earth: They invoke the Name of *Jupiter*, and all the Gods, with Horror; calling on him, at every trifling Moment, to destroy
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and reprobate 'em to Eternity! You will have too many Instances of this, in viewing the Disorders of that Naval Preparation just before us. How proudly they Plough the Waves? See! Can any Thing be more Magnificent? There are Three-hundred Ships of Burthen; some for Defence, and others for Traffick: But even the Merchant is not without her Beauty; the Poop and Stern glitter with Gold; the waving Streamers, and other imitated Ornaments, give us scarcely, but by her Bulk and Number of Men and Guns, to distinguish her from a Ship of War.

Astrea.] O, my dear Mother! Can there be a Sight more Beautiful? They all seem to be in a vast Hurry: What are they doing? Of what Use is so much Linnen, fastned with Cords, that trembles in the Wind, and is but with struggling made obedient to the Hand?

Vertue.] To speak in Terms proper to the Sea, there's just sprung a favourable Gale, for they have lain Windbound a considerable Time; let us go Aboard the Admiral, she seems the Sovereign of the Seas. The Linnen which you enquire after, are Sails; they spread their whiten'd Canvass before the Wind, which fill'd with an auspicious Gale, carries 'em swift, almost as Imagination, to their desir'd Port; and, for Expedition, far exceeds any other mortal Invention of Journeying.

Astrea.]

Astrea.] O, my dear Mother! I am ready to burst at the Pride and Oppression of Mortals; at their Riots and Blasphemy: Never will I go aboard another Fleet: There is no manner of Entertainment there for us; I am glad we are got on Shore, and released from their Disorders. Good Heaven! How Beautiful in Prospect, how Detestable in Examination, is that gaudy, gilded, magnificent Prospect of a Fleet? How Proud, how Luxurious the Commanders? How Dissolute, blasphemous and servile are the Crew? They bow lower to their Superiors, than ever they did to Heaven; whilst those Elate and Haughty, as if formed of a peculiar Mould, look down with Contempt upon the fawning Company of Curs beneath 'em.

Vertue.] And which is yet more wonderful, some of the Proudest, and yet Bravest of these Commanders, were, one Day, Mean as the Meanest of the Crew, couching beneath the Burthen; yet, when once advanc'd, none more forward in imposing it upon others. Did you Notice the Old Seignior, stretch'd at his Length upon the Crimson-Damask Couch? That Youth he seem'd so fond of, was no other than a Woman so disguis'd. He was once in an Engagement with the Enemy, the young Creature's Fears, amidst the Roaring of the Cannon, the Cries of the Wounded, the Exultings of the Victors, disorder'd her into Fits. The Admiral, careless of Glory, or the Preservation of that Renown he formerly had acquired, forgetful

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getful of his Nation's Interest, that was intrusted into Hands so feeble, forbid 'em to advance, and so lost a considerable Opportunity of Taking or Burning most of the Enemies Ships, and suffered 'em to make off with the Reputation of Victory, only to quiet the Fears of a Mistress beloved: How unpardonable was this Dotage? What had *Venus* to do amidst the rough Embraces of *Bellona*? She may indeed have a Pretence, after the Toil of Battle, the Fatigue of Fight, to congratulate the Deliverer, and Applaud the Performance of her Warrior; to disrobe him of his cumbersome, defensive and offensive Ornaments, to sweeten all the Pains of *Mars*, by the Recompence of her Smiles; to lead him covered with Slaughter, Dust and Destruction, into the prepared Bath! but in the midst of Danger, there is no Business for her.

The next eminent Commander that we saw, is a great Benefactor to the Ladies in the *Marine* Towns; he perpetually entertains them with Balls and Collations, as far as his Credit will stretch, tho' to the Expence of the Believing Tradesman, who may wait long enough, if he but wait 'till his Bills come in course to be paid. These Disorders are generally the Entertainment of the Night, when the Old and the Wise are retired to that Repose which they believe no Diversion can recompence the Loss of; mean Time the Virgin-Daughters are left an easy Conquest to the Flattery and Vi-

Vigour of these young *Neptune's*, eager as hungry Hawks upon their Prey, they improve the coming Moments. Our young Commander, more Inconstant than the Element o'er which he presides, makes every one of these guilty Meetings subservient to the gratifying a fresh Inclination. The destin'd Damofel, at the breaking up of the Assembly, is conducted by him to the Place of her own Abode; he is all the while protesting his never-dying Passion, slips in, and goes up to her Chamber with her. She dares make no Noise, for fear of awaking her Parents: He improves the Hint, takes Advantage of the silent Opportunity, swears he'll Marry her; which the credulous Fair easily believes, because he has already two Wives, and does not know but he may as well have Toleration to increase them to two Hundred; and, without more Difficulty, is robb'd of her Honour, and Reputation of Honour.

That very handsome Commander that we visited next, has lately taken a Girl from the *Opera*: She it was that sat upon the Eminence, on his Right Hand, tho' there is none in the Company, but what were more Beautiful than she. He has been what this Age calls it, A Fortunate Man among the Ladies: They tell a great many pleasant Stories of him; Pleasant I mean to the Ears of the Vicious. Whoever should see him, as we did, in his *Marine-room* of State, all dissolved in Luxury; Would they readily believe,

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lieve, that this Mortal ought every Hour to be apprehensive of his Fate, because he is every Hour in danger of being summoned to pass in *Charon's* Vessel, instead of riding Triumphant in his own? Did you Mark what Profuseness in Eating; how his Table abounded in what was Nice as well as Necessary; the extream Delicateness of his own Taste, and the affected One of his Concubine's; the Debauch of the Glass after Dinner; the Variety of rich Wines, and heightning Cordials; the *double Entenders* of their Conversation, where scarce good Manners, or the sacred Respect due to our Sex, was preserved? But these are Creatures that, with the real Loss of their Modesty, have abandon'd the very Appearance of it, and are never so well pleased, as when in their Discourse and Debauch, they confound Distinctions, and leave it only to their Dress to bespeak the Sex; the obscure Sports that succeeded, were but an accumulation of a riotous Life. Thus wasting the ebbing Sand! thus provoking Death! thus shaking the hasty Hour-Glass! neither taught to reflect by Tempests or Thunder, by Cannon or Destruction! to prepare themselves for that dreadful Alteration, that Antipathy to Nature. You have not heard, among those Ten Thousand Mariners, the Name of *Jupiter*, but to Blaspheme it! He is only invok'd as a Witness to their Millions of Untruths and Vanities! How they deprecate and devote themselves, without Remorse,

morfe, to eternal Destruction? If great *Jove* be Juſt; if yet he have Attention for the Affairs of Mortals; Will he not take them at their Word? Will he not hurl them into never-ending Destruction? How can they extenuate a Punishment themſelves have Invok'd.

Aſtreæ.] With regret I beheld, That they made no Offerings to *Jupiter*? ev'n *Neptune* is neglected by them. *Bacchus* and *Venus* (in their moſt criminal Rites) are the only Deities that they Reverence. It is my Wonder that the Waves do not immediately ſwallow them alive! or that their Enemies do not perpetually vanquiſh them in Battle!

Virtue.] Human Nature is univerſally Corrupted: Thoſe that fight againſt them, are as wicked as themſelves: There is no ſort of Juſtice in giving either the Pre-eminence, and therefore generally Chance decides it. Did you Mark, throughout the whole Fleet (after their exorbitant Dinners were paſt) how they endeavour'd to waſte the Time, not in improving Converſation, reading meritorious Authors, the learned Sciences, even their own Mathematicks, or any other Entertainment that may better their Lives, or Philoſophy and Humanity to ſoften the rigidneſs of a ſtern, cruel Education, to enable 'em to bear the Fatigues and Dangets of their Employment! The Glaſs only goes about, which makes 'em Noiſy, Vain-glorious, Boaſting, Severe,
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Unmerciful; which generally proves the Time for Punishing the Wretches beneath 'em. Dice and Cards have their Turn. In this detestable Round of Wickedness, they wear away their Lives; omitting no Opportunity of defrauding the Seamen who labour incessantly for a sorry Subsistence. They adulterate even their Pulse and Water, deputing Damag'd in the Place of Good, which they can have at lower Prices: Provided their Coffers are but replenish'd, they care not what they endure. The Diseases that, thro' unwholsome Food, are contracted; the Enervating of their Youth and Vigour; and a Thousand other Inconveniences which arise from it. Then they are Eminent in nothing more, than in defrauding them of the sweet Enjoyment and Fruit of their Labour. When, by the undaunted Courage of the *Mariners*, their Contempt of Death, and warrantable Desire to better their wretched Condition of Life, they Attack a rich Prize, and Take it; tho' all ought to have an equal Share in what they have equally Purchas'd at the Expence of their Blood, the Commanders appropriate the Benefit as well as the Glory. The Wretches dare not murmur, for fear of that Discipline which was first design'd and term'd Martial, but is since degenerated, as the wild Fancy of the cruel Man in Power suggests.

Astrea.] But what Remedy is there, to all these Evils?

Vertue.] If some great good Man should stand up; and fearlessly regulate these Disorders (as it is reported there is now such a one at their Head); if Corruptions were not Above, these Inconveniences would not be Below. Did only Service and true Merit, recommend to Office; were not Bribery, and the Sollicitations of Friends, prefer'd to Duty and Worth; were severe Penalties inflicted upon these Blasphemers (the Commanders themselves first desisting from the Use); were Dice, Cards, and an exorbitant Love of Wine, and the hotter Liquors Tax'd; were faithful Commissioners appointed to inspect the Provision of the Navy; were Matter of lawful Complaint made Free to the meanest Seamen, provided (upon Pain of exemplary Punishment) he advance nothing but the Truth; were it made Capital to take a Bribe in the Service of their Country: The Regulation might be made easie, if the Leading Men and Commanders gave them but Examples of Sobriety, Justice, and Morality: But all is nothing but Oaths, Drunkenness, burning Lust, Riots, Avarice, Cruelty, and Disorder; They have got the better of a bad Reputation, and do not so much as care to Dissemble a Good. Hypocrisy is indeed banish'd far from them: Vice, with her many-headed Train, bare-faced and open, sits Enthroned, as in her proper Sphere; Nay, so great a propension have the meanest of the Crew, so educated in harden'd Folly, that
there's

there's not a Wretch of them, tho' for three Years he has gone Tatter'd and almost Naked, not knowing the Use of, or Benefit of Money; but when he receives his Pay, shall never stir from the *Cabaret* (with a Gang of dissolute Flatterers, and lewd Women about him) 'till the last *Denier* be expended.

Vertue.] See, my dear *Astrea*, as we approach the *Capital*, how busie *Intelligence* appears, like a Courtier new in Office! she bustles up and down, and has a World of Business upon her Hands: She is first Lady of the Bed-chamber to Princess *Fame*; her Garments are all *Hieroglyphicks*; we'll stop her as she goes by: But were we not invisible to her, she would not put us to the trouble, nor pass us without either a good or bad Report, or possibly a Medium; and that would be the greatest Favour we could expect, next to Truth, which she is but rarely concern'd with.—Pray, Madam, may two Strangers of your own Sex, make so bold with your Ladyship, as to enquire what great Affair sits so busie on your Face? and whether you can't afford a few Moments of your precious Time, to inform Foreigners of the *Temper*, *Genius*, and *History* of this *Island*.

Intell.]. You have hit, Ladies, upon my very Business: I entertain Strangers with vast Respect; they give me the greatest Attention; for all I say is generally New to Foreigners, when they first appear in a

strange Court. My Name is *Intelligence*: I am *Groom* of the *Stole* to that omnipotent Princess *Fame*, of whom all the Monarchs on the Earth stand in Awe. I would not fail to oblige your Curiosity, were I not engag'd in a very pressing Affair. To be short, between Friends, the King of this Island is just dead: 'Tis yet a mighty Secret, but I must make what haste I can to divulge it. I have already been at the new Empress's Court, and left her to condole with her She-Favourite, over sparkling *Champaign*: So that you find 'tis not in my Power, at this time to oblige you. But if you please, Ladies, to let me know where you lodge, I'll not fail to wait upon you, as soon as this Business is dispatch'd.

Vertue.] Leave the Care of that to your Emissaries; a Power more Mighty than your own, controuls you at this time, you shall walk invisible with us; in the Name of *Jupiter* we Arrest you to attend upon *Justice* and *Vertue*. You are to inform us of all we shall demand, and *Truth* is summon'd to attend you on this Occasion.

Intell.] Having first (as I ought) paid my *Duty* and *Obeysance* to two such mighty Potentates as *Justice* and *Vertue*, I only beg, Ladies, a short Absence of six Moments, and then I will return Full and Proud of my Desires to serve you.

Vertue.] You are uneasy 'till you have divulg'd our Secret; but for once we will excuse the Honour you design'd us, and are
con-

contented to pass unknown and unregarded among the Croud of Mortals.

Intell.] Your Mightiness has indeed, guess'd at my Thoughts; I would in a Moment have dispatch'd your Affair, by a short Whisper in the Ears of *Fame*; the Honour of being let into so weighty a Secret sits Heavy upon me, 'till I have disburthen'd my self; Besides, it is my Duty faithfully to report to her, whatever is New, or of any seeming Importance.

Vertue.] We dispense you from it at this time. But pray, Madam, how comes it that a Person of your Consequence, finds Employment at above three Leagues distance from the Metropolis?

Intell.] This is a *Villa* of the *defunct Monarch's*; let us strike down that Walk, and it brings us to the *Palace*, where all either are, or ought to be, in Tears, to see him lie dead among them. That Chariot brings rowling on, the young Count *Cornus*: His Father was Master of the Horse to the King, and the most accomplish'd of all the *Foreigners*. The young Gentleman, this Morning, upon the Death of his Master (whom he unfeignedly loved) fell into Fits, beat his Breast, tore his Shirt, and laid about him so handsomely in his Agony, that his Linnen appears all bloody. They are carrying him to the City: He seems not to have recover'd his Senses: A Servant supports him (from sinking) in the Chariot. There is a Tincture of your *Ladyship*; some small Share

of Vertue in the Composition of this young Count; but Time, and the Air of the Court, may speedily deface it.

Astrea.] Who is that graceful Person that appears upon the high Loll in his Chariot and six Horses? They seem to cut the Air with the Swiftneſs of their Motion, ſcarce to touch the Ground beneath, like flying Clouds, *Venus's* Doves, or *Juno's* Peacocks. There's ſomething of a ſolemn Joy ſits upon his Face, which ſaſhes out, notwithstanding his Endeavours to the contrary.

Intell.] That Gentleman is a Hiſtory, a Minion of *Fortune*! If your *Ladyſhips* pleaſe to reſoſe your ſelves at the End of this *Viſta*, before we aſcend the Palace, I will, in as few Words as poſſible, ſaſiſy your Curioſity. His Name is Count *Fortunatus*, rais'd by the concurrent Favour of two Monarchs, his own and his Siſter's Charms, from a meer Gentleman to that Dignity: He is poſting now to Congratulate the new Empreſs, who out-ſtrips her Predeceſſors in Eſteem of him: His Wife is her She-Favourite: All will be manag'd in the new Reign by their Advice. Big with the coming Hopes of being at the Head of the Empire, you ca'n't blame him, if ſome of that abundant Joy that fills his Breſt, ſparkles from his Eyes, and brightens o'er his Face.

Vertue.] I never heard of him before. Alas! What Pity 'tis, that a Perſon of his graceful Appearance, ſhould make no Application at all to *Vertue*!

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Intell.] *Fortune* has been his *Deity*, and entirely propitious to him. When he was at the Age of Sixteen, his Friends, out of their narrow Fortune, with much ado, purchased him a Standard in one of the establish'd Regiments of Foot-Guards : His Mother's Sister was Surintendant of the Family of the *Duchess de L' Inconstant*, *Sultana* Mistress to *Sigismund* the Second. The Youth us'd to make Collation, and fill his Belly with Sweet-meats with his Aunt. The *Duchess* came one Day unexpectedly down the Back-Stairs to take Chair, and found 'em together : He had slip'd away for fear of Anger, but not so speedily but she got a glimpse of his graceful Person. She ask'd who he was ? And being answer'd, Caus'd him to be call'd ; and all full of native Love and high Desire, for an Object so entirely new and charming, bid him attend, her after the King's *Couchee*, who that Night was to lie on his own side. The Governess, knowing the *Duchess's* amorous Star, was transported at the happy Introduction of her Nephew, not doubting but he was design'd for her peculiar Pleasures ; she caus'd him to bathe in the *Duchess's* Bathing-Room ; Perfumes being then much worn by People of Condition, she procur'd him the Richest ; scented his fine Linnen, and all sweet and charming as an *Adonis*, introduc'd him to the Bed-side of the expecting *Venus*.

The Dutcheſs was enchanted with the Pleaſures of her new and innocent Lover: A Lover whom ſhe had made ſuch; and who firſt Sigh'd and Felt, in Favour of her, thoſe amiable Diſorders and transporting Joys, that attend the Poſſeſſion of early Love: She preſented him with an unlimited Bounty. The lovely Youth knew punctually how to improve thoſe firſt and precious Moments of good Fortune, whiſt yet the Gloſs of Novelty remain'd; whiſt Deſire was unſated, and Love in the high Spring-Tide of full Delight: Having an early Forecaſt; a Chain of Thought, unuſual at his Years; a Length of View before him; not born a Slave to Love, ſo as to reckon the Poſſeſſion of the charming'ſt Woman of the Court, as the *Zenith* of his Fortune; but rather as the firſt auspicious ruddy Sreaks of an early Morning, an Earneſt to the Meridian of the brighteſt Day. He bethought himſelf of eſtabliſhing his Fortune at Court, in a Poſt ſo advantageous, that even the Dutcheſs her ſelf might not be able to hurt him, ſhould ſhe (as ſhe had often done before) change her Inclination. *Sigismund* the Second was then on the Throne, a Prince devoted to Pleaſures, but he was Childleſs; and the Eyes, tho' not the Hearts of the *Iſland*, were caſt upon his Brother, the Prince of *Tameran*. He had had ſeveral Children, but only Two ſurviv'd, and they Daughters; the Eldeſt was marry'd, for Reaſons of Religion, to a neighbouring Prince. But as it

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is not their History that I am now design-
ing, I will only tell you that of the Count.
The Dutchess gave Six thousand Crowns
for a Place in the Prince's Bed-chamber for
him; and, by her Favour with the King,
procur'd him a Rise in the Army: She cal-
led about her own Person, his fair and for-
tunate Sister. But his Ambition would not
rest there; he never left interceeding with
the Dutchess, nor the Dutchess with *Sigis-
mund*, 'till she was received into the
Number of the Maids that attended the
Princess of *Tameran*; when, by an over-
plus of Fortune, the Prince cast his Eyes
upon her, so much to her Advantage, that
she became his Mistress confess'd, and had
several Children by him. So great an In-
dulgence for the Brother, accompanied his
Passion for the Sister, that he either found
or fancied Merit in him, superior to all the
Court; gave him a considerable Command
in the Army, and call'd him into the Nobil-
ity. Returning from an Expedition he had
made by Sea, the Ship wherein the Prince
was, struck upon a dangerous Sand: It was
inevitable Death to all but those who could
save themselves in the Long-Boat. The
Awe of Royalty is such, even in the Breasts
of the Vulgar, that the ignoble Crew wil-
lingly devoted themselves to the *Sea-green
Deity*, to secure the Life of their Master.
Not one of them press'd forward to secure
themselves, by entering the Boat; but One
and All calling upon the Royal Brother,

put him to descend, with the Good Wishes and Dying Prayers of the remaining Wretches, who, with repeated Huzza's, accompanied his Boat whilst it was yet in Sight, and themselves were Sinking. Such a Spirit of Loyalty, and Sense of Obedience to the supream Power, was then in the Hearts of the People, 'till New Opinions obtain'd, New Notions of Liberty, and a new Estimation of the Sovereign's Duty, and the Rights of the Subject; introduced by a *Faction*, whom nothing less could satisfy, than an entire Subversion of the ancient Constitution.

No sooner was the Prince seated, but he tenderly called for his dear Count, and commanded that not one, upon Pain of immediate Death from his own Hand, should dare to come down 'till he was placed by him. How tenderly he embrac'd him! I knew not, my faithful Friend, said the Prince, how dear you were to me, 'till this ugly Prospect of losing you! How many have I disobliged by the open Preference my Heart forced me to, for your Advantage? Could Life have been valuable to me, when you were out of it! I never loved any so tenderly as you, nor you so much as now! What can a Creature (owing all to his great Master) return for such an inestimable Distinction! answered the Count, happily blest in your exalted Favour! Unhappy in despairing ever to have an Opportunity of shewing the least Grain of my
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abundant Gratitude! Since when I have re-
turned you all, even to my Life, it is but
what was your Highness's before. The best
Gift of Nature I have this Moment re-
ceived from your Royal Favour; there will
be no Happiness for me, nor an Equality in
my Destiny, unless some Means be found
to lose in your Service that Breath you have
bestowed upon me; but I, *more faithful than*
fortunate, can only wish, not expect a Desti-
ny so Glorious.

Astrea.] Methinks I shudder with the
dread and apprehension of the Count's In-
gratitude! How do I foresee that he deserv-
ed not that Distinction? Put me out of Pain;
has he not been ungrateful to the Royal
Bounty?

Intell.] More than all Mankind, because
he was more beloved and trusted; but he
has rose by it, and will in a moment (so
favourable are the Disposition of his Stars)
touch the tallest Dignities of the Empire.

Astrea.] Can Great Jupiter permit it? Me-
thoughts long since (when in *Egypt*) I was
pleased with that Shew of Justice among
the *Egyptians*, their Contempt of Ingrati-
tude, in which they held all Wickedness was
contain'd. 'Tis counted meritorious to for-
give Injuries, but the most gentle Nature
is permitted (with Applause) to retain the
Memory of an ungrateful Act. It ought
hardly ever to be forgotten; and 'tis as
certain, that we shall find no Goodness in
him that is Ungateful, as we are sure to
find

find but little Evil in the Grateful. Mankind would in part avoid that shameful Vice, if they did but esteem the Benefits that they receive greater than they are, and those which they confer, less than in reality they be. But in Moralizing I interrupt your Story; let me mark *Fortunatus* down the foremost in my Pocket-Book. I will claim an especial Audience of *Jupiter*, in relation to the particular good Fortune of the Favourite-Count, and resolve to lead my Prince wide of the Road he has travelled in.

Intell.] 'Tis time we should now return to shew how he lost the Favour of the Dutches, the first Step upon which he mounted from Obscurity. *Fortune*, when she intends to go through with a Heroe, what-ever would in any other be a false Step, is but in him, an Advance, conducing to her End. He fell passionately in Love with young *Jeannatin*, a Companion of his Sister's, and in the same Service about the Princess. Here all his Precaution forsook him, that *Coolness* of *Temper*, that *Allay* of *Fire*, that *passive Moderation*, ever uppermost, and to which he has owed his greatest Success; by this he has acquired those Appearances of *Vertue*, that are found in him. 'Tis his *easy Phlegm*, that has suffer'd him, when at Council, either of *War* or *State*, to permit, with the least Show of Uneasiness, even the lowest and worst-favour'd Person, to deliver his Opinion at length, though never so opposite to his own. He

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weighs them all with Deliberation, and yet remains fix'd to his form'd Designs. Hence it is, that even in the Heat of Fight he is not transported beyond his usual Moderation; neither his Grievs upon a Disappointment are excessive, nor the Exultings of his Joy upon a Victory. He neither *cruelly* punishes, nor *generously* forgives; 'tis all a *Medium*, and considering the Extent of his Power, he has both done the least Mischief and the smallest Good, of any that ever possess'd it. His *Flatterers* cry up his *Courage*, but it seems to me not to be so much *inborn* to him, as *acquir'd*; for certainly we may as well learn to be Valiant, as Judicious. A Proof of what I advance, may be taken from always ducking his Head at the Noise of a Bullet; the first Apprehension is in his *Nature*, and only to be controul'd, not prevented, by *Reason*, which immediately comes in for a Second, and carries him safely through to Glory, which all Heroe's should chiefly aim at. In short, he is Excessive in nothing, but his love of *Riches*; whether *Ambition* lies smother'd beneath, and that he has some distant View, a Depth of Design, which none has yet had Line enough to fathom. *Money* is the only means to carry on successfully the greatest Enterprize. Perhaps he may one Day find a *Royal Ball* the Sport of *Fortune*, a *Kingdom* at her disposal, and to be obtain'd by the highest Bidder. Suppose him *Candidate* for the *Crown of Poland*, if among the many *Pre-*
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tenders (*Foreigners* or *others*) he have the *deepest* Purse, 'tis more than probable, his Success will be the *highest*. Either to conceal'd *Ambition*, or native *Covetousness*, we must attribute his unbounded, unwearied Desire of *Wealth*. Will he one day set it all at Stake upon a *Royal Cast*, an *Imperial Squander*? Or descend to his Grave, choak'd with Greediness of Gain, and a most prodigious, accumulated Mass of Wealth?

But to return to his Amours. What would have ruined another Man, serv'd, but to advance him; his Love for a young Girl then without Interest, or the Appearance of any, a Maid of Fortune that was sent to Court, and plac'd among the Rank of those who generally owe their Establishment to their Beauty, from whence the young unthinking Men of *Quality* and *Estates*, chuse themselves Wives of Fancy; 'tis well enough for those whose Affairs will permit them to marry for *Inclination*, tho' it survives not the *Hymenean Moon*; but for the *Count*, who depended for most of his great Expence upon the Dutchess, and to whom he ow'd all his Fortune, 'twas Ruin inevitable, 'twas Destruction bare-fac'd; yet Love, assisted by his ever propitious Fortune, carried him thorough; his *Sister* lay in his *Master's* Bosom, to protect him against the ill Effects of the Dutchess's Resentment, should she animate *Sigismund* against him. Love gave him this for Reason, Love is the Master of *Boldness*, he carries us
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fearless on to the greatest Attempts and is ever most Fortunate where the Courage is most Resolute. *Love* finds nothing difficult that leads to the Possession of what is *belov'd*. Young *Jeanatin* had a Mother, whose Cunning assisted the *Count* in the Management of this Affair; she foresaw glorious Things for the *Heroe*. The Publick would have it that she knew more than the common Race of Mortals; in short, that she was conversant with a *Demon*, who gave her to understand the Future. I do not report this as Matter of Fact, but Rumour has it, that she foretold the *Count's* rising to this height, when there was scarce a Prospect of it. She bid him to rest there, and be contented to possess *Honours* and *Wealth* to an extreme old Age; but if he advanced a Step further, his *Glory* should be short, and his *Death* violent. Time only can determine the *Oracle*; but this I believe, the *Count* will scarce consult it, or any thing else, that seems a Stop in his way to the Goal of *Grandour*. But to return, he got his Master's Consent for Marrying the young *Jeanatin*, and the Promise of his Protection against the *Dutchess*; who when she heard she was going to lose her dear *Count*, or at best, divide him with a Wife of *Inclination*, her haughty Soul, conscious of Beauty and superior Charms, resolv'd to revenge the Neglect of 'em. He had lately (by quite another Pretence than that of his Marriage) drawn the last, and most considerable Sum from

from her. 'Tis affirm'd, that besides what she did for his Sister, and the Honours and Places of Profit she procur'd for him; out of her own Cash, she at times had presented him to the Value of One Hundred and Forty Thousand *Crowns*. But what could he do? covered with Charms as she was, he had never lov'd her; 'tis however to be supposed that he well disssembled it, and in that Point the *false* Lover has a thousand Advantages over the *true*; they can perform all that's *necessary*, and are in no danger of the *superfluous*; can imitate the *Transports*, and avoid the *disgustive* Part. *Jealousy*, *Disquiets*, *Upbraidings*, are very well exchanged, for perpetual *Applause*, *Flattery*, *Raptures*, pleasing *Sighs*, and never ceasing *Joy*s. The Dutchess was a Mistress in the Art of Distinction, as to the Merit of a Lover, and 'tis to be thought, that if the *Count* had not been a Master-piece, he could not have *talked* her Excellence. But (Ladies) in the pursuit of my Story, perhaps there may be some Things that are not very proper for so nice an Ear as *Vertue*, and 'till I receive your Commands in that Point, however prompted as you see by *Truth*, I am at a loss how to behave my self.

Vertue.] Oh! my dear *Astrea*, this I foresaw in returning to the bad World; and if I did not urge it more to you at first, it was because I too willingly gave into the Pleasure of accompanying you.

Astrea.]

Astrea.] Justice must impartially decide; to fit the *Person* for a *Judge*, he must be informed of the most minute Particular; nor can we be polluted but by our *own* Crimes; those of *others* neither stain nor reflect back upon us, but in our Approbation of them. In the Design I have form'd, 'tis necessary I should be thoroughly instructed; and you, my Lady *Intelligence*, may, if you please, proceed, without any other Caution, than avoiding Terms unfit for you to explain by, or we to understand.

Intell.] There was a young *Cavalier* just then come to Court (allied to a preceeding Favourite, which was his Introduction) named *Germanicus*, well *Formed*, *Graceful*, and might very well be Candidate for the manly Beauties with the *Count*. The *Dutchess* had seen him in the *Circle*, with Approbation: She had heard of her Favourite's Marriage, as a thing intended, not resolv'd on. One Day she Expostulated thus with her *Ingrateful*; Is it true, *Monsieur le Count*, that in neglect of all my Bounties, you dare to throw away a Heart I esteem, and have so dearly purchased, upon a Girl, who scorns to receive it at a lesser Price than your perpetual Slavery? Have I neglected the most agreeable Monarch upon Earth? Have I bestow'd my Heart entirely upon you? and brought you in (a Glorious Rival) to divide with him the Possession of a Person, that all the World says is not unlovely? Have I called you from *Obscurity* and *Want*, to *Light* and

and *Riches*, thus to be rewarded? Ah *Ungrateful*! Why am I form'd of the softer Passions? Why is not my Soul fir'd, as it ought, by the *Rough* and *Bold*? Why has not Anger and Revenge the Ascendant of *Love* and *Joy*? Why am I more tempted to *embrace* than *kill* a Monster so Ingrateful! Here she cast her tempting Arms about the *Count's* Neck, and wet his Cheeks with Drops of *Love* (the over-flowings of Desire) that fell from her fine Eyes. The *Count* overcome by the amorous pressure, took the Charmer in his Arms, and by reconciling himself to her Resentment, made himself dearer to her Pleasures. 'Twas impossible she should part with what so luxuriously gave her Joys. No, my charming *Count*, we must never lose you, you must ever thus be renewing your Interest in my Heart, always be thus intolerably Engaging. Will you leave me for another? Will you carry my Rights to the detested Arms of a Rival? Do I breathe? Do I live? answered the *Count*; am I sensible of Beauty or of Benefits? Do I possess the greatest, and can I stoop to a second? Can I be more than blest'd! More than entirely happy! Would I exchange all this *Elysium* of Joys for Ingratitude? Baseness, Inconstancy! Never, my charming Dutchess! never believe so wrongfully of your truest Votary. *Jeanatin* is a little Creature I sometimes divert my self with at my Sister's, when you are otherways engag'd. Vanity (for she's a perfect Coquet!) has
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made her report, (I'm sure she can't be-
 lieve) that I am her Conquest. She that
 more than suspects that I am favour'd by
 you, must for ever despair of gaining so
 much as a glance from any Lover whom
 you are pleased to make happy. I believe
 you, my Dear, answer'd the Dutchess, over-
 come with Transport, you shall live only
 for me, and in return, take, take all that an
 over-indulgent Monarch has enriched me
 with! these Jewels! these Bills must be
 yours! I know nothing so valuable as your
 self, all my Treasure is at your Devotion,
 be you but mine. The King hunts to Mor-
 row, and will not be in Town 'till Night,
 let us pass the Afternoon at your House, in
 a Waste of Joy; let us live whilst Life is
 pleasing, whilst there's a Poinancy in the
 Taste, Desire at height, the Blood in per-
 fection, and all our Senses fitted for those
 Raptures you know so well how to receive
 and give.

The Count would have very gladly com-
 pounded any thing (unless it were Treas-
 ure) that the Dutchess would abate of her
 Fondness; but, by a Relief of Thought, he
 quickly guess'd his only way to come off
 with Honour, was to make her the Ag-
 gressor; could he but fit her with a new
 Lover, and catch her in the Embrace, he
 should have a good Pretence for his Mar-
 riage with *Jeanatin*. He had made a strict
 Friendship with *Germanicus*, from his first
 Coming to Court. As he left the Dutch-
 ess's

els's Apartment, he met the young Gentleman. Happy *Count*, said he to him, from what Joys are you come? To possess the Heart and Person of the finest Woman of her Age! What would I not do for one Hour so blessed? Nay, but for one Moment of inexplicable Rapture! You may have thousands, my lovely Youth, answer'd the *Count*, if they are so necessary to your Quiet; I'll make you entirely easy, if you'll but rely on me. Can you divide? Can you part with all that Heaven of Beauty? interrupted he. To a Friend, replied the *Count*, I can do any thing, to a Friend so much beloved as your self. But how is it possible, you can give away such Joys? I could never do it. You speak the Language of a Lover, answer'd the *Count*, not yet obtaining; and I that of one in full Possession, and cloy'd with the too luscious Entertainment: There's a vast Difference between Desire and Enjoyment; the full and vigorous Light of the Sun, compar'd with the pale Glimmers of the Moon, is no ill Emblem of what I advance; yet tho' we surely know we shall be sated, we can't help desiring to Eat, 'tis the Law of Nature, the Pursuit is pleasing, and a Man owes himself the Satisfaction of gratifying those Desires that are importunate, and important to him.

Here they debated, and at last concluded upon a Method to oblige *Germanicus*: the Dutchess went to the Count's the next Day,

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immediately after she had din'd ; she scarce
 allow'd her self time to eat, so much more
 valuable in her Sense were the Pleasures of
 Love. The Servants were all out of the
 way as usual, only one Gentleman, who
 told her, his Lord was lain down upon a
 Day-Bed that join'd the Bathing-Room,
 and he believ'd was fallen a-sleep, since he
 came out of the Bath. The Dutchess soft-
 ly enter'd that little Chamber of Repose.
 The Weather being then violently hot the
 Umbrelloes were let down from behind
 the Windows, the Sashes open, whence the
 Jessamine, that cover'd 'em, blew in with
 a Fragrancy. Tuberoses, set in pretty Gilt
 and China Pots, were placed advantagi-
 ously upon Stands ; the Curtains of the
 Bed drawn back to the Canopy made of
 yellow Velvet embroider'd with white
 Bugles, and the Pannels of the Chamber
 were Looking-Glass. Upon the Bed was
 strewed, with a lavish Profuseness, plenty of
 Orange and Lemon Flowers ; and to com-
 plet the Scene, the young *Germanicus* in
 a Dress and Posture not very decent to de-
 scribe. It was he that was newly risen
 from the Bath, in a loose Gown of Car-
 nation-Taffety, stain'd with Indian Figures ;
 his beautiful, long, flowing-Hair (for then
 'twas the Custom to wear their own)
 was tied back with a Ribbon of the same
 Colour : He had thrown himself upon the
 Bed, with nothing on but his Shirt and
 Night-Gown, which he had so indecently dis-

disposed, that slumbring as he appeared, his whole Person stood confess'd to the Eyes of the Amorous Dutchess; his Limbs were exactly form'd, his Skin shiningly White, and the Pleasure the Lady's graceful Entrance gave him, diffused Joy and Desire throughout all his Form. His lovely Eyes seem'd to be closed, his Face turn'd on one side (to favour the Deceit) was obscured by the Lace depending from the Pillows on which he rested. The Dutchess, who had about her all those Desires which she expected to employ in the Embraces of the Count, was so blinded by them, that at first she did not perceive the Mistake: Giving her Eyes time to wander over Beauties so inviting, and which encreased her Flame, with an amorous Sigh she gently threw her self on the Bed close to the desiring Youth; the Ribbon of his Shirt-Neck, adorned with the finest Lace, being untied, the Whiteness of the Hue, the Beating of his Heart, made his Bosom a lovely Scene of Joy, upon which she fix'd her Charming Mouth. Impatient, and finding that he did not awake, she raised her Head, and laid her Lips to that part of his Face which was reveal'd. The burning Lover thought it now time to put an end to his pretended Sleep; he clasped her in his Arms, grasped her to his Bosom, her own Desires helped the Deceit; she shut her Eyes with a languishing Sweetness, calling him by Intervals, her dear Count,

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her only Lover, when taking and giving a thousand Kisses, he got Possession of her Person with so much transport, that she own'd all her former Enjoyments were imperfect to the Pleasure of this.

Still Charm'd and Breathless with the Joy, he grasp'd her to his ravish'd Bosom: Glorious Destiny, cried he, with a transported Tone, by what means, Fortune, hast thou made me thy happy Darling? I am in Possession of greater Joys than mortal Sense can bear! The Dutches's awaken'd from her amorous Lethargy, by a Voice entirely strange, opened her languishing Eyes, and seeing his charming Face, which she had often admired, and perhaps secretly sigh'd for; stifled with his repeated Kisses, and charm'd with the strenuous Embrace, which held her, as a drowning Wretch is said to grasp the last thing he has hold of, new Desires for so new and lovely an Object, seiz'd her; she darted back his Kisses, returned his Pressure, and in short, bestow'd upon *Germanicus*, what she before (in her own Opinion) had only bestowed upon the Count.

When they had lavishly sacrific'd to Love, the Dutches, with a feigned Confusion, ask'd what was become of the Count, and whether he were such a Villain to depute another in his Place? So far from it, Madam, answer'd *Germanicus*, that I must expect to defend my Life, should he know of my good Fortune, for he would certainly put

put me to it. But where is he then ask'd the inquisitive fair One. Did you not receive a Letter from him, Madam? Heavens! I receive a Letter answer'd she; for what? When he expected my self. Where is the Mystery of all this? Ah! returned the dissembling Lover, the Count is possessed, he knows not what he does, his Affairs called him another way; he writ you an Excuse, not doubting but it would come early enough, and see if the Hair-brain'd Creature hath not left it behind him; the Paper that I see lie upon yonder Stand, must certainly be That. The impatient Dutchess made but two Steps from the Bed, before she got it into her Hand; and finding it was really addrested to her self, she hastily broke the Seal, and read these Words.

'Till Night at Ten a-Clock, my lovely Dutchess, I can't be happy in your Charms; at that Hour I'll wait on you, with a Heart full of impatient Love, to complain to you of what has detain'd me from my Happiness.

The Traytor's Sense is degenerated, as well as his Kindness, continued the Dutchess: but you, my fortunate Lover, can, if you please, unriddle this Affair. Have you the Power to refuse me? Cannot my Kindness triumph over your Fidelity to the Count? Let it get the better of your Confusion. Must I ask you twice? How irresistible, and how dangerous are you, Madam?

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dam? answered *Germanicus*. I sacrifice my Friend! after that, never doubt but I would sacrifice my Life; *Jeanatin* has sent for him. How! that little Creature, interrupted the Dutches; Heavens! am I betrayed for so worthless a Baggage? Henceforward I'll hate him more than I ever loved him. I'll be reveng'd; his Life shall answer it. But you! how come you by the Liberty of the Apartment, thus undress'd, thus ruinously tempting? The Count sometimes makes me his Bed-fellow, Madam, answer'd *Germanicus*: Last Night I was so; the Weather being extremely hot, after Dinner we went into the Bath; he expected your Excellence, and intended to receive you in his own Bed-chamber; by which means this little Room of Repose was left to me, where I was to suffer the killing Rack of knowing the Count more happy than I could ever pretend to be. *Jeanatin* sent him a slight Invitation to make One at *Ombre* this Afternoon; the ill-judging Madman prefer'd the dull diversion of Cards, with a worthless Girl, before the transportingest Joys in Nature, with the most lovely of her Sex. He writ that Letter, and it seems, in the hurry of his Thoughts (fortunately for me) forgot to send it. He went down the Back-stairs, and cross'd the Gardens to her Lodgings, by which means, I suppose, the Gentleman in waiting did not see him. All his other People, as expecting your Excellency after Dinner, were order'd to depart the House.

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But

But how happy have I been made by this Neglect? It can receive no Addition, but from the Assurance that my lovely Dutchess does not repent the Favours she has suffer'd me to take. But what Excuse does the Villain intend to make me at Ten a-Clock, answer'd the Lady? Both the King and his Master are in the Country, and even their Service ought, in his Esteem, to yield to mine: How blinded have I been? Oh, Madam, that Love would be propitious, replied *Germanicus*, and before Ten a Clock furnish him with a current Excuse for your Excellency. Never, never will I any more hear the Traytor; you shall take his Place in my Arms and Heart. The happy Youth was dazzled at this Assurance, and, after they had lov'd away three or four Hours, she was preparing to depart. The new Lover, resolv'd to push for the Continuation of his good Fortune and to merit her Favour by excess of Love, prevailed with her for one more tempting Embrace. The Lady yielded with a pleasing Willingness, surprized and charmed by a Lover that then even exceeded himself. In that dangerous Moment the Count (as they had agreed) with softly treading Steps enters the Chamber, and finds the happy Pair at the Result of all their Joys. The Scene was admirable; *Germanicus* counterfeited Confusion, the Count a Transport of Anger; the Dutchess, without counterfeiting, was really so, and by an exquisite Boldness and Haughtiness of Nature,

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ture, ask'd him how he durst presume to enter a Place where his Gentleman must tell him she was, without giving Notice at the Door? He indeed ask'd her Pardon; for, knowing the Warmth of her Constitution, he said, he might well conclude she could not be long in a Bed Chamber, with a handsome young Gentleman, without Consequences, favour'd by his Dishabilly all tempting, the Bed, and her more favourable Inclination. Be gone, cry'd the Dutchess, I banish you for ever; you that can prefer *Jeanatin* to me! I banish my self, Madam, answer'd the Count, from the most immoderate of her Sex: What, the first Moment to bestow your self upon another, whilst my Image yet wanton'd before your Eyes, whilst your Blood yet mantled by those Desires my Idea had mingled with it! You that know how nice I am in Point of Amour, who for all the Treasure the Sea and Earth can boast would not divide the Heart I adore with any other. I suffer'd the Concurrence of a Potent Monarch (who had a prior Right) but with Regret, and sometimes Indignation; I never suspected that he rival'd me in your Heart, tho' he had your Person: But this tempting Youth, this polished *Adonis*, is too perfect not to have touched your Mind as well as your Senses: yet it had been Modesty as well as Prudence, to defer his Joy, 'till you had given him time to Sigh after it; the Blessing is too great to be so easily

obtained. I am undone by your killing
 Perfidy, I can never forget it, neither can
 I cease to love you. I'll this Night Marry
Jeanatin (a Creature I before condemn'd)
 to be revenged of your Infidelity. If it
 be true that you have any Remains of that
 Favour you formerly honoured me with, I
 shall, at least, pique your Pride, when, in
 your turn, you shall find your self forsaken
 for a Thing of not the tenth part your Va-
 lue. Here he flung out of the Chamber.
 The Dutchess, stung with his threatening,
 and not yet resolved to part with him, es-
 pecially to her Rival, attempted to stop
 him; but he broke with Precipitation from
 her. Ah, the Traytor! said she, how glad
 is his Ingratitude of this Occasion? My
 lovely Youth, what have we not to fear?
 He will ruin us with *Sigismund*, but I shall
 take care to prevent him.

What she foresaw came to pass exactly :
 He took his Measures so well (tho' his Friend
 were sacrific'd by it) that it was *Sigismund's*
 own Fault he did not twice, at her Lodg-
 ings, find *Germanicus* in Bed with her ;
 but he was a Prince perfectly good-natur'd,
 full of Love and Inconstancy, and made
 strange Allowances for the Frailties of Flesh
 and Blood. Thus indulgent, he suffer'd a
 great Belly of the Dutchess (due to that
 happy, amorous Rencounter of the Bugle-
 Bed) to pass in the Esteem of the World
 (as the rest of hers had done) for his. In-
 deed he got him another Mistress, whom he

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entirely devoted himself to, without quarrelling with the Dutchess; he sometimes saw her in turn, but never after with Esteem. Thus you find how grateful the Count was to her, the Foundation of all his Fortune. He immediately married *Jeanatin*, and from that moment disused all Conversation with the Dutchess. The new Bride, well instructed by her Husband and her Mother, made her Court so successfully to the Princesses of *Inverness*, that she became her professed Favourite. The young Princess had admirable good Inclinations, but, without consulting them, they had married her, according to Royal Custom, to the Prince of *Inverness*, before she had ever seen him. Count *Lofy*, whose good Sense was totally obscured by Pride, cast his ambitious Thoughts so high, as to pretend to please the Princess whilst she was a Maid. The Favourite-Countess (for so we shall call her now, no longer *Jeanatin*) took the Alarm at his being so tenderly received by the Princess; she put his Poetical Declaration of Love into her Husband's Hand; her Policy suggested to her that she ought not to suffer a Rival-Favourite, especially one of the Heart; and in discharge of Duty pretended, but in reality of Interest, advised him to acquaint his Master with it. 'Twas done as design'd, the audacious Lover was forbid the Court, and the Lady immediately betroth'd to the Prince of *Inverness*. Some time after he arrived, and

they were publickly Married. The Princess has since been an Example of conjugal Happiness, they have loved and deserved each other ; nor could there be any Objection against her, but in so entirely resigning her self up to the Countess's Management ; who introduced the Count to her Mistress with such Success, that nothing was resolv'd on in that little Court, without first consulting and having their Approbation.

Thus Time rowl'd on in an uninterrupted Series of good Fortune for the Count. *Sigismund* died, and *Fortunatus* was, by a most advantageous Remove, drawn nearer to the Throne. A Natural Son of *Sigismund* pretended to succeed, but the Prince of *Tameran*, with the Fears more than the Acclamations of the People, was Crowned. There was no Honours that the Count and his Sister might not expect in this new Reign ; but he immediately saw this Monarch had not the Hearts of his Subjects ; he was a bigotted Christian, a different Religion from that establish'd in *Atalantis*. The Count dreaded falling (as a Favourite) a Sacrifice to the incens'd Rabble. His Master, wholly guided by the too zealous Priests, totter'd in the Throne. Young *Cesarie*, *Sigismund*'s Natural Son, was belov'd. He had been banished by his Father, and was refuge'd in Prince *Henriquez*'s Court, who had married the new King of *Atalantis*'s Daughter. The Peoples Wishes call'd aloud for him, to secure their Fears against the

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the growing Tyranny of the Priests. The Count had no Interest in the Young *Cesario*, a Prince of little Depth, entirely in the Hands and Interest of a factious Party. He trembled to think, if he once prevailed, himself must either fall, as a Favourite of the foregoing Monarch's, or waste the Remainder of his Life in inglorious Obscurity ; he therefore cast about, and in concert with the principal Lords of *Atalantis*, sent to Prince *Henriquez* to invite him over to their Relief from Oppression and Fears of Holy Slavery. 'Tis true, he betrayed in this a Master who tenderly loved him ; but a Master Indiscreet and Bigotted, who could not in all Probability long support himself, and therefore he held it wise to evade a falling Ruin. Prince *Henriquez* had a consummate Courage, and deep Dissimulation, under which he concealed the most tow'ring Ambition. The Count advised that he should lend Aid to *Cesario*, who implored it, to invade *Atalantis*, where the Hearts and the Hands of the People were ready to assist him ; Aid, not sufficient to serve, but to betray and destroy him. 'Twas done as projected. *Cesario's* Enterprize miscarried, and his Life fell a Sacrifice to those Laws which he had broken. After which *Henriquez* was consider'd as the Successor : He came over with a much more powerful Army. The Count had a tender Conscience, and could not act to the Prejudice of his Interest ; he left an indulgent Master, and went to *Henriquez*,

who was shortly after Crowned with the Acclamation and Approbation of the major part, by the Name of *Henriquez* the Ninth.

In this Warlike Reign, the Count supported himself in the King's Favour and Esteem, by his natural and acquired Merit, he shared in all his Secrets of War and Government: 'Tis this Paince who is now Dead, after a long and troublesome Reign, turmoiled with Faction, and involved in a perpetual Foreign War: The Count is the only Person that will be thought fit to pursue the Designs *Henriquez* had formed; the Empress will undoubtedly make him her General; what may he not expect? What will he not perform?

Germanicus made an ample Fortune by the Dutcheſs's Favour, but disliking all Court Factions, he married, and wisely retired himself from Government, where, remote from Courts, he ended his Days in a pleasing Obscurity.

The Dutcheſs by her Prodigality to Favourites, fell into extream Neglect; her Temper was a perfect Contradiction, unboundedly Lavish, yet sordidly Covetous; the former to those who administer'd to her particular Pleasures, the latter to all the rest of the World. When Love began to forsake her, and her Charms were upon the turn, because she must still be a Bubble, she fell into Gamester's Hands, and played off that Fortune *Sigismund* had enriched her with. She drank deep of the bitter Draught
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of Contempt ; her successive Amours, with mean ill formed Domesticks, made her abandoned by the Esteem and Pity of the World. Her Pension was so ill paid, that she had oftentimes not a Pistole at Command ; then she solicited the Count (whom she had raised) by his Favour with the Court, that her Affairs might be put into a better Posture ; but he was deaf to all her Intreaties. Nay, he carried his Ingratitude much farther : One Night at an Assembly of the best Quality, where the Count tallied to 'em at Basses, the Dutchess lost all her Money, and begged the Favour of him, in a very civil Manner, to lend her twenty Pieces ; which he absolutely refused, though he had a Thousand upon the Table before him, and told her coldly, The Bank never lent any Money. Not a Person upon the Place but blamed him in their Hearts : As to the Dutchess's part, her Resentment burst out into a Bleeding at her Nose, and breaking of her Lace ; without which Aid, it is believed, her Vexation had killed her upon the Spot.

Astrea.] We are entertained with another Object ; who is that Person not very young nor handsome, yet something august and solemn in his Mien, he that walks upon the *Vista* ? He sees us not ; 'tis certainly one that loved the departed Monarch, his Handkerchief in his Hand, his Eyes red and full of Tears ; he comes hither doubtless

to weep in Solitude a Master upon whom his Fortune probably depended.

Intell. He weeps indeed, and he loved his Master, but his Fortune is the greatest of all the Favourites, therefore are his Tears the more meritorious : Yet not free from those Vices of Men in Power ; the Greediness of Gain, and unbounded Ostentation, in expending with Noise and Splendor in Foreign Courts, what he by Cunning had acquired in this. Love has had his Turn, in a fatal manner ! Fatal I mean to the unhappy Object of his Flame ; raised from a mean degree, 'tis no wonder his Head is giddy with the height. If Pride and Contempt of those beneath them be fashionable Manners, worn even by those that are born Great, we need not wonder to find 'em assumed by Persons who, oftner by Chance than true Merit, touch a Fortune unexpected ; yet is the Duke's Fidelity to his Master to be applauded, and as well as he loves Riches, he could never be brought to depart from the King's Interest. He has been bred to the Business of the State and Cabinet ; he perfectly knows the Management of Affairs, the Posture of his own and that of his Neighbour-Nations ; their true and their false Interests. He is not Eloquent, but Wise. To be short, few Princes but would be glad of such a Servant ; for since in the Composition of the human Frame, Vices are generally blended with the Virtues, we are to reverence that Man who

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If I be not tiresome, I design a short Sketch of the Amour he had with a Lady, truly named *Unfortunate*. I will take the Duke as high as from his first coming to Court, a Boy, to attend Prince *Henriquez*, as his Page of Honour. When Persons have their Fortune to make, and are born with little or no Estate, 'tis necessary that they have a lucky Hit, a happy Introduction, a leading Card to make a prosperous Game. Such the Duke met with, and had the Courage and Address to lay hold of the Opportunity. Prince *Henriquez* fell ill of a malignant Distemper: Medicine was at a loss; it seem'd as if Art were no more, the Physicians could find no Drugs of sufficient Heat to throw out the Distemper, without which, inevitable Death was all that could be expected. One of those Sons of *Esculapins* proposed, that a Youth of Warmth and Vigour should be put to Bed to the Prince, by that natural Glow of Body to draw out the Malignancy of the Distemper. The Duke was the only Person who, with Pleasure and Boldness, offered his own, to save the Life of his Master; he would not even stay to take his Leave of any of his Friends, but with the greatest Bravery throwing off his Cloaths got into Bed to the Prince, embracing closely his Feverish Body, from whence he never stirred, 'till the happy Effects of his kind Endeavours were visible. The

Disease

Disease passed from the Heart into the Blood, from thence, by the Application of a kindly Warmth, 'twas thrown into the Flesh and Skin; after which, the Symptoms being favourable, they no longer doubted the Life of the Prince. But the generous Youth could not escape the Infection, it seized him in such a terrible manner, that it was expected Destiny would be fatal to him. They removed him to another Bed. The Prince tenderly regretted his Sufferings, assuring him, That he hoped he would live, to find, in his Friendship and Gratitude, the Reward of Fidelity and Generosity. The Gods were too-well pleased at so glorious an Action to let him sink under it; after an unusual and bitter Conflict, they restored him to his former Health and Vigour. And if he still wear the cruel Marks of so Malignant a Distemper, they are in him but glorious Proofs of Love and Duty to his Prince; no less to be prais'd, than the most flourishing Laurels of others.

Not one of the most fortunate Courtiers but dreaded the tow'ring Genius of the Youth; they saw he was resolved to push, tho' at the Expence of Life, and rather than not make his Fortune to sink under the Endeavour. *Henriquez* was Young, Humane, disposed by Nature (all Heroe as he was) to the soft Trusts and Joys of Friendship: He called the Youth nearer to his Confidence, found in him a Strength of Mind, a Capacity far above his Years, a projecting Brain, with

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with a height of Courage, able to put in practice the boldest Resolutions. The Prince had in his Nonage been oppressed by a potent Faction, that left him only a titular Sovereignty; he had no longer the Command of his own Fleet and Armies, all were at the Disposal of those who pretended to administer to the publick Good. He would often lament with his young Favourite the Oppression. His inborn Courage, and boiling Youth, made him long to rush into the Field of Glory, to snatch from thence those Laurels that were not to be attained but with the greatest Difficulty! At the Head of his own Armies, to meet the Enemy of his Country, who with hostile Fire, and cruel Slaughter, had successfully invaded it. The young Statelman (by his Intrigue and Management with some of the Head-Officers) procured that a Battle should be lost. The Event was fatal to the two Brothers who opposed the Prince, and were at the Head of the State. The People (dreading the approach of the Conqueror) call'd aloud for their own Sovereign to defend them. They rush'd unanimously upon the two Usurpers, with as much Rage and Fierceness, as a hungry Lion, the devouring Wolf, or Tyger fall upon the harmless Flock; and with the same Expedition (animated by the Intrigues, Cabals, and Spirit of our young Favourite) rend them piece-meal! Scatter their Bodies, small as Dust thrown into the Air! Swift as Destruction, as mortal Plagues, fall from

from the Hands of the avenging Deities, when, by the accumulated Sins of Mortals, they are justly provoked.

This was no sooner performed, but they burst into the Palace, seize upon *Henriquez*, bear him (with Exultings of rapturous Joy) upon their Shoulders, force open the Door of the *Divan*, and, with Acclamations that pierced the Skies, seat the Prince upon the Royal Throne: Invest him with the Purple Robe, the Sword of Defence, the awful Diadem, and all other Ensigns of Sovereignty! take a voluntary Oath of Fidelity! perform their Homage! and then with the same Exclamations (of rude and hasty Joy) present him to the Army! who eccho'd back, with loud Shoutings, their Approbation of what was done. The Prince and his young Favourite harangue and caress the Soldiers and People; he tells them (like his glorious Ancestors) he longs to lose his Blood in defence of his Country: That he will either die or relieve them from the Oppression of the Invader. They, one and all, demand him to lead them on to Conquest and Revenge.

No Age has ever shewn us a Heroe made up of greater Compositions: *Henriquez* was ardent for Battle, yet cautiously prudent to watch all the Advantages of it. His young Favourite, with his Valour, maintained the Opinion which he had acquir'd by his Conduct and politick Management; They put

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a stop to the rapid Course of the Enemy's Victories, and regain'd the Towns that had been lost. The Progress of the young Heroe's Arms rais'd a Jealousy in all his Neighbours; they envied him the Greenness of his Laurels, and to put a stop to that Glory, which else had known no Bounds, they force him to a Treaty with the Enemy. Whilst the Peace was concluding by their dreaming Plenipotentiaries, (a Peace displeasing to the Prince and Favourite, and which nothing but their newness in Power could force them to submit to) he let all *Europe* see how much in the wrong they were in imposing it upon him now, when he was in a Condition to force the Enemy to accept their own Terms. He fell upon their General so hastily and unexpectedly (though he were the Heroe of his Age) that he put him into an irretrievable Disorder. The Battle was glorious for *Henriquez*; but the less such, because it was no sooner decided to his Advantage, but the repeated Thundering of the Cannon let him know the Peace was published; and that those he had so lately fought with, were no longer his Enemies. The Dispatch was brought him at the Head of the Army, when he was going to engage. The Courier knew nothing of the Contents, or did not report them: The Prince would not delay attacking the Enemy. They were then (knowing the Peace was concluded) upon their March home, he resolv'd to fall in with their Rear. Should he have staid to open
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the Pacquet, the Opportunity would have been lost; and possibly guessing what it imported, he order'd the Courier to his Tent, there to expect his Return. Envy (that is always busy in blotting the Actions of Heroes) has made ours reflected on, for the Breach of the Law of Nations; they rob him of the Glory of his Conquest, by condemning the Unlawfulness of the Occasion.

After this the young Favourite (though formerly but of his Pleasures) became his first Minister. He was always trusted, and extreme *habile* in the Affairs of State; he followed the wise Maxims of *Machiavel*, who aim'd to make his Prince Great, let what would be the Price. He it was that encouraged Count *Fortunatus*, and the Disaffected Lords of *Atalantis*, to expel their bigotted Monarch. By his politick Management the young *Casario* was sacrificed, and the Prince called to take Possession of the Government. Without such a Head as his (cunning to conceal, crafty to foresee, wise to project, and valiant to undertake) the whole Fabrick had totter'd. He was the solid Foundation upon which the greatest Heroe of the Age has raised himself to be such; though in all his Advices the finishing Stroke still came from *Henriquez*.

Now raised to be Duke and Peer, General of the Army, in Possession of the Ear and Cabinet of the Prince, whom we must henceforward (if we have occasion to speak
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of him) call King. He devoted himself to amass up Riches; his Ambition was not satisfied, he aim'd at something higher: 'Twas glorious to be a Sovereign Prince, though but of a Petty State: He offered Sixteen hundred thousand Crowns for the Snccession, where only a Princess-Dowager was in Possession, and to become her Husband. Affairs of Consequence, which depend not upon Action but Treaty, are generally tedious; Whilst it was depending, our Duke felt the Sting of Passion, which (at the Expence of the Ladies) he had hitherto only play'd with. There was a young Girl named *Madamoiselle Charlotte* left to his Care by her Father, for whom he had as great a Friendship as a Statesman can be supposed to have. The young *Charlotte* had lost her Mother long before: Her Dowry amounted to forty thousand Crowns; the Family was Noble, and there was almost nothing but what she might pretend to. The Duke had been some considerable time a Widower; his Wife was of the Family of the Favourites, naturally Born to the soothing Arts of Courts. Fame is not afraid to speak aloud, that *Henriquez* saw what was agreeable in her; and when wearied with the Fatigues of Hunting, would go to Bed between her and her Husband; but you may be sure all very innocent, especially where such a Witness was in Place. When she died, he transferred his Esteem, with additional Tendernefs to her Sister. She affected

fectest first to be in Love with the Heroe, not the Prince. Personal Lovers are so rarely found among People of their Station; so few are acquainted with the Delicacy of dividing the Monarch from the Man, that out of Gratitude he gave into such Endearments as were necessary to bespeak a reciprocal Passion. And as his Temper to his Favourites was Magnificent, or rather Lavish, she tasted the Sweetness of unlimited Majesty, and the charming Effects of unbounded Generosity!

But to return to the Duke. He spared for no Expence in the Education of young *Charlot*; who was brought up at his own House with his Children; but having something the Advantage in Age of his Daughters the Precepts were proportionably advanced. He designed her (in those early Days of his Power) for a Wife for his Son, before the increase of his own Ambition and Riches taught him other Desires; that is to say, to look out a Lady for the young Lord with more than six times *Charlot's* Fortune: And indeed he was not to blame in that, for certainly what ever Fable has reported of *Adonis*, or *Narcissus*, the most beautiful of the Heroes, the united Sweetness and Graces of Mankind, are to be found in his Person, with an unknown Goodness of Temper, an Air of perfect Behaviour, and accomplish'd Courtship. Neither has he shewn us an Inclination to any Vice, to ballance these Perfections: But as Malice loves to mingle
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in the Characters even of the most deserving ; not being able to find a Fault from without, they have recourse to the Inside, and thence inform us of a Genius no way proportionable to the Greatness of his Father's, a Softness of Conversation, which they otherways term Weakness of Intellects. But the Ladies find no such Fault with the charming Youth ; he has all Things in his Person, Voice, and Discourse, that prove him indeed irresistible ; besides, Occasion calls not upon him to exert his Faculties, as they did the Duke ; his Fortune is made, his Father was born before him, and so happily too, as from a mere Gentleman to make himself one of the Richest and most Potent Subjects in *Europe*.

Charlot was no great Beauty, her Shape was not the best ; but Youth and Dress make all Things agreeable. To have prepossessed you in her Favour, I should, as I was inclined, have advanced a System of her Charms ; but Truth, who too well foresaw my Intentions, has repelled them with a Frown. Not but that *Charlot* had many Admirers. There's something so touching in the Agreeable, that I know not whether it does not enchant us deeper than Beauty ; we are oftentimes upon our guard against the Attack of that formidable Invader, whilst the unwary Heart, careless and defenceless, as dreading no Surprise, permits the Agreeable to manage as they please.

The Duke had a seeming Admiration for Vertue where-ever he found it, but he was a Statesman, and, in an Age like this, held it incompatible with a Man's making his Fortune. Ambition, Desire of Gain, Dissimulation, Cunning, all these were meritoriously serviceable to him. 'Twas enough he always applauded Vertue, and in his Discourse decry'd Vice; as long as he stuck close in his Practice, no matter what became of his Words; these are not Times for the Heart and Tongue to agree. However, young *Charlot* was to be educated in the high Road to Applause and Vertue. He banished far from her Conversation what ever would not edify, airy Romances, Plays, dangerous Novels, loose and insinuating Poetry, artificial Introductions of Love, well-painted Landshapes of that dangerous Passion; her Diversions were always among the Sort that seemed most innocent and Simple; such as Walking, but not in publick Assemblies; Musick, in Airs all Divine; Reading improving Books of Education and Piety; as well knowing, that if a Lady be too early used to violent Pleasures, it debauches their Tastes for ever to any other. He taught her to beware of Hopes and Fears; never to desire any Thing with too much Eagerness; to guard her self from those dangerous Convulsions of the Mind, that upon the least Disappointment precipitate into a Million of Inconveniencies. He endeavour'd to cure her of those numerous

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Affections and Aversions, so natural to young People, by shewing her that nothing truly deserved to be beloved but the Gods, because they alone were perfect; though nothing on the other Hand ought to be hated but Vice, because Mankind are the Image of the Divinity. He wisely and early forewarned her from what seemed too natural, a Desire of being applauded for her Wit. She had a Brightness in her Genius, that would often break out into dangerous Sparkles; he shewed her, that true Wit consisted not in much Speaking but in speaking much in few Words; that whatever carried her beyond the Knowledge of her Duty, carried her too far; all other Embellishments of Mind were more dangerous than useful, and to be avoided as her Ruin, since the Possession of them were often attended with Self-love, Vanity, and Coquetry, Things incompatible, and never mingled in the Character of a Woman of true Honour. He recommended Modesty and Silence; that she should shun all Occasions of speaking upon Subjects not necessary to a Lady's Knowledge, tho' it were true that she spoke never so well. He remembered her, that so Great, so Wise a Man as *Zeno*, of all the Vertues made choice of Silence, for by it he heard other Mens Imperfections, and concealed his own; that the more Wit she was Mistress of, the less Occasion she had to shew it; that if Want of it gave a disgust, too much does not generally please better;

better; that assuming Air which generally accompanies it, is distasteful to Company, where all pretend an equal Right to be heard: The Weakness of human Nature is such, the chiefest Pleasure of Conversation lies in the Speaking, not the Hearing part; and if a presumptuous Person (though with never so great a Capacity) pretends to usurp upon that Privilege, they look upon her as a Tyrant, that would ravish from them the Freedom of their Votes. But the Duke's strongest Battery was united against Love, that Invader of the Heart; he shewed her how shameful it was for a young Lady so much as to think of any Tenderness for a Lover, 'till he should become her Husband; that true Piety and Duty would instruct her in all that was necessary for a good Wife to feel of that dangerous Passion; that she should not so much as ever seek to know what was meant by that shameful Weakness called Jealousy; 'twas abominable to give others Occasion to be jealous, and painful to be so our selves; that 'tis generally attended with Slander and Hatred, two base and contemptible Qualities. That that violent inborn Desire of pleasing, so natural to Ladies, is the Pest of Vertue; they would by the Charms of their Beauty, and their sweet and insinuating way of Conversation, assume that native Empire over Mankind, which seems to be politically denied them, because the way to Authority and Glory is stop'd up. Hence it is, that with their ac-

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quired Arts and languishing Charms, they risque their Vertue to gain a little contemptible Dominion over a Heart, that at the same time it surrenders it self a Slave, refuses to bestow Esteem upon the Victor; That Friendship was far nobler in its Nature, and much to be preferred to Love, because *a Friend loves always, a Lover but for a time.* That Love, under the most flattering Appearances concealed inevitable Ruin; the very first Impressions were dreadful, and to be carefully suppressed. *Pythagoras taught, The Assaults of Love were to be beaten back at the First Sight, lest they undermine at the Second.* And *Plato, That the First Step to Wisdom was not to love; the Second so to love, as not to be perceived.*

Fraught with these, and a number more of such Precepts, the young *Charlot* seemed to intend her self a Pattern for the Ladies of this degenerate Age, who divide their Hours between the Toylet and Bassett-Table, which is grown so totally the Business of the Fair, that even the Diversions of the Opera, Gallantry, and Love, are but secondary Pleasures. A Person who has once given her self up to Gaming, neglects all her Duties, disorders her Family, breaks her Rest, forgets her Husband, and by her Expence often Inconveniencs him irreparably, together with a waste of Time; the Passions of Anger and Avarice concur to make her Odious to all, but those who engage with her at that dangerous Diversion;

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not to instance such who have compounded for the Loss of Money, with the Loss of their Chastity and Honour ; nor is it a new, tho' frequent way of paying Play-Debts, in this entirely corrupted Age.

The Duke had a magnificent *Villa* within Five Leagues of the Capital, adorned with all that's Beautiful either in Art or Nature ; the Reward of Conquest, the Plunder of Victory, the Homage of the Vanquished, the Presents of Neighbouring Monarchs, and whatever Curiosity could spy, or Money recover, were the Ornaments of his Palace. *Henriquez* had received a new Favourite into his Bosom, but it was a Favourite not at all interfering with the Duke, who was ever trusted and esteemed ; by this means he often found a Recess from Court ; his great Master would sometimes in Goodness dismiss him to his *Villa*, to taste a Rest from Power, a Calm of Greatness, a Suspence of Business, a Respiration of Glory. Here it was that he used to confirm the young *Charlot* in that early love of Vertue that had been taught her. To unbend her Mind from the more serious Studies, he sometimes permitted her that of Poetry, not loose Descriptions, lascivious Joys, or wanton Heightnings of the Passions. They sung and acted the History of the *Gods*, the Rape of *Proserpine*, the Descent of *Ceres*, the Chastity of *Diana*, and such Pieces which tended to the Instruction of the Mind. One Evening at a Representation, where *Charlot* personated the

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the Goddess of the Bow, and the Duke's Son *Actæon*; she acted with so animated a Spirit, cast such Rays of Divinity about her, gave every Word so twanging, yet so sweet an Accent, they awakened the Duke's Attention; and so admirably she varied the Passions, that That Night gave Birth to what he had never felt before: He applauded, embraced, and even kiss'd the charming *Diana*. 'Twas Poison to his Peace, the cleaving Sweetness thrill'd swiftly to his Heart, thence tingled in his Blood, and cast Fire throughout his whole Person; he sigh'd with Pleasure, he wonder'd what those Sighs meant, he repeats his Kisses, to find if *Charlot* were the Occasion of his Disorder: Confirmed by this new Taste of Joy, he throws the young Charmer hastily from him, folds his Arms, and walks off with continued Sighs. The innocent Beauty makes after him, modest and afraid, insinuatingly, and with trembling she enquires, if she have not offended? Begg to know her Fault, and that she will endeavour to repair it. He answers her only with his Eyes, which had but too tender an Aspect. The Maid improving her Courage, comes nearer, spreads her fond Arms about him, and in her usual fawning Language calls him dear *Pappa*: joins her Face, her Eyes, her Cheeks, her Mouth close to his. By this time the Duke was fallen upon a Chair that stood next him, he was fully in her reach, and without any Opposition she had leisure to diffuse the ir-

remediable Poison through his Veins: He sat immoveable to all her Kindness, but with the greatest Taste of Joy he had ever been sensible of. Whilst he was thus dangerously entertained, the young *Acleon*, and the rest of the Company join 'em; the Duke was forced to rouse himself from his Love-sick Lethargy; *Charlot* begg'd not to leave him, till he would please to tell her in what she had done amiss. He only answer'd her, that he had nothing to object, she had acted her Part but too well. The young Lady had been taught (in her cool Precepts of Education) that it was a Degree of Fault, to excel, even in an Accomplishment: Occasion was not to be sought of eminently distinguishing one's self in any Thing but solid Vertue; she feared she had shewn too great a Transport in representing *Diana*; that the Duke might possibly think she was prepossessed more than she ought with that Diversion; and in this Despondence she took Resolutions to regulate her self hereafter more to his Satisfaction.

That fatal Night the Duke felt hostile Fires in his Breast; Love was entered with all his dreadful Artillery; he took Possession in a moment of the Avenues that led to the Heart; neither did the Resistance he found there, serve for any Thing but to make his Conquest more illustrious. The Duke try'd every Corner of his uneasy Bed; whether shut or open, *Charlot* was still before his Eyes; his Lips and Face retained the

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the dear Impression of her Kisses ; the Idea of her innocent and charming Touches wandered o'er his Mind, he wished again to be so blessed ; but then, with a deep and dreadful Sigh, he remembered who she was, the Daughter of his Friend ; of a Friend, who at his Death left the Charge of her Education to him : His Treaty with the Princess-Dowager would not admit him to think of marrying her : Ambition came in to rescue him from the Arms of Love. To possess her without Marriage was a villainous detestable Thought, but not to possess her at all was Loss of Life, was Death inevitable. Not able to gain one Wink of Sleep, he arose with the Dawn, and posted back to *Angela*. He hoped the Hurry of Business, and the Pleasure of the Court, would stifle so guilty a Passion ; he was too well persuaded of his Distemper, the Symptoms were right, the Malignity was upon him, he was regularly possessed : Love, in all its Forms, had took in that formidable Heart of his. He began to be jealous of his Son, whom he had always designed for *Charlot's* Husband ; he could not bear the Thoughts that he should be beloved by her ; tho' all Beautiful as the lovely Youth was, she had never had any tender Inclinations for him, nothing that exceeded the Warmth of a Sister's Love ; whether it were that he was designed for her, or that the Precepts of Education had hitherto warned her from too precipitate a liking : She was bred up with him,

accustomed to his Charms, they made no Impression upon her Heart ; neither was the Youth more sensible. The Duke could distress neither of them by his Love of that side, but this he was not so happy to know. He wrote up for the young Lord to come to Court, and gave immediate Orders for forming his Equipage, that he might be sent to Travel. Mean time *Charlot* was never from his Thoughts. Who knows not the Violence of beginning Love, especially a Love that we hold contrary to our Interest and Duty ? *'Tis an unreasonable Excess of Desire, which enters swiftly, but departs slowly. The Love of Beauty, is the Loss of Reason. Neither is it to be suppress'd by Wisdom, because it is not to be comprehended with Reason.* And the Emperor *Aurelius* saith ; *Love is a cruel Impression of that wonderful Passion, which to define is impossible, because no Words reach to the strong Nature of it, and only they know which inwardly feel it.*

The Duke vainly struggled in the Snare ; he would live without seeing *Charlot*, but then he must live in Pain, and inexplicable Torture: He applies the Relief of Business, then the Pleasures of Women; but *Charlot's* Kisses were still upon his Lips, and made all other insipid to him. In short, he try'd so much to divert his Thoughts from her, that it but more perfectly confirmed him of the Vanity and the Unsuccessfulness of the Attempt. He could neither eat nor sleep, for Love and Restlessness had rais'd Vapours in him

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him to such a degree, that he was no longer Master of his Business. Wearied with all Things, hurry'd by a secret Principle of Self-love, and Self-Preservation, the Law of Nature, he orders his Coach to carry him down once more to his *Villa*, there to see his Dear, his dangerous *Charlot*, that little innocent Sweetness which imbittered his Happiness. She loved him tenderly, as a Benefactor, a Father or something more, something that she had been used to love, without that severe Mixture of Fear which mingles in the Love we bear to Parents. She ran to meet him as he alighted, her young Face overspread with blushing Joys; his Transport exceeded hers, he took her in his Arms with eagerness, he exchanged all his Pains for Pleasure: There was the Cure of his past Anguish; her Kisses were Balm to his wounded Mind. He wondered at the immediate Alteration; she caress'd and courted him, shewed him all Things that could divert or entertain. He knew not what to resolve upon; he could not prudently marry her, and how to attempt to corrupt her, those excellent Principles that had been early infused into her, were all against him; but yet he must love her; he found he could not live without her. He opened a *Machiavel*, and read there a Maxim, *That none but great Souls can be compleatly wicked.* He took it for an Oracle: He would be loth to tell himself that his Soul was not great enough for any Attempt.

He clos'd the Book, took some Turns about the Gallery to digest what he had read, and from thence concluded, that neither Religion, Honour, Gratitude, nor Friendship, were Ties sufficient to deprive a Man of an essential Good: *Charlot* was necessary to his very Being, his Pleasures faded away without her; and which was worse, he was in Torture, in actual Pain, as well as Want of Pleasure; therefore *Charlot* he would have. He had struggled more than was sufficient: Vertue ought to be satisfied with the terrible Conflict he had suffered, but Love was become Master, and 'twas time for her to abscond. After he had settled his Thoughts, he grew more calm and quiet; nothing could now disturb him, but the manner how to corrupt her. He was resolved to change her whole Form of Living, to bring her to Court, to shew her the World; Balls, Assemblies, Opera's, Comedies, Cards, and Visits, every Thing that might enervate the Mind, and fit it for the soft Play and Impression of Love. One Thing he a little scrupled, lest in making her susceptible of that Passion, it should be for another, not for himself: He did not doubt but upon her first Appearance at Court she would have many Admirers. Lovers have this Opinion peculiar to themselves, they believe that others see with their Eyes. He knew that if she were less agreeable, the Gloss of Novelty was enough to recommend her; but the Remedy he found for this was to caress and
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please her above all others ; to shew such a particular Regard for her, as should frighten any new Pretender. Few are willing to cross a First Minister, especially in such a tender Point, and wherein all Mankind are tenacious of their Pretensions.

He had observed that *Charlot* had been but with Disgust deny'd the gay Part of Reading. 'Tis natural for young People to chuse the Diverting, before the Instructive. He sent for her into the Gallery, where was a noble Library in all Languages, a Collection of the most valuable Authors, with a Mixture of the most Amorous. He told her, that now her Understanding was increased with her Stature, he resolved to make her Mistress of her own Conduct ; and as the first Thing that he intended to oblige her in, the *Governante*, who had hitherto had the Care of her Actions, should be dismissed, because he had observed the Severity of her Temper had sometimes been displeasing to her : That she should henceforward have none about her, whom she should need to stand in Awe of ; and to confirm to her the good Opinion he seemed to have, he presented her with the Key of that Gallery, to improve her Mind, and seek her Diversion among those Authors he had formerly forbid her the Use of. *Charlot* made him a very low Courtesy, and, with a blushing Grace, returned him Thanks for those two Favours he bestowed upon her. She assured him, no Action of hers should make

him repent the Distinction; That her whole Endeavour should be to walk in that Path he had made familiar to her; and that Virtue should ever be her Guide. Tho' this was not what the Duke wanted, 'twas nothing but what he expected. He observed, that formerly she was a great Lover of Poetry, especially when 'twas forbid her; he took down an Ovid, and opening it just at the Love of *Myra* for her Father, conscious Red overspread his Face. He gave it her to read, she obey'd him with a visible Delight. Nothing is more pleasing to young Girls, than being first considered as Women. *Charlot* saw the Duke entertained her with an Air of Consideration more than usual, passionate and respectful; this taught her to refuse in the native Pride and cunning of the Sex; she assumed an Air more haughty; the leavings of a Girl, just beginning to believe her self capable of attaining that Empire over Mankind, which they are all born and taught by Instinct to expect. She took the Book, and placed her self by the Duke; his Eyes feasted themselves upon her Face, thence wandered over her snowy Bosom, and the young swelling Breasts, just beginning to distinguish themselves, which were gently heaved at the Impression *Myra's* Sufferings made upon her Heart. By this dangerous Reading he pretended to shew her, that there were Pleasures her Sex was born for, and which she might consequently long to taste: Curiosity is an early and dangerous
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Enemy to Vertue. The young *Charlot*, who had (by a noble Inclination of Gratitude) a strong Propension and Affection for the Duke, whom she call'd, and esteem'd, her *Pappa*, being a Girl of wonderful Reflection, and consequently Application, wrought her Imagination up to such a lively height at the Father's Anger after the Possession of his Daughter, which she judg'd highly unkind and unnatural, that she drop'd her Book, Tears fill'd her Eyes, Sobs rose to oppress her, and she pulled out her Handkerchief to cover the Disorder. The Duke, who was Master of Mankind, and could trace them through all the Meanders of Dissimulation and Cunning, was not at a loss how to interpret the Agitation of a Girl who knew no Hypocrisy; all was Artless, the beautiful Product of Innocence and Nature. He drew her gently to him, drank her Tears with his Kisses, suck'd her Sighs, and gave her by that dangerous Commerce (her Soul before prepared to Softness) new, and till then, unfelt Desires. Her Vertue was becalmed or rather unapprehensive of him for an Invader. He press'd her Lips with his, the nimble Beating of his Heart, apparently seen and felt through his open Breast, the Glowings, the Tremblings of his Limbs, the glorious Sparkles from his guilty Eyes, his Shortness of Breath, and eminent Disorder, were Things all new to her, who had never seen, heard, or read before of those powerful Operations struck from the

Fire of the two meeting Sexes: Nor had she Leisure to examine his Disorders, possess'd by greater, because Modesty opposing Nature, forced a Struggle of Dissimulation, whilst the Duke's pursuing Kisses overcame the very Thoughts of any Thing but that new and lazy Poison stealing to her Heart, and spreading swiftly and imperceptibly through all her Veins; she closed her Eyes with languishing Pleasure, delivered up the Possession of her Lips and Breath to the amorous Invader; returned his eager Grasps; and, in a Word, gave her whole Person into his Arms, in meltings full of Delight. The Duke, by that lovely Extasy, carried beyond himself, sunk over the expiring Fair, in Raptures too powerful for Description, calling her his admirable *Charlot!* his charming Angel! his adorable Goddess! But all was so far modest, that he attempted not beyond her Lips and Breast, but cryed that she should never be anothers, the Empire of his Soul was hers; enchanted by inexplicable, irresistible Magick, she had Power beyond the Gods themselves! *Charlot* returned from that amiable Disorder, was a new charmed at the Duke's Words; Words that set her so far above what was Mortal, the Woman assumed in her, and she would have no Notice taken of the Transports she had shewn. He saw and favoured her Modesty, secure of that fatal Sting he had fixed within her Breast, that Taste of Delight which powerful Love and Nature would call

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call upon her to repeat. He vowed he lov'd her; that he never could love any other; that it was impossible for him to live a Day, an Hour, without seeing her; that in her Absence he had felt more than ever had been felt by Mortal. He begged her to have pity on him, to return his Love, or else he should be the most lost, undone Thing alive. *Charlot*, amazed and charmed, felt all those dangerous Perturbations of Nature that arise from an amorous Constitution; with Pride and Pleasure she saw her self necessary to the Happiness of one, whom she had hitherto esteemed so much above her, hitherto ignorant of the Power of Love, that Leveler of Mankind, that Blender of Distinction and Hearts. Her soft Answer was, That she was indeed reciprocally charmed, she knew not how; all he had said and done was wonderful and pleasing to her; and if he would still more please her (if there were a more) it should be never to be parted from her. The Duke had one of those violent Passions, which to heighten, Resistance was not at all necessary; it had already reached the Summit, it could not be more ardent; yet was he loth to rush upon the Possession of the Fair, lest the too early Pretension might disgust her. He would steal himself into her Soul, he would make himself necessary to her Quiet, as she was to his.

From the Library he led her to his Cabinet, where from forth his strong Box he took a Sett of Jewels that had been her Mother's;

Mother's ; he told her, she was now of an Age to expect the Ornaments, as well as Pleasures, of a Woman. He was pleased to see her look down with a seeming Contempt upon what most other Girls would have been transported with. He had taught her other Joys, those of the Mind and Body. She sighed, she raved to her self, she was all charmed and uneasy : The Duke casting over the rest of his Jewels, made a Collection of such as were much more valuable than her Mother's ; which he presented her with, and would force her to accept : But *Charlot*, as tender and gallant as the Duke, seeing his Picture in little, set round with Diamonds, begg'd that he would only honour her with that Mark of his Esteem. The ravished Duke consented, conditionally, that she would give him hers in return.

After this tender dangerous Commerce, *Charlot* found every thing insipid, nothing but the Duke's Kisses could relish with her ; those Conversations she had formerly delighted in were insupportable. He was obliged to return to Court, and had recommended to her Reading the most dangerous Books of Love, *Ovid*, *Petrarch*, *Tibullus*, and some of those moving Tragedies which so powerfully expose the Force of Love, and corrupt the Mind. He went even farther, and left her such as explained the Nature, Manner, and Raptures of Enjoyment. Thus he infused Poison into the Ears of the lovely

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lovely Virgin. She easily (from those Emotions she had found in her self) believed as highly of those Delights as was possible; her waking Thoughts, her golden Slumbers, ran all on a Bliss only imagined, but never proved. She even forgot, as one that wakes from Sleep and the Visions of the Night, those Precepts of airy Vertue, which she found had nothing to do with Nature. She longed again to renew those dangerous Delights. The Duke was an Age absent from her, she could only in Imagination possess what she believed so pleasing. Her Memory was prodigious, she was indefatigable in Reading. The Duke had left Orders she should not be controul'd in any thing: Whole Nights were wasted by her in that Gallery; she had too well informed her self of the speculative Joys of Love. There are Books dangerous to the Community of Mankind, abominable for Virgins, and destructive to Youth; such as explain the Mysteries of Nature, the congregated Pleasures of *Venus*, the full Delights of mutual Lovers, and which rather ought to pass the Fire than the Press. The Duke had laid in her way such as made no mention of *Verue* or *Hymen*, but only advanced native, generous and undissembled Love. She was become so great a Proficient, that nothing of the Theory was a stranger to her.

While *Charlot* was thus employed, the Duke was not idle; he had prepared her a Post at Court with *Henriquez's* Queen. The young

young Lady was sent for ; neither Art, Money, nor Industry was wanting, to make her Appearance glorious. The Duke awed and trembling with his Passion, approached her as a Goddess ; conscious of his and her own Desires, the mantling Blood would smile upon her Cheeks, sometime glowing with Delight, then afterwards, by a feeble Recollection of Vertue, sink apace, to make room for a guilty succeeding Paleness. The Duke knew all the Motions of her Heart, he debated with himself, whether it were best to attempt the Possession of her whilst so Young, or permit her Time to know and set a Value upon what she granted. His Love was highly impatient, but respectful ; he longed to be happy, but he dreaded to displease her. The Ascendant she had over him was wonderful ; he had let slip those first Impressions, which strike deepest in the Heart of Women, where to be successful, *One ought never to allow them Time to think, their Vivacity being prodigious, and their Foresight exceeding short and limited ; the first Hurry of their Passions, if they are but vigorously followed, is what is generally most favourable to Lovers.* Charlot by this Time had informed her self, that there were such terrible Things as Perfidy and Inconstancy in Mankind ; that even the very Favours they receive, often disgust ; and that to be intirely happy, one ought never to think of the faithless Sex. This brought her back to those Precepts of Vertue which had embellish'd

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bellished her Dawn of Life ; but alas ! these Admonitions were too feeble ; the Duke was all submissive, passionate, eager to obey, and to oblige. He watched her Uprisings, scarce could eat without her ; she was Mistress of his Heart and Fortune ; his own Family, and the whole Court, imagined that he resolved her for his Dutcheß ; they almost looked upon her as such ; she went often to his Palace, where all were devoted to her Service ; the very Glance of her Eyes commanded their Attention ; at her least Request, as soon as her Mouth was opened to speak, before her Words were half form'd, they started to obey her.

She had learnt to manage the Duke, and to distrust her self ; she would no more permit of Kisses, that sweet and dangerous Commerce. The Duke had made her wise at his own Cost, and vainly languished for a Repetition of Delight. He guessed at the Interest he had in her Heart, had proved the Warmth of her Constitution, and was resolved he would no more be wanting to his own Happiness ; he omitted no Occasion by which he might shew his Love ; pressing her to crown his Longings. Her Courage did not reach to ask him that honourable Proof of his Passion, which 'tis believed he would not have refused, if she had but insisted on it. The Treaty was still depending ; he might marry the Princess-Dowager ; *Charlot* tenderly dropped a Word that spoke her Apprehensions of it. He assured her
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there was nothing in it; all he aimed at was to purchase the Succession, that he might make her a Princess, as she deserved. Indeed, the Hopes his Agent had given the Lady, of the Duke's becoming her Husband, was not the smallest Inducement to the Treaty; therefore he said, he delayed his Marriage with *Charlot*; for if that were but once confirmed, the Princess (by resenting, as she ought, the Abuse that had been laid upon her) would put an end to the Negotiation infinitely to his Prejudice.

Charlot, very well satisfied with these Reasons, and unwilling to do any thing against the Interest of a Man whom she tenderly loved, accustomed her self to hear his eager Sollicitations. He could no longer contend with a Fire that consumed him, he must be gratified or die. She languished under the same Disquiets. The Season of the Year was come that he must make the Campaign with the King; he could not resolve to depart unblest'd; *Charlot* still refused him that last Proof of her Love. He took a tender and passionate Farewell. *Charlot*, drown'd in Tears, told him it was impossible she should support his Absence; all the Court would ridicule her Melancholy. This was what he wanted; he bid her take care of that, a Maid was but an ill Figure, that brought her self to be the Sport of Laughters; but since her Sorrow (so pleasing and glorious to him) was like to be visible, he advised her to pass some Days at his *Villa*,
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till the Height of Melancholy should be over under the Pretence of Indisposition. He would take care that the Queen should be satisfied of the Necessity of her Absence ; he advised her even to depart that Hour, and since the King was already on his Journey, he was to leave her the same Moment, and endeavour to overtake his Majesty. He assured her he would write by every Courier, and begg'd her not to admit of another Lover, tho' he was sensible there were many (taking the Advantage of his Absence) would endeavour to please her. To all this she answer'd so as to quiet his Distrust and Fears ; her Tears drowned her Sight, her Words were lost in Sobs and Groans. The Duke did not shew less Concern, but led her all trembling, to put her in a Coach that was to carry her to his *Villa*, where he had often wished to have her, but she distrusted her self, and would not go with him ; nor had she ventured now, but that she thought he was to follow the King, who could not be without him.

Charlot was no sooner arrived, but the Weather being very hot, she order'd a Bath to be prepared for her. Soon as she was refreshed with that, she threw her self down upon a Bed, with only one thin Petticoat and loose Night-Gown, the Bosom of her Gown and Shift open ; her Night-Clothes tied carelessly together with a Cherry-coloured Ribbon, which answered well to the Yellow and Silver Stuff of her Gown. She lay

lay uncovered in a melancholy careless Posture, her Head resting upon one of her Hands, the other held a Handkerchief, which she employed to dry those Tears that sometimes fell from her Eyes; when raising her self a little, at a gentle Noise she heard from the Opening of a Door that answer'd to the Bed-side, she was quite astonished to see the amorous Duke enter. Her first Emotions were all Joy; but in a Minute she recollected her self, fearing he was not come there for nothing. She was going to rise; but he prevented her by flying to her Arms, where, as we may call it, he nail'd her down to the Bed with Kisses; his Love and Resolution gave him double Vigour, he would not stay a moment to capitulate with her; whilst yet her Surprise made her doubtful of his Designs, he took Advantage of her Confusion to accomplish them; neither her Prayers, Tears, nor strugglings could prevent them, but in her Arms he made himself a full Amends for all those Pains he had suffered for her.

Thus was *Charlot* undone! thus ruin'd by him that ought to have been her Protector! 'Twas very long before he could appease her; but so artful, so amorous, so submissive was his Address, so violent were his Assurances, he told her, that he must have died without the Happiness. *Charlot* espoused his Crime, by sealing his Forgiveness. He passed the whole Night in her Arms, pleased, transported, and out of himself; whilst the ravished Maid was not at all behind-hand in

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Extasie and guilty Transports. He staid a whole Week with *Charlot*, in a Surfeit of Love and Joy; that Week more inestimable than all the Pleasures of his Life before! whilst the Court believed him with the King, posting to the Army, he neglected *Mars* to devote himself wholly to *Venus*; abstracted from all Business, that happy Week sublimed him almost to an Immortal. *Charlot* was formed to give and take all those Raptures necessary to accomplish the Lover's Happiness; none were ever more Amorous! none were ever more Guilty!

The two Lovers separated, the Duke for the Army, *Charlot* returned to Court; where one of the Royal-Secretaries fell in Love with her, but his being of the precise Party, and a married Man, it behoved to carry himself discreetly. He omitted no private Devoirs to please her, but her Heart entirely fixed upon the Duke, neglected the Attempt. She had made an intimate Friendship with a young Countess, who was a lovely Widow, full of Air, Life, and Fire; her Lotd purchased her from his Rival at the Point of his Sword, but he did not long survive to enjoy the Fruits of his Victory: He made her Circumstances as easy as he could, but that was not extraordinary, however she appeared well at Court; knew the Management of Mankind, and how to procure herself universal Love and Admiration. *Charlot* admitted her to be the unwary Confident of her Passion for the Duke; the Countess had

had the Goodness, or Complaisance, which you please, to hearken to the Over-flowings of a Love-sick-Heart: She imparted to her all the Letters she received from him, and took her Approbation for their Answers; that never dying Fire! those racking Uneasinesses! Languors! Expectations! Impatience! which the two Lovers express'd, were all *Greek* and *Hebrew* to the Countess, who was bred up in the fashionable way of making Love, wherein the Heart has little or no part, quite another Turn of Amour. She would often tell *Charlot*, That no Lady ever suffered her self to be truly touched, but from that Moment she was blinded and undone. The first Thing a Woman ought to consult was her Interest, and Establishment in the World; that Love should only be a Handle towards it; when she left the Pursuit of that to give up her self to her Pleasures, Contempt and Sorrow were sure to be her Companions. No Lover was yet ever known so ardent, but Time abated of his Transport; no Beauty so ravishing, but that her very Sweetness would cloy; nor did Men any longer endeavour to please, when nothing was wanting to their Wishes. Love, the most generous, and yet the most mercenary of all the Passions, does not care what he lavishes, provided there be something still in view to repay his Expence; but that once over, and the Lover possessed of whatever his Mistress can bestow, he hangs his Head, the *Cupid* drops his Wings, and
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seldom feels their native Energy return, but to carry him to new Conquests.

Charlot knew not how to digest this System of Amour; she was sure the Countess knew the World, but thought that her self best knew the Duke, who had not a Soul like other Men. She said, she would, at his Return, convince her (all Infidel as she was) that he had not the same Cast of Mind as the rest of his Sex. The Countess said she should be glad to see it, but that he had taken exactly the same Methods to make his Fortune. She would counsel her as a good Friend (if it were strangely true that his Ardors were yet unallay'd) to push her Interest with him, that he might marry her; advised her to bestow no more Favours 'till he paid her Price; made her read the History of *Roxalana*, who by her wise Address brought an imperious *Sultan*, contrary to the established Rules of the *Seraglio*, to divide with her the Royal Throne. *Charlot* said, she would try what she could do; at the same Time she received certain Advice, that the Treaty was broken off with the Princess *Dowager*. *Charlot* thought it was for her sake, and from thence (flattered by Love) took it into her Head, that it would not be long before she should be the Dutchess of ———

The Queen prepared a Ball to be danced the King's Birth-Night, which happened to be that of his Return from a fortunate Campaign. *Charlot* had, since the Duke's Absence

sence (to render her self conspicuous to him) been practising an Accomplishment, which a certain great Author calls *Excelling in a Mistake*. She danced that Night to the Satisfaction of all who beheld her; the Duke's Return and Presence re-animated her; she seemed born to new Life, and more Vivacity. He was charmed with the Performance, and long'd for nothing so much as to tell her he was more in Love with her than ever. Those *Duena's* that guard the fair Maids belonging to the Queen, would not permit him all the Happiness he wish'd: How impatient they were to lose themselves in un-numbered Kisses and Joys! the Duke propos'd to her to go down to his *Villa* the next Day, that he would ask the King's Leave to retire to put his Affairs in order, and immediately follow. There was no Body that wonder'd she should pay her Compliment whilst he was in the Country to her Guardian, the Trustee of the Family; all the Duke's Children caress'd and loved her, they even wish'd their Father would marry her; for so it was received and believed at Court, that she should be the Dutcheß of—— They were no Strangers to his Love; he never pretended to dissemble; but not one imagin'd his guilty Passion had carried him that length it had. He was so charmed with her, that he told her she must resolve to pretend a distant Journey to her Relations, and remain conceal'd near *Angela*, where he might have the Freedom

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dom of seeing her twice a Day at least, unknown to all the Court ; that if she could devote her self to such a Solitude, he would endeavour to do all Things that were in his Power to make it agreeable to her. The Love-sick Maid consented with Joy ; then was her time to push for what he possibly might have consented to, rather than not have possessed her undisturbed ; but she was afraid that he should think her Love was the Result of Interest, and believed so well of his Honour, as not to distrust his Care of hers.

Behold her then settled in a pleasing Solitude, within a short Mile of the Capital ; the Servants that were put about her were all Strangers, her Name changed, and not a Mortal suspected, but that *Charlot* was gone into the Country to her Relations. The Duke saw her twice or thrice every Day, he sometimes eat with her, and because he could not be so often lost without being found by some Body, they reported he had a new Mistress, and had sent *Charlot* away, not to discompose her with the Report ; no Body could tell who she was, yet many pretended to have seen her, and even gave Descriptions of her Height, Features, and Complexion, all by guess, and not likely to agree ; some would have her the Fair, some the Brunet, and not a few the Black Beauty : Every one spoke of what was most agreeable to themselves, but a Beauty to be
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sure she must be, because the Duke was so attached to her.

Charlot, tho' she possessed all she could desire in the Duke's Company, yet had many Hours of Solitude upon her Hands; the great Hurry of Affairs, the Business of the State, which lay heavy upon the Duke, engross'd too much of his Time. To alleviate the Pains his Absence gave her, *Charlot* begg'd the Countess might be let into the Secret, to help her to pass away, more agreeably, those Moments that he was not with her. She urged this so earnestly, that the Duke knew not how to deny her, but bid her take it for her Pains, if she one Day repented of it; that if he was not mistaken in the Countess, she was none of those few Ladies that possessed the retentive Faculty; but should their Secret not suffer by her Tongue, (which indeed would be wonderful) her being known to visit there, (as all Things of that Nature are quickly known) would blow the Suspicion of it abroad, to the Prejudice of *Charlot's* Honour, which was dearer to him than his Life. She might easily have believed this last Asseveration, if he had had any Sense of his own, for there's no Body but what would condemn him for corrupting hers.

Charlot could not evade her Destiny, she would have the Countess with her. Pride concurred with Diversion; she longed to shew the Countess (who had so slender an Opinion of the Constancy of Mankind) how much

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much and faithfully she was beloved. The Countess came, and they met on both sides overjoy'd; she boasted of her good Fortune. The Widow told her, All that was very fine, but why did she not think of marrying of him? then they might be all Day and Night together, without Interruption, and hiding; that other Diversions ought to have their Turn with a Lady of her Age. *Charlot* told her, she found all she desired in the Duke's Love, and her Friendship; she had nothing further to wish, if her Ladyship would but have the Goodness to see her as often as she could. The Countess pitied the Love-sick Maid, but finding she was incorrigible, resolved to speak to her no more of her marrying the Duke. She saw, by his Delays, that he did not design it, and looked upon *Charlot* as a *pauvre Fille trompez*.

Almost the whole Winter pass'd away in an agreeable Cabal; the Countess had Wit enough, and a pleasant Manner of relating Things; her Intelligence was universal; she knew all that was done both at Court, and in the City. The Duke, who came to unbend himself with these two fair Ladies, seem'd to relish the Countess's Conversation: Not to disgrace Love, he was sometimes beholden to this gay Widow, for keeping up the Diversion. 'Tis not possible always to make Love, or to bear up to the extravagant Height of a beginning Flame; without new Supplies it must decay, at least abate of its first Vigour, when not

a Look, or Touch, but are Fuel to it. The Countess was not displeased at being heard; she remarked his Attention, saw his Eyes were less on *Charlot*, and more on her; that he would turn away, with a gentle Sigh, when she caught him looking at her; who does not know that undisturbed Possession makes Desire languish? *Charlot* believed nothing of this, but the Countess knew all the Maxims of Mankind. She presently guessed how Things went, and was not surprized to hear the Duke tell the young Lady, that the Time drawing on to take the Field, he would have her think of returning to Court; but that she might do it with the more Honour, and free from all Suspicion of their Commerce, he advised her in reality to take a Journey down to her Relations, from whence she might give Notice of her Return, as if she had been there the whole Winter. *Charlot* looked tenderly upon the Duke, her Eyes filled with Tears; some Drops of Blood fell from her Nose upon her Handkerchief as she was reaching it to her Eyes; the Omen startled her, she was going to withdraw, to weep alone, when her Spirits failed her, and she fell in a fainting Fit upon the Countess's Bosom. The Duke had Affairs that urged his Departure; he called her Woman, and left her to their Care. Nothing is able to express the Despair she was in, when she found he could depart and leave her in that Condition. His Date of Love is out, says the

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the unfortunate *Charlot* ; Oh Madam ! that I had but believed you ! What is to be done ? Shall I see my self complaining, and neglected ; scorned, and yet fawning upon my Undoer ? tho' my Heart burst with Grief and Tendernefs, I will never have that little Spirit. The Countess confirmed her in those heroick Thoughts, and even advised her to depart as soon as she could, and without taking her Leave of him : For if he still loved her, that Indifferency would distract him, and cause him to fetch her back ; If otherwise, prevent her from being his Triumph. *Charlot* judged the Advice good, and ordered all Things for her Departure on the Morrow. She might, and ought to have gone early in the Morning, as the Countess would have had her ; but lazy, lingering Love, made her trifle away the Time, till the usual Hour of the Duke's Visit. As he entered the Chamber, a mortal Paleness, and universal Trembling was seen in poor *Charlot*. He tenderly ran to support her. When she was a little recovered, he ask'd her what those Preparations meant ? She told him 'twas for her Journey, as he had advised her. The Duke told her he was glad of it, 'twas prudently resolved ; but he wished, for both their Sakes, she would make no long stay in the Country, because he hoped to be thus blessed again, before he departed for the Field. She burst out into a Passion of Tears, at his Approbation of a Thing, when she thought the Suddenness of it would have

startled him. Let us go, let us go for ever, (said she, sobbing) my Lord Duke, I wish your Eminence all Happiness, wretched *Charlot* shall never disturb it! Farewel, my dear Countess, I was born only to taste, not possess, the Sweets of Love and Friendship: Here she hastened out of the Room, and got into the Coach that waited, without taking her Leave in Form, either of the one or the other. They made after her to the Gate; she briskly ordered the Coachman to drive on, and with six good Horses was presently out of Sight.

The Duke gave his Hand to the Countess, to lead her back into the House; they continued in mutual Silence, till the Duke broke it by Words to this Effect. "You doubtless condemn me, Madam, for my Indifferency to *Mademoiselle Charlot*; I would remove so strong an Evidence as your self, by making you equally guilty. I know you are a Woman of the World, fully acquainted with your own Charms, and what they can do upon the Heart of others. You have Wit, understand your own Interest, therefore if you have no Aversion for my Person, 'tis in your Power to do what you please with me. For your sake I have advised *Mademoiselle* to this Journey. I could not say what I would before so troublesome a Witness. I have good Nature, and could not see a Creature who loves me in Pain, when nothing but Esteem and Pity remain for her. Not

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" that I am naturally inconstant, but your
 " superior Charms have imperceptibly
 " made their way. I had doubtless loved
 " her a long time, if the Vivacity of your
 " Wit and Conversation had not inter-
 " fered: However, I will omit nothing for
 " her Establishment in the World. Her
 " Fault is yet a Secret between us Two;
 " and that I may bribe you to keep it in-
 " violably, I offer to share Interests; what-
 " ever is mine may be yours. Nay, Ho-
 " nour as well as Interest will oblige you
 " to it; for it cannot be unknown, that
 " we see one another often at this House;
 " when we are married, that will be sup-
 " posed to be the Secret. 'Tis your own
 " Fault if it be not done this Night. In
 " giving you that last Proof of my Love,
 " I spare both you and my self the Trouble
 " of Words. I have took time to weigh
 " the Design, all Things plead for you,
 " Beauty, Merit, Sense, and every Thing
 " that can render a Woman charming;
 " whilst I pretend nothing to plead for me,
 " but making it your own Interest to make
 " me happy. As I have avoided the tedi-
 " ous Forms, by which our Sex think they
 " must engage yours; so I beg that you will
 " use none to me, that relate in any sort to
 " *Mademoiselle Charlot*, which is a tender
 " Point: I would not so much as remember
 " (in the Joys I prepare my self for with
 " you) that there is such a Person in the
 " World."

This Harangue put the Countess to her Reflections. She begg'd his Eminency would be pleas'd to give her time 'till to Morrow Night, before she pretended to answer him; and then she would do her self the Honour to expect him alone at her House at Supper. The Duke kiss'd her Hand with a respective Assent to what she had said, then led her to her Chair, and departed to prepare himself for his Marriage with the Countess.

He did not fail to wait upon her at the usual Hour: The Lady was in a genteel Dishabile, even to the very Night-Clothes that she intended to lie in. After a well-ordered Supper, she carried him into a little Drawing-room, and told him, in few Words, she was ready to receive the Honour of what he had offered: His Inconstancy had held her for some Moments in Suspence; but as to that, she ventur'd to flatter her self, that by religiously performing her own Duty she should oblige his Eminence to a Tenderness in his; and that as the Distance was so infinitely great, both in their Title and other Circumstances, she would not pretend to capitulate with him, but left all her Interest in his, as the best Hands, who was so much her Friend, as to raise her to a Rank and Fortune she could not without the highest Vanity have expected. The Duke received her Consent with a wonderful deal of Joy and Gallantry; they were immediately married and bedded. That very Night

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'twas known at Court, and some of poor *Charlot's* Friends did her the Diskindness to send the News of it into the Country, already Heart-broke with the Imagination of the Duke's Indifferency. This but confirmed her in her Resolution, of not surviving the Loss of his Kindness. Her Solitude was Nourishment to those black and corroding Thoughts that incessantly devour'd her: We may be sure she often exclaimed against Breach of Trust and Friendship in the Countess, as well as Ingratitude and Faithlessness in the Duke. The Remainder of her Life was one continued Scene of Horror, Sorrow, and Repentance. She died a true Land-mark, to warn all believing Virgins from Shipwracking their Honour upon (that dangerous Coast of Rocks) the Vows and pretended Passion of Mankind.

Astrea.] Your Story has two Morals; one you have your self remarked. The other is,
 " That no Woman ought to introduce another to the Man by whom she is beloved;
 " if that had not happened, the Duke had not possibly been false. Those dangerous
 " Intimacies discover Charms, which are not revealed but by Conversation. I do
 " not so much condemn the Duke for quitting, as corrupting *Charlot*; one is natural, and but the Consequence of the other.
 " Methinks it should not be the least Inducement for Ladies to preserve their Honour;
 " that let them be never so ill-used by the
 " Person that robs them of it by what Art or

" tence soever, though the World may
 " condemn and call him a Villain, yet they
 " never pity her. The Reason is plain,
 " Modesty is the Principle, the Foundation
 " upon which they ought to build for Esteem
 " and Admiration ; and that once violated,
 " they totter and fall, dash'd in Pieces up-
 " on the obdurate Land of Contempt, from
 " whence no kind Hand can ever be put
 " forth, either to rescue or to compassionate
 " them. Men may regain their Reputation,
 " though after a Complication of Vices,
 " Cowardice, Robbery, Adultery, Bribery,
 " and Murder ; but a Woman once depart-
 " ed from the Road of Vertue, is made in-
 " capable of a Return: Sorrow and Scorn
 " overtake her, and, as I said before, the
 " World suffers her to perish loath'd and
 " unlamented."

Having done moralizing upon that Story,
 they followed the Lady *Intelligence* into the
 Palace. She ascended the Stairs, and cross'd
 the Lodgings to the Apartment where the
 King's Body lay ; but all there was a Desert,
 the numerous Croud of Guards and Atten-
 dance, nay, even his menial Servants, were
 vanished. They enquired the Reason of
 this : To whom *Intelligence*,

Intell.] Alas ! this is nothing new ; were
 you to peruse History, you would find few
 faithful to the Dead, I have read of Kings
 who have died in Peace, amidst a great and
 flourishing People ; yet have not found
 any to bestow the decent Rites of Washing

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or Covering to the Royal Carcase, 'till the Embalmers, who are paid for what they do, come two or three Days after, to see if it be time for them to fall to work. The lesser follow the Example of the Greater; these run to make their Court to the new Successor, (whom, perhaps, they had not seen in an Age before, but *en passant*, for fear of disoblighing the reigning Monarch;) the little People, in that Hurry of Affairs, secure what they can get; they know the Dead are provided for, that they can have no real Wants, and therefore never trouble themselves to stay in a Place no longer significant to them. This very Morning, the youngest and most beloved of all the Favourites, as soon as ever he saw that his Master could not live, accepted of the Key he gave him to his strong Box, to secure for himself, in Bills and Gold, Seventy eight thousand Crowns, which was all the personal Wealth the Monarch was possessed of. His extreme Sorrow for losing so good a Prince, did not prevent him from doing all that was necessary to hinder the Money from falling into the Successor's Hands, to whom of right it belong'd.

Were you to see, as I did, the great Croud of Flatterers that immediately flock'd about the new Empress, before the last Breath had carried the departing Monarch to the happy Regions, you would have sworn they had ever tenderly adored her. She received them with a solemn Grace, no way displeasing.

Methinks t'would have put them to a stand, should she have ask'd how it came to pass, that they could let her wear away whole Days and Years, without once taking notice that there was such a Person in the World? Then when she amus'd her self in the Nursery, and at Cards with her Domesticks, to pass away the tedious Time: But this is the way of the World; all that's past of that kind must be forgotten. Count *Orgueil* has already touch'd the Skies in his Imagination; he depends much upon the Merit of his former Admiration for the Empress, and does not doubt but to rival the most Fortunate in her Favour. For matter of Entertainment, she said to him this Morning, after he had made his congratulatory Court, *That 'twas a very fine Day.* He answered, with a Presence of Mind, and no ill Turn of Thought, *Yes, it was the finest Day that ever he saw in his Life.* Seldom are Women renowned for Constancy; but if she do persevere in her former good Opinion of him, now she has Power, so to trust and raise him as he expects, 'will scarce be grateful to those who love Vertue or Moderation. He affects to be Head of a Party, which in a little time will be thought opposite to the pretended Interest of the Court; then his Pride and Narrowness of Soul are intolerable. There is no Excess in vicious Love that he has not been guilty of, even to the lowest and most despicable part of Womankind, and those in Numbers: Tho' thrice advantagiously married

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ried, to Ladies of Beauty and Merit, all of them, he has used two of them with very little Deference. Ill-nature is his Province, false Gaming his Profession, sarcastical Wit his Delight, Luxury his Practice, animated by Pride, and devoted to Covetousness; I never yet heard of any good or generous Action performed by him.

Vertue.] Here lies the Remains of the Soul-departed Monarch, who after a Reign full of Perturbation and Anxiety, (applauded by most, yet condemned of many) is summoned by *Minos*, to give an Account of his Administration. By this time he has received his Sentence, and knows whether he were in the Right or Wrong. Who can decide, if his Ambition, or Love to Mankind, were his chief Motive to Good? Would he have relieved the Oppressed, combated Tyranny and Arbitrary Government, so often hazarded his Life in Battle, if his own Particular had not been involv'd with the Publick? Yet shall his Memory be ever dear to those People he has delivered, ranked among their best and most fortunate Monarchs, having fewer of their Vices, and more of their Vertues. War was his Pleasure; War was his Employment. Whilst he followed the true Interest of his Country, at the Head of his Armies, he suffered two potent and opposite Factions to break themselves against one another; calm and serene, like great *Jove* upon *Olympus*-top, he wisely involved himself with neither; free from the servile

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Arts with which other Monarchs have been forced to cajole their People, he yet found the happy Secret to draw from them, with Alacrity and Good-will, more Treasure, than in some Ages had been bestow'd upon the whole Series of Kings his Predecessors. Rest in Peace, oh glorious Shade! May all thy Defects, as thou wert Mortal, be atoned for by those Performances of thine, that were more than Mortal! O *Afreas*! may your Prince imitate his Conduct, Courage, Temperance, Fortitude, and Wisdom! and let us pray the Gods, that he have but part of his good Fortune!

Afreas.] But, my Lady *Intelligence*, pray what will become of the late Favourites, in this new Reign?

Intell.] Why they will be Favourites still. It is not, as in former Times, when down go the Kings, down go the Favourites. They take Example by their Predecessor's Failings; avoiding the Umbrage of great Crimes, they find little Villains to support the Calumny of Male-Administration, who are perpetually sacrificed to their Safety; the Servant often dies for his Master. This is a new and wise Scheme of Management; whilst the Favourite takes care to get himself an Estate sufficient to make him formidable enough to persuade the new Successor, and People, to leave him in Repose, there to taste the Sweets of Ease and Pleasure.

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Vertue.] Pray, my Lady *Intelligence*, let us have some of your Assistance, to explain to us that Parade that appears yonder.

Intell.] O, my good Ladies, if you please to step into this Balcony, you will see it at your Ease; 'tis the Funeral-Solemnity of the richest Widow in *Atalantis*, that but six Months, or thereabouts, survived her Husband.

Vertue.] A Widow, and rich, and yet die so soon! Was it of Love, Grief, or old Age,

Intell.] Young and Blooming. I'll entertain your Divinities with the whole Affair, as soon as the Procession's past.

Astrea.] There cannot sure be greater Vanity, than the Pomp they bestow upon the Dead; 'tis all superfluous. True Grief consists not in Ceremony.

Intell.] There's no such Thing among those that appear in these Cavalcades; there's scarce any of them that ever saw the Person deceased; nay, often they don't so much as know the Name of him whose Corps they accompany, or whether it be a Man or Woman's. 'Tis none of their Business, they are paid for what they do; a formal Cast of Face, a Down-look, immoveable and demure, is all that is required of them. 'Tis true, this Pageantry is of no use to the Deceased, but it's an Honour to their Memory, and shews the Piety of the surviving Friend; besides, 'tis Magnificent, and the Comfort of many a Lady, and which often makes the

the Thoughts of Death less frightful to her, when she but thinks of an expensive Funeral, white Flambeaux, Chariots, Horses, Streamers, and a Train of Mourners. See! there are Four and twenty that carry Banners before the Body; Eight leading Coaches with six Horses; the Horse comes next. Can any Thing be more adorned? Gay with Escutcheons, rich in Velvet and Feathers. Methinks 'tis not such a mortifying Sight; the Coaches and Chariots that follow are numberless.

Astrea.] Where are they conducting the Body?

Intell.] About some Two and twenty Leagues off. They would imagine the Departed could not be at rest, lodged out of its appointed Sepulchre.

Astrea.] As if the next Funeral-Pile, or uncovered Earth, would not as well serve to consume or receive despicable Clay: The most useless and affrighting Object, no longer a Part of the World; what Nature abhors to look on, and what Mortals with all convenient dispatch sweep from out of both their Sight and Memory.

Intell.] Did Mankind confine themselves only to what was necessary, reasonable, or proper, there would indeed be no Occasion for most part of the great Expence they are at; the Ore might lie at rest in its native Bed; Navigation would be useless; Diamonds and other precious Stones, might be secure in their Quarry; and the Sea not ransack'd for Pearl:

Pearl: Since, in the equal Distribution of the Creation, every Country is sufficient to it self for sustaining Life with Temperance, though not with Luxury.

Astrea.] The Funeral is pass'd; and we are now at leisure to hear what you have to say of the Deceas'd.

Intell.] I must begin with her Husband. His Pleasure was in his Appetite, I mean good Eating; eminent for the Distinction of his Taste, and a nice ordered Table. Wine, and the hotter Liquors, were the Occasion of his Death; the Physicians vainly forbad him too liberal Use of them. He died memorable for nothing, but introducing a Bosom-Friend of his to his Lady's Intimacy and Favour, and lessening his Childrens Fortunes to enlarge her Dowry. 'Twas kind and obligingly done of him; he could do no more but die quickly out of the way, to leave her the richest Widow in all *Atalantis*.

A Donative so much to her Advantage, gave her Parents the Alarm; her Mother, like a wise and prudent Woman, after the first Gust of her Sorrow was blown over, read her perpetual Lectures of Widows that were undone and ruined by marrying of second Ventures. Her Husband's Family were not at all pleased at the Distinction he had made in Prejudice to the Children, and probably were then upon the Watch, to find what they might have to object against her.

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The young Baron *de Mezaray* was of a very ancient Family; but the too liberal Excesses of his Forefathers, had extremely impaired the Estate; he could no more maintain it in its former Splendor: There were, who loved to concern themselves in the Affairs of all Men, that wondered he did not seek to better his Circumstances, by applying himself either to the Court or Army; probably it was not his Principle, or he did not love the Fatigues of the Camp or Cabinet.

Monsieur *St. Amand* loved nothing so tenderly as he did the Baron; he would not by his good Will have breath'd a Day without him; he was the *Zest* to all his Pleasures. *Bacchus* (as well as he loved him) had not his true Flavour when he was wanting; and one would think he could have even shared with him the Delights of *Venus*, by so frequently forcing him upon his Lady. He would tell her, That if there were any Thing she could more oblige him in than other, it would be in tenderly respecting the Baron, who deserved Admiration more than all Mankind put together; that this degenerate Age had nothing else to boast of; for had not Nature put him into the World, we must have been at a Loss how to guess at the Perfection of those People of Vertue, that were born so many Ages before us when the World was young in Vice: he was indeed a true Copy of such Heroes, whose shining Qualities all centered
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in him; his extraordinary Modesty only kept him from universal Admiration, a Quality inborn to the most worthy; that when he pleased, it was but making himself known to receive the first Dignities and Employments of the Empire; though the Ill-natur'd will tell you, his greatest Merit, according to *Monsieur Gouss Agreable*, consisted in being a *bonne* Companion, in knowing when your Cray-Fish-Soups, Olios, Turin Fricacies, and other Elegancies of the Table, were in Perfection; which were best for a Preparative, which for a Digestive; Spirit of Clary, Tincture of Saffron, *Barbadoes-Water*, *Persico*, or *L'eau de vie, avec les Fleurs d'Orange*. Madam de *St. Amant* had been married so young, that Love had nothing to do in that Affair; *Cupid* was not at all necessary to a Match made up by Friends; however she grew up with great Inclinations to comply in every Thing with a Husband so obliging: Wherefore we must not think it at all strange, that she so readily obeyed him in esteeming the Baron. He was by Freedom of Conversation let into a thousand Intimacies, which gave him Opportunities of distinguishing himself, by a more insinuating Behaviour than was necessary for a Husband to have, who was much at Ease and in full Possession of whatever a Wife can bestow. Love (that dangerous Enemy of our Quiet, who sooner or later forces every Heart by Experience to acknowledge him the Master) had a malicious Desire to
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poison that calm and innocent Manner of Life, between Monsieur and Madam *St. Amant*: He tricked up the Baron in all things that could appear lovely to the Eyes of the Lady; dress'd up his Air with killing Smiles; furnished his Eyes from his own Quiver; begg'd some of his beautiful Mother's Sweetness, and her best Water for Complexion; pilfer'd from every one of the Graces to adorn his Favourite; and even stole some of the Heavenly *Ambrosia* to diffuse throughout his Person, so that nothing appeared so charming as he to the Lady. I had forgot to tell you, that *Cupid*, tho' he be not very good-natur'd, in Compassion of the rest of the Sex, made these Perfections visible to none but *Sacharissa*. As to the Super-Ornaments of the Mind, they were not necessary in this Case. What have Lovers to do with Sense and Judgment? Wisdom was never so much as made mention of in their Court of Request: Brisk Repartees, some superficial Sparklings of Wit, a well-turned Period in a *Billet*, an agreeable Manner of telling a Story, no matter whether the Story be good or bad, eternal Compliances, incessant Flattery, never-ending Praises, perfect Resignation, and continual Importunities, are their Letters of Mart, and pass better in Love's-Exchange, than fine Understanding.

Madam *St. Amant*, who was no Conjuror in unravelling Mysteries, though they were even those of Nature, wondered what sort of new Guest she had entertain'd; she
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neither eat nor slept ; a sort of languishing Melancholy made her Days and Nights uneasy to her ; Spleen and Vapours were then fashionable Appellations for Distempers they could strictly give no other Name to. If a Lady wanted Money for the Basset-Table, and her Lord refused her, presently she was troubled with the Vapours ; if a Set of Jewels to go to the Apartment, or Presents for a private Favourite, still 'twas the Vapours ; if she was forbid the Freedom of a Hackney-Coach, with her Bosom-Friend the Mantua-maker, the Vapours were intolerably powerful, and nothing like a Jaunt *incognito* to allay them. In short, poor *Vapours* was forced to father abundance of Inconveniencies. Madam *St. Amant* had recourse to them ; she refuged, under the Title of Vapours, a Distemper all new and perplexitive. Signior *Mompellier*, the Womens Physician, was ordered to sit in Judgment upon my Lady's Indisposition ; according to his Way of rambling, finding it lay chiefly in the Fancy, he began to entertain her with something which he thought very diverting, his own Amours, and the Favours that had been bestowed upon him. Madam *St. Amant* had indeed heard that was his Way, but had never proved it before. She assumed the severe Air of a Woman of Honour, shock'd at the extreme Liberty the Doctor took in his Buffoon Relation. When he saw he had mis'd of his Aim, and could not divert, he seriously advised her Husband to

to take care of her ; she had the Height of Vapours, which might degenerate into Lunacy. To prove this, he repeated those Stories which her melancholy Spleen had been Proof against ; and because she did not burst out into Laughter at his Jest, he concluded her mad ; and yet this is the First-rank'd Wit of the Age. But since I intend to carry you where your selves shall be Judges of his Conversation, I'll not forestall it by Description.

Still the poor Lady languished under this nameless Melancholy. Monsieur was good-natur'd, and made himself troublesomely officious ; but all his Kindness but increas'd her Malady ; every Thing he did was **displeasing** ; she had even a Repugnancy in **her Nature** at speaking civilly to him ; when he would touch her Hand, it redoubled her Distemper ; but to kiss her Mouth, was Vapours wrought up to Frenzy. She wonder'd more than he did at this apparent Dislike ; he began in good earnest to fear the Doctor was infallible, and that she would be mad. When he offered at caressing, she would squeak as if she were possess'd. Love for the Baron caused her (without her own Knowledge) to hate her Husband ; she received him with Frowns ; answered him perversely, and from the Purpose ; hated to eat or sleep where he was. But when the Baron appeared, 'twas the Reverse ; she smiled whether she would or no ; maugre her self, her Eyes ran into a Dance of Joy ;
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her Heart rebounded in her Breast ; Spleen and Vapours were no more, her Conversation took a gay Turn ; the little affected Arts by which the Fair would insinuate, became natural ; she new-stamp'd her very Air and Words ; all that the Baron said, all that the Baron did, was delightful to her ; she could sit at Table, nay even eat, so he were but one of the Guests ; she could reconcile her self to Cards, provided he made one ; nay more, her Husband became tolerable to her in his Company : There was nothing to be seen but Smiles of perpetual Joy, whilst the Baron was by ; but when he departed, all was Sun-set, or worse, rising Mists, and cloudy Vapours. Her Husband (without any Reflection to her Prejudice) saw that nothing diverted her but the Baron, and therefore begged him, as earnestly as if he were suing for the greatest Good, to keep his Wife Company till her Health was recovered. He did not in the least wonder that she should think well of him ; he had endeavour'd all he could to raise a Friendship and Esteem in her ; and because he himself was never so much pleas'd as when he was with him, he easily believ'd another might have the same Sentiments, and be as well entertained with what he found so diverting.

The Baron was not so great a Novice in Love-Affairs, but he could guess who was the Occasion of Madam's Distemper : Whether he prided himself in the good Fortune,

tune, is not very material; or how great the Contest was between Friendship for his Friend, and Charity for his Lady. At last he concluded, that it was Height of Friendship to have Charity; for by that means he should preserve and put out of Pain a Creature that was dear to his Friend; but the Difficulty lay not in his good Intentions, but the Manner of asswaging the Grief of the afflicted fair One. She had been bred up in a perfect Reserve to all the World but her Husband; the Offers of Love from another might probably shock her to a violent Degree, and should she once take a Disgust, it might re-call and fix her wandering Heart to its first Object; he therefore concluded it best to redouble, if possible, his Diligence, and to let Chance determinethe rest.

The Season was come for going into the Country, the Lady's Want of Health seemed to require it, but she could not tell how to part with the Baron's Company; not that she suspected the Foulness of the Infection; she was pleased, without knowing what pleased her; the flushing Blood, obedient to the Dictates of her Love-sick Heart, would immediately fly into her fair Face and Neck at his Approach; a sort of shivering, an alternative of Heat and Cold would seize her, but still this was but the Lady's friendly Distemper, Vapours; but such Vapours that were not in the Power of Sal-Volatile, Sal-Armoniac, nor Spirit of Harts-Horn to cure; in vain did the Gentlemen of the Fe-

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culty fit in Consultation; the Baron had more Vertue than all their Medicines; and because good Nature and Friendship were his Talent, to oblige Monsieur and serve his Lady, he stirred from her as little as he could. But the Husband, who loved nothing so well as his Friend, and his Wife, always made a third; the Debauch went round in her Company, tho' she would not share in it, which was her own Fault, in not believing this Doctrine of her Master's, *That the Bottle was a Cure for all Distempers.*

Still was the Fair ignorant of the Evil that tormented her. The Baron being one Day alone with her, she said to him, What melancholy Hours, my Lord, are Monsieur St. *Amant* and my self going to pass in the Country, unless you can have the Goodness to go with us? I do not use to ask Favours of any one; but I find you are so necessary to my Diversion, from this dangerous Melancholy that has seiz'd me, in pity to my self, I make you this Request. By this fine set Speech, you may guess at the Lady's Innocence; she was not accustomed to read Books of Gallantry; knew no more of Love than what she got from Opera's and Comedies, where unless a Lady be in Love before, she seldom makes Application. Those of the Sex that have that happy Indifference, go to a Play but when 'tis cryed up and becomes the Fashion, and then only because the rest of the World goes

goes she'll go for Company, to see if any Lady have finer Jewels than her self, to expose her own, and to observe the Modes, &c.

She even spoke to her Husband to entreat the Baron to go along with them; He desired no more; he was overjoyed at the Sympathy he found in his Wife's Inclinations; he bid her be easy, the Baron should go with them. Then he fell to teizing the Beloved, who did not want half that Courtship as he pretended; where could he be better regaled? Where could he live so well as at Monsieur St. *Amant's*? Besides, the fair Lady's Admiration and Pain for him, made him resolve to please himself, and oblige her. They were no sooner got down, but the Lady fancied her self much better. The Reason was plain, the Baron was seldom from her, and her Intervals of Melancholy were consequently shorter. Indeed those Days that they went a Hunting it went ill with her; then she had nothing to do but to have the Vapours in Perfection: In short, she declared her self a mortal Enemy to that Diversion, and obliged them to keep at home more than they would have done.

A young Relation of her, named *Beritha*, to divert her self and others, came there upon a Visit, with an Intent to pass away the Summer; she was very witty, entirely agreeable, full of Amusement, and Coquet enough. She would have thought
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it a great Injury to her Charms, if any Cavalier should not seem to be sensible of them; at first she did not give her self Thought enough to examine the different Interests of the People she was with. She expected no great good (as to Matter of Admiration) from Monsieur *St. Amant*, who had never been in Love in his Life, unless you'll call it Love to be a good and kind Husband to a Wife that he had married when she was a Child, and grew up with. Those are tender Friendships, free from the Disquiets, the Hopes and Fears for Possession; calm are their Desires, calm are their Joys; they may be well termed discharging one's Duty with a good Grace, wearing your Fetters with no Inclination to Freedom: But the fierce Delights, and ravishing Sweets of consenting Love, after Toils, Affiduities, Despairs, and ardent Desires, are all foreign to a *Hymen* imposed upon us before we have either Age or Leisure to desire him. But Parents think their Children can never be unhappy, if they do but take care of their Interest, which is the true Reason that we so seldom see People of Condition fortunate in their Marriages. The Men seek their Diversions abroad, and the Ladies often are not more innocent; at best, their Husbands having Inclinations elsewhere, never fail to render their Wives miserable.

*Berinth*a having small Hopes of being adored by one that preferred *Bacchus* to *Venus*, thought she should have a melancholy Time of it, if the Baron did not prove more sensible. Your true Coquets think all Pleasures insipid, that are not mingled with the Pretence of Love: I say the Pretence, for their varying Tempers never know what true Love means. What Pains will such a one give her self, to procure a little Flattery? How indefatigable will they be, to gain the Offer of a vain taudry Heart, which they are sure to despise if once it becomes their real Conquest? But if a Man of Sense ever be so miserable, she is sure to make him suffer, whatever Ostentation, Pride, and the vain Desire of having the World see her sovereign Power, can inflict.

*Berinth*a, being Coquet in Perfection, whenever she spoke to the Baron, softened the Tone of her Voice, call'd Smiles to her Mouth, and Dimples to her Cheeks; assumed a dying Sweetness in her Eyes; threw out the Bait with all the Artifice of a skilful Hand; not that she loved him, any other Man would have served her Business as well: Her Pride was to be admired: She mortally hated that Lady, whom she could not rob of her Gallant. Such a Solitude as *Sacharissa's*, was at first affrighting to one of *Berinth*a's Temper; if the Baron had immediately surrender'd, she had changed her first Designs of passing the Summer there, and gone to the Hot-Baths, where a much more nu-

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merous Assembly promised her much greater Probability of Admiration.

But the Baron, grateful to the Pains *Madam de St. Amant* felt for him, would not give into the Artifices of the Coquet, at least 'till he had suffered her to play all her Tricks over, and was come to the downright Advance, of telling him, That his Indifference displeased her; nay (perhaps inflamed by his Coldness, the Antiperistasis had really warmed her) she reproached him one Day in the Garden, after so gallant a manner, that he knew not how to defend himself. She told him, it was highly unnatural, in a Man of his Age, to let a young Lady pass so neglected; she would not believe that these were Times for Gentlemen to leave their Heart behind them; that should a Beauty (as she did not doubt) have engross'd his whilst he was at *Angela*, he knew better, than not to have it now at Command, since new Places generally produced new Conquests, to People of his Merit.

Nothing could have been said more obliging; he was very near being catch'd with it: At another Time, and in another Place, he would not at all have hesitated; that fair Lady, or any other fair Lady might have commanded him, as far as she pleased, at least to the extent of his Power, though he had even strained to oblige her. But he knew very well, that Coquets desire nothing so much of the Conquest, as the Reputation

of it. It is impossible to have an Affair with any of that Stamp a Secret; they are the first themselves in proclaiming the Advantage they have over other Women: The Baron fear'd he should lose tender Madam *St. Amant*, her Virgin-Heart, her appropriated Kindness, for one that had not the least Part of her Value; so that he did not know what to answer her. *Berinthia* was as cunning as a Witch; by the Perturbation of his Mind, which shewed it self upon his Face, and the Silence he held, her Eyes were opened in a Minute. She recollected with an admirable Swiftnes of Thought, all Madam *St. Amant*'s Complaisances to the Baron, and his Assiduities to her; she no longer doubted but that was the Mystery, and wondered she should be so dull at unravelling of it; she was sure that Coldness could not be natural to him. O poor Baron! continued she, with a loud Laugh, I pity you; I see how 'tis with you, you are afraid to make Madam *St. Amant* jealous.

Madam *St. Amant*, answered he, with a severe Frown, is not a Subject for us to trifle with; her Vertue is above being censured by the Standard of others; if your Thoughts and Inclinations be gay, you are not to judge of hers by your own. Nothing could have been said more disobliging. It confirmed *Berinthia* in her Suspicions; therefore to be revenged on them both, she was resolved not to throw up her Cards, 'till she

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she had sufficiently perplexed the Game. She feigned to be of his Opinion; that what he said he was in the right of, for Madam *St. Amant* was a Woman of undoubted Honour; what she had spoke was only by way of Raillery, to find (if possible) some Excuse, tho' never so improbable, for that excessive Coldness, wherewith he received the Favours which a young Lady (not wholly disagreeable) bestowed upon him.

The Baron fell into her Snare; he believed what she said, and to confirm her, spoke and did so many kind Things, as would have pacified one less acquainted with the World; but she was too cunning, and knew whence they were derived. She hated being obliged to another, for what she thought her own due; yet she feigned to give into what he said, but violently (with a premeditated Design) opposed him as he kiss'd and pull'd her. He proceeded neither with the Respects nor Transports of a Lover: *Berinthia* was not to learn to distinguish, at this time of Day, between the Real and the Pretended; she had so often acted her self, that she soon discovered the Counterfeit in him. They had left Madam *St. Amant* upon a Bed of Repose, in a Banqueting-House in the Garden, to try to get a little Sleep. *Berinthia* did not think her self half enough tumbled, but with her little Graces and Affectations, still provoked the Baron to kiss and teize her, which she resisted as much as her Strength would permit. Warm'd by the

soft Play and Touches of a young willing Coquet, he followed her in good Earnest, and pulled her down by main Force upon a Bed of Greens, in an Arbour where they were, 'till he had almost kiss'd and ruffled her to Pieces.

Probably he had made greater Advantages, if Monsieur *St. Amant* had not surpriz'd him. Oh Gud, Cousin, says the Lady, getting up from the Baron (who did then let her rise) was there ever such a Brute? He's ruder than a Bear! Is this your modest Gentleman? I'll never trust myself with him again. Then brushing briskly by them, she ran down the Walk, and struck up another that led to the Banqueting-House, all discomposed and ruffled as she was; and quite out of Breath with running, she flings open the Door in a pretended Fright, and throws her self upon the Marble Floor, by Madam *St. Amant's* Bed of Repose; who did not fail very earnestly to enquire the Occasion of that Disorder. It was a long time before she pretended to have Power to speak; at last she told her, the Baron had undoubtedly ravished her, if her Husband had not come in and prevented him. What became of poor Madam *St. Amant* at this Moment? This was the worst Vapours of all! Her Blood ran to her Heart, and left her Face pale, as the dying or dead. New-born Jealousy met with it in its Passage, and by a Flush of Rage and Fire, returned it back in perfect

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fect Scarlet ; it covered her Neck and Breasts, as well as her Face, glowed over her whole Body, and rose to choak her Words ; she could not bring out the least Syllable. Lord, Cousin, cry'd the cunning *Berintba*, (who had done all this to provoke her) are you out of your Senses ? What's the Matter with you ? I'll lay my Life you are sick of a Distemper you don't know : 'A my Conscience your are jealous, and love the Baron. Here the infallible Lady pressed the Afflicted to speak to her, but she could only burst out in a great Passion of Tears ; and then 'twas all like to be well enough ; no Woman ever dies of a Distemper of the Mind, when she can once come to cry it out. *Berintba* used every Art to pacify her, her Insinuations were almost irresistible. Madam *St. Amant* was all generous and sincere, far from suspecting Artifice in others, she never was her self acquainted with any. *Berintba* had named to her that terrible Disease, which she had so long felt, and yet could give no Name to. Jealousy had discovered it to be Love ; because he never appears in a Place where Love is not. Jealousy confirmed it to be Love ; because in a Moment she passed to an Aversion for her Cousin, who before had been very well in her Kindness. What should she do ? That airy Creature was Mistress of her Secret, and would infallibly divert the Town with it ; what must she do ? She saw she was in a Moment going to lose that long-valued Reputation and

Esteem which she had been hitherto in possession of. But what most amazed her, was, that she could be so many Months ignorant of her own Distemper. She hoped it was still a Secret to all the World, but *Berintba*; that even the Baron himself was unacquainted with it, whose Knowledge she more dreaded than her Husband's. He had ever been so extreme respectful, that she had reason to think him ignorant; for few Men but grow presuming, when they believe themselves desirable.

Berintba favour'd her Modesty, and gave her Time to set her Heart and Mind in order; for as yet she had not spoke one Word. The Coquet had what she wanted, and did not care, upon second Thoughts, to be made a Confident, for fear it might be some sort of a Tie upon her not to blaze abroad the Secret. Seeing her Cousin had left crying, and was fallen into a profound Resvery, forgetting her late pretended Misfortune, as if she had not been like to be ravished, nor no such Thing had happened, singing a Tune in the new Opera, she got up to adjust her self at a Glass; but when she saw what a Figure she was, how tumbled and disordered, she burst into a loud Laughter, tho' not able to draw the Lady from her Cogitations: When she had composed her Dress, repeating the same Opera-Air, she went out of the Banqueting-House, and left her to her self.

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The Baron, who had shifted off Monsieur *St. Amant*, under pretence of taking a little Sleep in that Arbour to recover his amorous Fatigues, no sooner saw him return into the House, but he arose, and, by a roundabout Way, got to another Part of the Banquetting-Room, wherein the two Ladies were. He listned and heard *Berinth*a very busy upon his Chapter. This was exactly what he expected, but he did not know what to think, whether he should be sad or joyful at her telling her Cousin that she was in Love with the Baron, and jealous of her. He heard the poor afflicted Lady's Passion of Tears, the Coquet's Endeavours to appease, and draw from her the Confirmation (by Words as well as Actions) of that dangerous Secret; and in short all that pass'd 'till *Berinth*a went out. He lean'd against a Tree, as if it were to weigh and determine with himself what to do; whether he should leave the Lady to recover her Disorder, by Time and Reflection, or offer his Mediation. He guess'd the worst of her Distemper (if she really loved him as he believed) must be Jealousy; therefore he thought it but Charity to ease her Mind in that particular. He fetch'd a little compass to bring him into the Walk which fronted the Door *Berinth*a had left open, because he would not have her think he had overheard them. So profound was her Contemplations, that she saw him not, tho' her Face was that way, 'till the Noise he made in entering

raised her Eyes, which were heavy and weighed down with weeping. He appear'd so lovely to her Imagination, and so respectful to her Sight, that she had no Inclination to receive him roughly. In the most insinuating and passionate manner he begged (without Interruption) a short Audience of her; and tho', as he said, it was what no Gentleman ought to do, to betray the Advances that were made him by any of the fair Sex, yet he had so ardent a Desire to vindicate himself to her, that he would sacrifice his very Devoir to compass it. Then he told of his whole Affair with *Berintba*. Coquets do not always appear such to their own Sex, their free Behaviour is generally attributed to Youth and Gaiety, which possibly may be innocent: This was what Madam *St. Amant* always believed of her Cousin. But when she heard the Baron report of the Advances she had made him, and of her telling him that he durst not take Advantage of them, for fear of making her jealous; the apparent Design she had to get him to tumble her in that manner, only that she might the better draw the Secret from her, by her pretended Discovery of the Baron's Rudeness: That Air of Truth with which he spoke, and her own powerful Inclinations to believe well of him, made her no longer doubt any Part of the Relation. He durst not take Notice to her that he thought (by her Eyes) she had been weeping, but seem'd contented to justify himself; which

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if there had been no jealousy in the Case, he would have thought himself obliged to do, since no Man would desire to be found guilty of such a Breach of good Manners, as to attempt to ravish a young Woman of Condition in a Relation's House.

The greatest Part of Madam *St. Amant's* Uneasiness vanished with her Jealousy; her Heart assumed its former Tranquillity, (if there can be any Tranquillity in a Place where Love resides;) and yet undoubtedly there may be a Calm, when compared to the tempestuous Sea of Jealousy. She begged him not to disquiet himself for what such an unthinking Creature as *Berimba* said; she thought she served him well to report what she did of him, since he would kiss and teize her against her Will. She found it best to turn the Matter into Raillery, but did not once repeat what had been said of her self, that was too tender a Point. They walked back to the House in a perfect good Intelligence. *Berimba* met them with some Country-Ladies that were come to visit. She swell'd almost to bursting to find her Mischief had no better Effect, no longer doubting but she was made the Sacrifice, and that the Baron was as happy as Madam *St. Amant* could make him. The ill-Luck she had at Cards that Evening, gave her a good pretence to vent her Spleen and Ill-Nature. The Baron won, and did not fail (contrary to the exact *Decorum* of good Manners) to insult a little: *Berimba* could not bear

bear it ; there were a great many secret Reproaches thrown out, which were understood by none in the Company but Madam *St. Amand*, and themselves.

*Berinth*a saw the best of her Market was over at that Place, and therefore thought it high time to remove to another ; besides, she long'd to be ruining her Cousin's Reputation, and proclaiming her Amour with the Baron. The World is so uncharitable to Lovers, they never will believe that they see one another without Consequences : Tho' nothing could be more innocent than Madam *St. Amand*, nor respectful than the Baron ; *Berinth*a soon made it be thought otherwise. The first of these Ladies, warned by what she had found of her wicked Temper, had repented those dangerous Proofs of Disquiets and Jealousy in the Banquetting-House ; but because her Tongue had been silent, she would have had it thought, that she was only agitated by a prodigious Fit of the Vapours, so that she knew not what she did. *Berinth*a was too cunning a Baggage to let this pass upon her, though she had too much Manners to contradict her Cousin. The Ladies parted with a World of Indifferency on both Sides. It was worse between her and the Baron ; he goes a Hunting, and stays at a Country-Gentleman's House two Days before she went away, that he might be sure not to see her depart, because of being obliged to take his Leave of her:

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As soon as *Berinthia* was got to *Angela*, she laid about her very handsomely, in respect to her Cousin's Honour; and not only made a Confidence of her Affair with the Baron to all she met, but even told Madam St. *Amant's* Mother, (who was her near Relation, and enquired of her why she left her Daughter before the Season was over?) That for her Part, she did not love to stay in a Place where People grew uneasy; she could not help it, if the Baron thought her younger and more agreeable than her Cousin; but that she thought again her Cousin was not over-prudent to publish her Repentment and Concern to all the World; neither did she find it was safe for her to stay in a Place where her Honour had been attempted with such Impunity. These Reports were highly scandalous in the Ears of the old Lady; she did not fail to write a large Sheet of Paper to her Daughter, stuffed full of Reproaches for her past, and Admonitions for a better future Behaviour. Neither did *Berinthia's* Malice stop here; so effectually she pursued it, that an old blunt Gentleman (severely disgusted at what he had heard) by her Agent's Instigation, wrote to Monsieur St. *Amant* (whose Friend he was) to advise him to take care of the Baron and his Wife.

This fatal Letter found the Husband ill at ease, by the Return of a Distemper which, young as he was, used to afflict him. He could not believe what he read; the Pain

Pain of his Body then became little, compared to that of his Mind; it seemed to him as if he had awak'd from a Sleep of Poppies; he could not but wonder how he should thus long be blind, to what was so clearly seen by the World. His Lady and the Baron had before employed their Endeavours to make him return to *Angela*, for better Advice; but this Letter only determined him; he should have an Opportunity of getting rid of that dreadful Friend from under his hospitable Roof. The Baron did not fail to accompany them to their own Palace, where he took his Leave at the Gate, with a Behaviour so tender and respectful, that Monsieur St. *Amant* almost justified him in his Thoughts. He kept the Anguish close confined to his own Breast, not without a Million of Times accusing himself, for so imprudently pressing his Wife to esteem the Baron; and yet he knew not how to condemn them: For since her self had been acquainted with her own Distemper, she had more avoided the Lover, and fought her Husband; there was nothing omitted by her that an honest Woman could do in the like Extremity. She master'd her self as to those Disgusts she formerly seem'd to receive from his Caresses, and declined being Entertained by the Baron; she prescribed her self a perfect Rule of Behaviour, from which she was resolved rather to die than depart; and endeavoured to justify
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her self to her Mother, by informing her of *Berintba's* Malice.

Since the Baron knew nothing of all this, he was as assiduous as before; and the World, who saw he was perpetually there, did not discontinue their Censure.

Monsieur St. *Amant's* Distemper redoubled, he could not confine himself to Wine and Water, or Ptisanes, as the Physician would have him; his Troubles of Mind seem'd rather to call upon him for higher Cordials, that he might drown the Memory of them. One Day, after a dreadful Fit, he caused his Lady to be called, and ask'd her, if he had ever failed in a tender Husband's Duty? She answer'd him in Tears, That he had not only exceeded all other Men, but even her own Expectations and Desert, however partial she might be to her self. He then asked her, (something abruptly) how she could excuse her self for so ill performing hers? At the same Time he gave her that Letter to read, which the old Friend had sent him into the Country. She threw her self upon her Knees, at his Bedside, and fell a weeping. He asked her whether she were really guilty? He could forgive her if she would be ingenuous. Madam St. *Amant*, who was bred to hate a Lye, and held it unworthy to abuse that generous Confidence her Husband had put in her, told him all what she had suffered from the Beginning, to that present Moment: *Berintba's* Malice, her own Innocence and the Baron's, who

who had never attempted any Thing but what might have been heard and seen by all the World. There's something so persuasive in Truth, that he was convinced. She begg'd him to pity what he could not approve. It was not in her Power to master the Passion she had for the Baron, but it had been ever so from giving him any Testimonies of it. He told her, he did with all his Heart, and he forgave her; nay, even returned her Thanks for so well discharging her Duty, when it was so powerfully opposed by her Inclinations. He wished that he had spoken sooner of it to her, that he might sooner have received that Satisfaction, which he was now afraid came of the latest to him; that he believed it had precipitated his Death, which he found coming very fast upon him. But to convince her that his Esteem was still the same for her; He desired his Will should remain as it was before this had happened; and said, that he would even have alter'd it, if it could possibly have been made more for her Advantage. But having left her all he could leave her, though to the Prejudice of their common Children; he begg'd her to be contented with being the richest Widow in all *Atalantis*, without ever bestowing her Self or her Fortune upon the Baron: Not but he eminently deserved every Thing; but upon account that it would confirm the bad World in those Reports which the base *Berintha* had spread abroad, Madam

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St. *Amant* promised him more; never to marry again, tho it were ever so much to her Honour or Advantage. 'Tis possible he might not believe her in that Point, because all Women assure their Husbands of as much. He seem'd only to accuse himself for so indiscreetly introducing a Man of the Baron's Merit to his Wife; and dy'd soon after, an eminent Warning to all Husbands from falling into the like Inadvertency.

He was no sooner interred, and his Elegy published, but all the Town gave her to the Baron for a Wife. Thus they entertained themselves at her Cost, and *Berinthia* did not fail, in all Companies, to report the Business as good as done.

Poor Madam St. *Amant*, Heart-broke with inward Passion, struggling between Love and cruel Decency; full of Veneration and grateful Tenderneſs to her departed Husband; aw'd and terrify'd by her Mother's perpetual Remonstrances; rack'd at the Remembrance of the Baron's Charms, and the Promise she had made Monsieur St. *Amant*; forsook the Town, to retire to a small *Villa*, where she gave up her self to perpetual Melancholy. Her Health was much impaired by these Conflicts of the Mind. She wou'd sometimes think that she was destin'd by Fate, to retrieve and draw the Baron's low Fortune from Obscurity, by her Abundance; that he was rich enough in Merit to deserve all Things. When he came

came to condole with her the Loss of their common Friend, he allow'd much to Decency, and in several Visits spoke nothing of his own Pretensions; but at length, having found the Time favourable, he began with an elegant Discourse of what he had so tenderly suffer'd for her: He pleaded Merit, from the Respectiveness of his Flame and unwearied Silence, and to hinder her from those Formalities which might retard his Happiness, he cut her short, by telling all that happen'd in the Banqueting-House, and the Knowledge he had of that Esteem she had honour'd him with; but appeal'd to her self, if from thence he had ever assumed any Merit, so as to presume to declare it to her. The Lady, in return, told him, with the same Sincerity, the whole State of her Heart; Monsieur St. *Amani's* Discourse; the Promise she had made him, and her Resolution to adhere to it. She begg'd him to see her no more, since it could not be significant to either, but hurtful to both; assured him, that as she did not marry him, she never would marry any other; but whatever was in her Power to serve his Fortune, he might not only depend upon, but command.

Her Mother taking the Alarm from the Baron's Visits, never left teizing her, till she fell down-right sick. She was continually remembring her what she owed her Children, and the Memory of her Husband, to keep her from marrying a Beggar, as she call'd

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call'd him ; how poor and scandalous it would appear to the World ; that she would rather follow her to her Grave, than see her in the Nuptial-Bed, with one, whose very Acquaintance had been the Death of so dear a Husband, and the only Blot of her own Life. Unable to bear up under all these Disquiets, she was not long in giving the World a very singular Proof of Love and Constancy, tho' the Enemies of the Sex do not fail to interpret it thus, *Gross a Woman in her Will, and you take away her Life.*

Astrea.] Tho' what my Lady *Intelligence* has told us in this Story be entertaining, yet I find nothing in it of Use to my Prince, at least 'till he be marry'd; unless it be, that he take care before-hand, to make his Wife in Love with him, because she will else fall in Love with somebody else, and so far the Moral may hold good.

Vertue.] We are far advanced in our Journey. Behold that goodly Temple which stands open: Shall we not go in, and pay our Adoration to *Juno*, to whom it is dedicated ?

Intell.] The Fabrick is Noble: Cast your Eyes upon the Elevation, what a majestick Height it bears, it seems to hide its Spire in the Clouds. Mark those curious Images, the Carving, the whole Architecture is admirable: As you enter you shall pass thro' Columns of Marble-Pillars, numerous as are the Hours of one revolving Year : Mark the
Beauty

Beauty of the Windows; how various and lively are the Colours, the Staining of the Glass; how fanciful are the Works of Mortals! They are numbered by the Days that *Phæbus* counts in his Solar Course, and to compleat the System, equivalent to the Number of the Moons are the Gates of this magnificent Structure. The Founder was ordered (in a Dream) by *Juno*, to erect this Temple to her Honour; with a Promise annexed to it, of enduring 'till the End of Time, that the Creation take a new Form, or be no more. The Foundation, (to make it more wonderful) is laid in Water, which is perishing to all Things, but this Divine Fabrick; there is not above six Foot depth of Earth, all beneath is of the more liquid Element.

[*Afrea.*] Methinks I am not half so much satisfied with the Devotion offered in the Temple, as with the Temple it self: The High-Priest supine and drowzy, scarce attended to the Duty of the Place: He has a robust Apperance, is clad in becoming Ornaments; but still he seemed to be little at ease, drowzy, and rather fitted for a Bed of Repose at Home, than his Devotion here.

[*Intell.*] That is, because it was not his Time for declaiming to the People; then none more vigorous, fuller of Motion, vehement in Speech and Gesture; he is admired and followed for his Oratory: But the Snares of Beauty, (against which he has not
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been able to defend himself) Pride, Faction, and some other Vices, have dared to mingle with his Character; but the Respect I have for all that attend the Service of the Altar, makes me choose rather to conceal than publish their Defects.

Astrea.] Methinks little of Devotion mingled among the Behaviour of the other Priests; the numerous Train cast their Eyes upon the Fair; they performed their Hymns as Things they had by rote, without Solemnity, as if the Heart, nay the Mind, had no Part in it: In short, I am disgusted at the Coolness of their Behaviour; they seem rather to be paid for what they do, than to be pleased or affected, I will not say transported; as if the Service were only essential to the Body, not the Soul.

Vertue.] Night has overtaken us; it will be inconvenient travelling, 'till *Aurora* return: *Cynthia* is already mounted for her Journey, she is seated in her Car; behold her taking the Reins of Night, and administering to the World, in the absence of her Brother. This lovely Walk of Trees which leads to that House before us; this Arbour and Bench will serve us to repose, 'till we can re-assume our Travel.

Astrea.] I see a Lady coming towards us, with a majestick Mien, her Face beautiful, her Motions genteel; there is a Cavalier with her, who seems earnest in persuading: They take the next Seat to us; we can at ease hear all their Discourse.

Bar.]

Bar.] Why will you force me (my Lord) to give you such a Proof of my Esteem, as must destroy all yours for me? Can nothing else prevail with you to leave me in Repose? Must I demonstrate, as well as tell you, the Impossibility there is of ever touching my Heart?

Count.] Nothing less can precipitate me into that Despair which is necessary for leaving you in Repose. Quite bereave me (as you have promis'd) of all Hope, make me see that you merit not to be beloved, and this Ghost that incessantly haunts you, that gives you such Occasion of Complaint, may disappear; but 'till then, permit me to wander on, not utterly void of Hope of one Day touching your Heart in my Favour.

Bar.] 'Tis impossible. I am my self devoted to Despair. Oh, my Lord! let it not be said, that one of so much Merit, as the Count of *Meillers*, employ'd it only to make an unfortunate Woman more unfortunate.

Count.] I renounce any such Thought: But charming Baroness! Why should my Love so prodigiously disturb you? Setting our Persons a-side, (there I confess it will be hard, in the whole World, to find an Equivalent to yours;) my Birth and Fortune may deserve you. In this languid Retirement, you give up your self a Prey to black, melancholy, splenetick Vapours, and talk of Despair, which never yet knew how to approach a Lady so amiable as you.

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Bar.] Alas! How deceitful are Appearances? I must rid my self of your Love, tho' by it I lose your Friendship and Esteem; the Oath you have took to keep inviolably my Secret, will make me discover to you the only important Action of my Life: A Life wasted in Disgusts, and not so much as chequer'd with Pleasures; whilst I am, by all thought happy, not deformed, young, blest with the Smiles of Fortune, yet I find, and know my self a Wretch: Permit me the Weakness of a few Tears, and then I will proceed in what you desire.

'Tis needless to report my Birth to you; you know the Reputation my Mother had for Gallantry; she lived divided from her Husband; the Baron of *Somes* was reputed her Favourite in the highest Manner. He was then past the Flower of his Youth, declining, but handsome for his Age. The first Thing I was taught to love, was the Flattery he bestowed upon me: Flattery, the most pernicious Weed in the Garden of Education! My Mother, betimes, accustomed me to hear Praises of my Beauty; she even bestowed them upon me her self: There is nothing more poisonous for young Maids of Fashion; they are thence early taught to believe well of their own Persons, and contemptibly of others; easily impos'd upon in the Point of Merit, they are betray'd into a groundless Esteem and Desire to make themselves adored. How much to blame

blame are Mothers, that heedlessly pass over the first tender Hours of their Children, without a true Endeavour to bend them to Vertue? Mine managed not her self in that Point; she said and did Things before me, which, young tho' I was, I ought for ever to be ignorant of. I speak not this to accuse her Memory, or to excuse my self; to all others I should defend her; but, my Lord, I would have you believe, that I intend nothing but Truth in my Relation. The Baron ever carry'd himself more regularly; in all his Visits nothing came from him but what was polite: If he had any criminal Conversation with my Mother, he took the utmost Pains to conceal the least Appearance of it from me: He was a Man of Letters; had an elevated Genius refin'd by Courts, where he had perpetually pass'd his Time. In short, why do I dwell so long upon his Character to you, that must needs have heard often of him, or at least have admired him, in those Pieces of his Composing which he has given to the World? He took upon him the Business of a Parent, gave me Instructions of Behaviour, Conduct, and, in short, Rules to accomplish a Maid of Fashion. As I grew up, his Esteem grew with me, and he resolv'd to divide me from my Mother, whose Education of me he did not approve, tho' he much admir'd her Person. By his Interest at Court, he procured me an advantageous Settlement about the Queen. Here it was that I display'd in Perfection,

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fection, those first Principles I had imbib'd, the Love of Flattery, and a greedy Desire of Admiration. I might have prov'd an accomplish'd Coquet, had not Love touch'd my Heart in favour of the Prince of *Sira*. I saw him often at Court: His Employment about my Mistress, gave him Audience when he pleased; but I durst not pretend to engage so elevated a Heart as his. My Fortune was to make, and tho' I had a little Pretence to Beauty, yet these are scarce Times (without a Miracle) that Princes (who have as much Occasion for Money as other Men) take themselves Wives of Inclination. About this Time my Mother dy'd, and the Tears I shed for her, join'd to those new Sentiments my Heart had entertained, brought me into an habitual Melancholy. I declined all the Diversions of a splendid Court; Praise nor Flattery no longer pleas'd me; I was no more a Coquet; so true it is, that a real Passion extinguishes in us that pernicious Humour. I saw the Prince often, but, alas! he saw not me; that is to say, he distinguish'd me not from the rest. I durst not tell him of my Love, because he had none for me. After the time of Mourning was expired, much to my surprise, the Baron of *Somes* address'd himself to me as a Husband: He made an Offer to settle his whole Fortune upon me, which was very considerable: By the course of Nature, he could not long survive; he was already past that Age that is generally allot-

ted by Nature for the Life of Man ; and bow'd down by Distempers ; tho' nothing could seem more preposterous, than his desiring a Wife of my Youth. However, he represented to me so many Advantages to my Fortune, that I consented to it, to the Admiration of the whole Court ; who did not know the secret Hopes I had, to make my self, one Day, by my Circumstances, worthy of the Prince of *Sira*.

After I was marry'd, my whole Endeavours seem'd to be to please my Husband : I avoided giving him the least Shadow of Jealousie ; went rarely to Court, and never without him ; dis-us'd the Opera's, and all publick Assemblies ; confining my Diversion among the Visits of those particular Friends that he did not dislike. I do not know but that my Conduct was generally approved of. I could, with the greater Ease, abandon Pleasures, of which I had no Taste, because my Heart only regretted the Prince ; that Prince who, I every Day heard, was engaged with the first Favourite of the Princess of *Inverness*. I secretly sigh'd at her good Fortune ! nor could the Guiltiness of her Amour (for she was marry'd) hinder me from envying her being beloved by the Prince. I did, I knew not what I did ; I ran upon my Destruction, by making a particular Friendship with her, where I had an Opportunity often to behold that dangerous Prince. After once or twice, methought he received me with quite another

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Air; that Face, which he had neglected whilst I was a Maid, and no less a Price set upon it than a Marriage, became his Care and Admiration, now I was marry'd: It was not long before he found an Opportunity to tell me so. I never, till then, knew the true Pleasure of Words! How insipid had my Life pass'd before? The Whole contracted to a Point, could not have made the least part of that Joy I felt, by his enchanting Declaration. I had ever a native Sincerity: Whether I did not enough endeavour to dissemble, or that my Love was too powerful for Dissimulation, but the Prince saw I was easily charm'd, and perhaps, secretly condemn'd me for it, not allowing for his own superior Merit, nor the first Wound of a tender Heart; but this last Proof of his Charms he was then ignorant of, tho' when he saw he was so well in my Esteem, he press'd me for the Effects of it, which he would not have presum'd to do, so early, if he had not had an Opinion of my Levity, took from the apparent Transport with which I received his first Confession of Love. I knew not how to be angry when he spoke, lest he should speak no more: I contented my self calmly to refuse him, without forbidding him to hope that he might one Day be successful. He left nothing undone that was necessary to make a Lady's Excuse, for yielding to the Affiduities of a belov'd Lover; all was pleasing to me that he either said or did;

our Opportunities were few, and never alone; 'twas that he requested: I had the Courage to resist all his Efforts: I dreaded the Consequence of such a Meeting, 'till tired with that perpetual Constraint I put upon my Inclinations, and wearied by his Importunities, I promised him within two Days; and we took our Measures not to be disappointed nor discovered. But the Day after this Concession, the Baron fell dangerously ill. I never stirred from his Bed-side; gave him all that was necessary, with my own Hands; he dy'd soon after, in a perfect good Opinion of me; and, as you know, left me in Possession of a Fortune considerable enough to raise my Pretensions, even to the Prince of *Sira*. The real Honour and Friendship I had for my Husband, even before he was such, my Duty (which the Sweetness of his Behaviour, and extreme Kindness, had made easie, if not pleasant to me) gave me a true Concern for his Loss; and had not my Heart been prepossess'd for the Prince, I doubt not but I should have been much more inconsolable. As soon as I was visible, all the Court came to condole my Loss. I received them with a decent Sorrow, without those Salleys of excessive Mourning so naturally affected by young Widows; and this gave the World no ill Opinion either of my Sense or Sincerity. I was surpriz'd and touch'd, that I found not the Prince among those who pretended to comfort me. Six Weeks, two Months pass'd, but no News of my Lover.

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Lover. I easily condemn'd my self for that fatal Promise I had made him, which might give him too slight an Opinion of my Vertue: tho' I concluded with my self, that it would have been Proof against all his Attempts. I had, in my Mind, cast about how to regain his Esteem, by an Air of Vertue reassum'd; but his not coming broke all my Measures. I could no longer bear to live in the Uncertainty of his Sentiments. I writ him three Lines to intreat him to see me, at an Hour when there would be least Company with me. He came according to my Desire; the Moments were favourable; we were alone, and after the usual Compliments past, I gently reproach'd him for leaving me so long in my Affliction, without attempting to alleviate it, tho' he knew that it was in his, and no one's Power besides, to do it. I found his Pride had been a little piqu'd at my not meeting him according to my Promise; but I immediately cleared my self, by proving to him how ill the Baron was at that Time. We were reconciled, and he renewed his Pretensions to me: Had I not been wilfully blind, I must needs have concluded he could not love me very much, who could live so long and not tell me of it. However, my Heart was for him, and Reason would in vain have attempted to have made a Party against him. When he press'd for Favours, I insisted upon Marriage. He seem'd really fond of me, and I was resolv'd not to stoop to him upon lower

Terms, now I had a Fortune to deserve him. He came over to mine, seeing he could not gain me to his. There was no Delays for a Passion so ardent as the Prince's seemed to be. I had been but three Months a Widow: The time was indecent: What should we do? A private Marriage, in an Age like this, would not long have been such: I was afraid of being ridiculed at Court, for one of those hasty Widows, who secure themselves of a new Husband, before the old one is scarce Cold. Oh how foolish were my Scruples! How much wiser had I been, no have risqued a little Tattle, than have lost my whole Repose and my Honour together? The Prince was eager for what he call'd Happinefs; my own Desires pleaded for him; a cursed Medium was found to prevent the Discourse of the World, and undo me; we were solemnly contracted by Words and Writing, before a Woman of my Bed-chamber, who was faithful to me: That done, I received him without Scruple to my Arms; but long I could not hold him there; a Disgust he both gave and received at Court, (of which it is not necessary I should inform you) made him resolve to travel. I was all in Confusion (succeeded by Despair) when he mentioned it to me as a Thing resolved on. In short, amidst my Sorrows, Swoonings, Exclamations, unfeigned Tears, and bitter Anguish, he took his Leave of me, with a Promise to return before my Years of Mourning were

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expired. Base and perfidious Husband! it was not so much from the Court, as me, that he ran away. Pierced to the Heart by his Unkindness! Distracted by slighted Love and Despair! I retired to this solitary House, where Time and Reason, together with his Ingratitude, in never Writing to me for Years, has restor'd me a little to my Senses.

The only Thing which disturb'd my Tranquillity, was your Addresses. I saw you as a Neighbour and Friend; you have Sense; your Conversation is polite; I thought myself happy in the Friendship of a Person of your Merit; but you put an end to my Pleasure, by declaring your self my Lover; I was alarm'd at your Assiduities; you did more than was necessary to convince me of your Sincerity: I chose to use you nobly, as you had done me, and to free my self from the just Censure of having so ill a Taste, as to refuse a Person of such accomplished Merit; I have let you see all my Weakness, by telling you the important Secret of my Life. Whilst all *Angela* is seeking in vain for Reasons, why I should retire from the Court, and Conversation, to bury my self here in Melancholy and Obscurity in my Bloom of Youth; you are the only Person acquainted with the true Cause of an Action, condemn'd by most, wonder'd at by all, and but by few applauded.

Count.] Tho' you have told me too much, Madam, have you no more to tell me? Or

will you tell me no more? What you have said, indeed is enough to drive me into Despair, but not to compleat your Relation.

Bar.] Alas! What can I say more? I have contracted my own Suffering, my Tears, my Disquiets, my Loss of Rest, and perpetual Exclaimings, for fear of wearying of you with them. Of the Prince I can give you no other Account, than what we have from the Publick; he made the *Tour* of *Germany, Great Britain, France, and Italy*; our last Advices spoke him at *Brussels* possibly upon his Return for *Angela*. Oh Heavens! Why do I flatter my self with such pleasing Hopes? He that left it only to avoid me! Me! whom he hates to such a superlative Degree, as to live a banished Man, a voluntary Exile from his Country, rather than make happy, by his Presence, a Wife that adores him; a Wife, whose Heart was never sensible but for him: a tender Wife, who wastes her Bloom in perpetual Solitude and Tears, regretting his Absence.

Count.] And is this all the Relation you think fit to give me of the Prince? How little sincere are you? Or perhaps, indeed, you may be ignorant of your Misfortunes.

Bar.] What mean you, my Lord? After having told you a Secret the most material, do you believe I have left any Thing material untold? O, I perceive you! You know well the Jealousy of my Temper, and would alarm it; you have succeeded; at this Moment

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ment the Furies are entered; my Breast is glowing with Doubts, Suspicions, Jealousies, and horrid Distrust; but since Uncertainty is the worst of Torments, I conjure you, (by all your former Kindness) to relate to me what you have heard of the Prince.

Count.] Is it possible you can be ignorant of what Rumour has so confidently proclaim'd? ——— He is married——

Bar.] O Heavens! ——— But go on: I wonder at nothing villainous in Mankind: My Solitude, and Resignation to the Gods, have taught me to receive all Things with Moderation; my Heart is in an absolute Contempt, for a Prince so void of Gratitude, Principles, or Religion.

Count.] I am pleased to see you receive as you ought so terrible a Stroke; but you will more despise him, when you know whom he has married, and how sufficiently you are revenged. 'Tis a Lady without any Advantages but Birth; past her Youth, never a Beauty, and now very Ugly, with a most monstrous Air in her Dress, her Mien, and impudent Behaviour; Mistress of a prodigious Assurance, which carries her beyond the Limits of Modesty in her bare-faced bold Discourse as well as Actions: No Fortune, and has been long in vain endeavouring to make her self One, by her Address and Conversation, wherein consists all her pretended Charms, tho' there is neither Judgement nor Depth found in it; a flashy Re-

partee, a Wit that permits it self to say every Thing, must sometimes say something to the Purpose, and easily finds Applause among the unthinking Men of Quality, who having in themselves no Foundation, never look for it in others. She had, for more than thirty Years together, sat every Night in vain at the Basset-Table, at her Aunt's (who is a Woman of Quality, that holds Assemblies for noble Foreigners, and others of the same Rank of her own Nation) without having the good Luck to engage any to her Advantage, till the Prince of *Sira* came among them. There are who want to give themselves Reason for all Things, (not considering Men often act without it) and report that the Prince only design'd an Affair of Gallantry, but was over-reach'd by her two Brothers, and compelled to marry her; but I find no other Ground for this Story, but the Lady's Want of Youth and Fortune. He is excessively fond of her; they are upon their Voyage for *Atalantis*; Notice is already given of his Return, and 'tis only to your Solitude that I must attribute your Ignorance of an Affair, which has found matter of Entertainment for the whole Court. The new Princess, it is said, caresses those of our Nation whom she meets Abroad; and by her Industry and Intelligence has furnished her self with the History of all our People of Condition; she pretends only to be shewn a Person, and then immediately to discourse him, with as much Knowledge and Address

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as if she had been born and bred in the same Family with him. This is all that I find wonderful in her Character; but whether this excessive Boldness and Curiosity be an Ingredient of Vertue, I leave to others to determine, who perhaps may place a Woman's Merit more in her Wit and Tongue, her Assurance and Talkativeness, than her Modesty and Silence.

Bar.] Does the Traitor with Impunity dare to think he may live in a Place where he has so potently injured a Woman like me? ——— Help me, my Lord, I am undone with this last Shock: How necessary is a faithful Friend's Advice! Passion misguides me; that Calmness I boasted of vanishes; my Heart is upon the Hurry; all Things are in utmost Confusion and Disorder within; I would keep my Glory, and yet be revenged; punish him, yet preserve my Reputation.

Count.] Your best Way will be to do nothing. You can pretend but to a Contract, which tho' prior, is not so binding as the Ceremony it self: He will undoubtedly oppose your Pretensions, to the prejudice of your Fame; for unless he can wound that, he must himself be wounded. The World who are not in Passion when they are Judges of yours, will condemn you for too hastily believing what you desired, and for trusting a Man upon his Promise: There's something unaccountable, 'tis one of the *Arcana's* of Nature not yet found out, why our Sex cool,
and

and neglect yours after Possession, and never (if we can avoid it, and have our Senses about us) chuse our selves Wives from those who have most obliged us: 'Tis, I confess, the grand Specifick of Ingratitude; but it seems so in-born in all, that I wonder there are still found Women to confide in our false Oaths and Promises, and that Mothers do not early, as they ought, warn their Virgin-Daughters from Love and Flattery, the Rocks upon which the most deserving are generally lost. Chastity is recommended as the greatest Ornament of your Sex, as Valour is of ours, because of the Difficulty there is in maintaining the Character; tho' I do not think the Comparison equal, because Courage we see in-born to many, whilst Chastity must be acquired, because it moves directly against the prior Law of Nature, and has the whole Artillery of *Venus* to contend against.

I count you extremely happy in the midst of your Misfortunes, that your Secret is unknown. What pity it is Inclinations so noble as yours, wanted the first Principle to support them, and that your Education did not enough arm you against the too hasty Impressions of Love, 'till Gratitude and true Merit, in the Person that you should be beloved by, might make your Flame not only warrantable but meritorious: But these Reflections are of the latest. I much more wonder (considering your Infancy and Education) that your Errors have been so few, than

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than that you have been guilty of one. If you will be advised by me, continue in this Place, but abate of your Solitude; suffer your self to taste of the Diversions which you may find in the Conversation of those Neighbours, who are seated round about you, and who have an unfeigned Respect and Admiration for you. Lose your Cares in little Amusements; put the Ax to the Root; use your own Endeavours to tear this corroding Anguish from your Heart; go to the innermost Recesses of it; detest Perfidy and Ingratitude in all its Forms, and then you will quickly detest the Prince; have all unlawful Passion in an utter Abhorrence, so shall you soon extinguish that which you feel for one who can no longer be yours, since he is by the most sacred Ceremony made another's; but, above all Things, practise Moderation; learn Patience in Adversity; consider, that the just Gods, who perpetually chequer the Lives of Mortals, lest they should lose in Prosperity the Remembrance of their Creation, have given you a gentle Stroke to recal you to themselves; fix there your Thoughts; transfer the Warmth of your Passions to their great Original; you cannot love too much, you cannot too much adore them, who are all Vertue, all Goodness, and will give you whatever is necessary for your Well-being: They have already divided you from a Husband, with whom (his Principles being such as they are) you could

could never have tasted of any true Happiness.

Astrea.] We cannot hear what Answer the Baroneſs makes the *Count*; they are gone down the Walk; ſee they are entering the Houſe; her Tears and Sighs, I believe are her only Language. Methinks, for her ſake, I am incenſed againſt the Prince, and could with a very good Will revenge her Cauſe; there is ſomething of Ingenuous in her Relation. What Pity 'tis ſhe was ſo injur'd? The *Count* muſt himſelf have Worth, who can ſo worthily inſtruct and admoniſh her.

Intell.] He has indeed the Appearance of it, no more; all this fine Advice tends only to his own Intereſt; he does not deſpair of getting the Baroneſs for his Wife, and can you blame him then for making her virtuous? Her Fortune is convenient for him; a conceal'd Mortgage eats up the Profits of his whole Eſtate; he will not be long in a Condition to ſupport his Title without a Dowry; this Lady is by much the richeſt in all the Province; ſhe will do his Buſineſs, if he can accompliſh her, and has let him into a dangerous Secret. If ſhe be wiſe, ſhe will never marry him after, leſt he upbraid her with it: See her Indiscretion; he will be provok'd at her Refuſal, as ſhe will ſtill reſuſe him, becauſe ſhe has an Averſion to his Perſon, and would rather chuſe a Favourite Domeſtick for her Maſter, and conſequently he'll divulge her Secret at the Expence

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pence of the World's Opinion both of her Conduct and Honour.

Vertue.] Her seeming Ingenuouſneſs has made a Party for her in my Breſt; I will do all that is poſſible to recover her to Vertue. I'll try if the Maxim be not falſe, *That a Woman once departed from me, never returns, till old Age and Wrinkles have ſited her for nothing elſe.* I will endeavour to warm her with my Precepts, and render her as renown'd for her Return to Vertue, as ſhe is for Beauty.

Intell.] The Count, who declaims ſo well, keeps two Women for his Debauch; he viſits them by turns; who would believe it! but Hypocriſy is not the leaſt reigning Vice among the Illuſtrious.

Aſtrea.] I will have my Prince avoid it, as the Poiſon of all other Vertues; I will inceſſantly warn him, againſt the Perſidy of the Prince of *Sira*; he has robb'd a Woman of her Honour upon a ſpecious Pretence: He has not been afraid to play with Oaths; how criminal is this! A Man of true Honour would deteſt ſuch a Practice; I will have my Prince renowned for his Chaſtity: I will have him introduce the Faſhion among the Men; let the Reformation begin but there, and the World will be modeſt by Example; if it were once held a Crime, and not a Gallantry, in the Eſteem of the Great, to ſollicit a Lady with unlawful Love, moſt Perſons would be vertuous. Women ſeldom are, and never ought to be
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the Aggressors; if they were, and sure to be refused with that Scorn which they deserve, would it not retort a Blush to the Face of the most Impudent?

Vertue.] The Morning dawns upon us; let us return to our Travel: Conversation sweetly beguiles the Time, shortens the Length, and softens the Ruggedness of the Way. See, my dear *Astrea*, what a Multitude of People are assembled upon yonder Heath: Alas! they are seeing a Criminal executed; those Mortals must have a Fierceness in their Nature who can be pleased with such terrible Objects! Not one in an hundred of these People go for Edification and true Mortification, but, what is astonishing, they go for Pleasure! Methinks they should, with Abjection of Mind, reflect upon the wretched State of Mortals, which, like a perpetual Flux, subjects them to Evil. What barbarous Soul can find Diversion in such a Prospect? There's a Woman nailed to the Gibbet; she seems a Person of Condition, dress'd in White, with a Veil of Taffaty over her Face: Who can unriddle to us this Scene of Death? Methinks I want to be inform'd of what occasioned this Catastrophy. Mistress, you that seem all in Tears, returning from this doleful Execution, if you can make a Truce with your Sorrows, pray inform us, Strangers, of what you know concerning this Affair.

Country-wom.] With all my Heart. I have a little Habitation near at hand, if you please

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please to walk in and repose your selves, you shall be obliged to the utmost of my Capacity.

The Lady who suffered was a Gentleman's Daughter of this Province; poor Wretch! she let her self be undone by a young Soldier of Fortune, (quarter'd near her Father's *Villa*) whom she fell in Love with. These Soldiers are the perfect Bane of all Country-Gentlewomen; their fine Words, and their fine Clothes, bear down all before them; they never go to the Temple to Sacrifice, not they truly; that's the least of their Business; they mind Ogling (as they call it) of the Madams, instead of minding better Things. Well! they single out one that seems best to their Fancy; their Rogue of a Landlord gives 'em, at their first coming, the History of all the People in the Parish, and what Gentlewomen are the best Fortunes; and then to work they go, shave and powder, and on goes the Blue or the Scarlet Coat, every Day. Cards and Balls are nothing to 'em; they'll squander away their Month's Pay in one Night, when they had better by half be in their Beds, forecasting how to pay their Debts: But no matter for that, they never trouble their Heads about such Things: 'Ads me! if I were a Gentlewoman's Father or Mother, and had Daughters to my Share, they should as soon eat Fire, as come near one of those deluding Red-Coats. They can all sing forsooth, wanton Ditties is all they mind; you shall never

never hear any Thing good come out of their Mouths, but Oaths: And then a great many of 'em (this was one of the Gang) can toot, toot, toot it upon a Pipe; they have another Name for it, a fine one that I can't think on, but the Thing is the same; and this ravishes the young Gentlewoman's Ears. Then they have Plays, and dying Love-Speeches at their Fingers-ends; these are generally, besides the cutting of a Caper, their whole Estate. If you look into their Portmanteau (except their regimental Clothes) you shall find scarce any Thing but a dirty Plad-Morning-Gown, two or three pair of Shooes, four old Shirts, and as many Neckclothes. Fine they must be, forsooth, but worn (with often Washing) as thin as a Cobweb; for fall out what will, they must have a clean Shirt every Day. Some of their beggarly Soldiers Trulls do nothing but launder for them, they are always at the Wash-Tub, and, I believe, seldom enough paid for what they do.

Then they Kifs and Complement the Country-Milliners, to trust them with Sword-knots, and clean Gloves, Ribbons for their Sleeves, to hang streaming down, and to dangle their Canes in; and thus set out, they go a tutoring to some young Gentlewoman or another. But she you saw had sixteen thousand Crowns for her Portion; her Mother was dead; she read Romances (Romances I think you call 'em) and Plays, and was counted to have a notable Wit as
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any, let the other be who she would, in a great way of her. Her Father's an old curmudgeonly Cur, and would never let her go to *Angela* our chief City, nor would he give her any of her Portion till he died, or she married to his liking; but yet he never look'd out for a Husband for her. Now my Mind gives me, that if he had but let her go into fine Company (as other brave Ladies do) she would not have thought a ranting Officer such a God-a-mighty. But he was too covetous for that, lest he shou'd treat them again when they came to his House. So she was even asham'd to go to theirs. The young 'Squire, her Brother, is as compleat a Man (tho' I say it) as any the Sun ever shone upon. He was gone abroad into strange Countries, to learn their Linguo, when this Rogue of a Red' and Blue-Coat courted his Sister, or else he had never got his Will of her; he would have watch'd his Waters for him to some purpose; he's afraid of ne'er Officer of 'em all. But, the more's the pity (poor Gentlewoman) 'twas not her Luck. The Rogue had not the Honesty to marry her, because he knew her Father would not give her a Groat with her, to him, but bespoke her very fair. He used to be let in a Nights at the Back-gate in the Garden, and carried up to the Chamber. I knew all their Intrigue (poor Soul) you could not have lit upon one that could tell you better. He so be-praised her, and inveigled her, that the short and the long on't,

on't, in plain downright Terms, is, he took her Maidenhead from her, and left her nothing in the room but a big Belly. Well, this pass'd on, no Body perceived. Our Officer wanted to be gone, and go he did; their Company march'd away, but left I know not how many unborn Bastards behind 'em. Joy go with 'em, I hope they'll never come here again. From the highest to the lowest, a young Girl could not go about her Business, but they kept a kissing and teasing of her. I reckon the poor Soul that suffered, cry'd her Belly-full, when her lousie Hat and Feather-Fellow march'd off. I know nothing of that, but as I guess; only this I know, that the 'Squire came home just as she was at her Time. He was hugely fond of his Sister; she fell into Labour when he was in the Room with her, but had provided no versal Thing for the Child. She told her Brother she was tormented with the Tooth-ach. and wanted to go to Bed. His Chamber was next to hers, away he went, and to't she goes; Pain after Pain, Tear after Tear, Cry after Cry. The 'Squire heard her, and wondered what was the Matter. He came twice to the Door, but she would not let him in, but said she was up in her Shift, and almost mad with her Teeth. Well; to Bed he goes, and after a few more Labour-pains, she is delivered all alone by her self of a brave Boy. Left it should cry, she tore out his Bowels in the Birth. 'Twas the Lords Mercy she did not

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murder her self by it ; but such have best
 Luck, an honest Woman can scarce be
 brought to Bed with a Midwife, much more
 without one. Well, up she wraps Child
 and Bowels, and all together, in one of her
 Gowns, and to Bed she goes. In the Morn-
 ing she rings for Mrs. *Alice* (that's her
 Chamber maid) and orders her to fetch a
 little Plague-Water, for she was very ill, and
 horribly troubled with the Vapours. Af-
 ter a great many Good-morrows, and round-
 about Stories, she gives *Alice* an old Gown
 and Petticoat ; to be short, makes her swear
 to be true, and not reveal her Trust, as she
 hop'd not to die in her Sins ; and then tells
 her all how about it, but concealed her Part
 of the Murther, saying the Babe had been
 Still-born, and begged her to carry the
 Corps to the Top of the House, and there
 lay it in a leaden Gutter, which seldom or
 never was visited, till she was got well
 enough to help her to dig a Grave to bury
 it ; for the Maid durst not do it alone. The
 Girl with much Fear and Trembling, did
 as she was ordered. Some two or three
 Days passed on, *Alice* was prick'd in Con-
 science, or may be, like a right Chamber-
 Maid, she longed to tell all she knew ; and
 so she reveals it to *Doll* the Dairy-Maid,
 who was her Bed-fellow. These two Wench-
 es, after this, fancied, when they were a
 Bed a-Nights, that a cold little Hand strok'd
 them over their Faces ; they so corrupted
 one another with these Figaries, that at
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last they believ'd, nay, and swore to it, that the Child walked; who, if it had been alive, could not have stood. This Ghost frightened 'em out of their Wits; they loved their Mistress, and was unwilling to disgrace her, for as yet they did not know of the Murther; but *Doll* had a Sweet-heart, one *Crispin*, a Shoemaker in our Town, as honest a Fellow as ever liv'd; him she opened her Mind to. The Fellow smelt a Rat presently, and was resolved to discover it to the next Cadet or Judge. Away goes he, makes Oath of what *Doll* had told him. This Magistrate mortally hated the young Lady's Father; a Warrant was granted, the House searched, and the Child found. She was try'd for her Life, and condemned for wilful Murther; but, poor Soul, died very Penitent. She was a handsome Gentlewoman if she had had but Grace; I wish all young Women may take Warning by her Fall.

The loquacious Country-woman had the Thanks of her new Guests for the Pains she had taken to oblige them. She set before them Curds new press'd, Cream fresh from the Bowl, excellent brown Bread, and desired them to refresh themselves. The two Divinities, (who in all Things were resolv'd to appear as Mortals) did not disdain her Bounty. She added to her Entertainment a Basket of Strawberries just gathered, a Pitcher of Wine from her own Cowllips of the Meadow, and Butter fragrant from
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the Churn. Finding themselves so clear and heartily regaled, they omitted nothing to express their Gratitude. After they were sufficiently refresh'd, they proceeded on their Journey to *Angela*, which lay not far before them. They were to cross a Meadow, where a numerous Congress of Coaches presented themselves Beauties resplendent both by Art and Nature; *Cavaliers* dress'd *en Campaign*, and well mounted, besides a Swarm of Populace of both Sexes, a ridiculous Meddley of Human-kind, fantastically habited in Fashions of all Ages, and Airs of none. They seem'd to have forgot, or rather to be ignorant of the King's dangerous Illness, for as yet the News of his Death was not publicly divulg'd. The Occasion of that Bell-Assembly was a Chariot-Race. The Prize consisted in two Gold Goblets, and eight hundred Crowns in Gold. The fair Marchioness *du Cœur* was to bestow it. The Gentleman who informed the Divinities, was well-fashioned, talkative, and vain: He made them remark the Number of Priests that swarm at all Races, and are ever foremost in the innocent Diversion of the Place. Some mounted upon the lean lank Horses, others starch'd up (them of the better sort) in little Chariots, with an appropriated holy Air, cramm'd with Women and Infants, Gazing and Betting, and more earnest than any of the Racers themselves. The Beau saw these stranger Ladies (for that Time they were pleased to be visible) were grace-

gracefully charming, he had too great a *Tendre* for the Sex not to oblige them with all Things in his Power; he gave himself Airs of Scandal, as well as Gallantry, and affected to appear knowing in all the Intrigues of the Place. He shewed them a Prince of the Empire at ease in a Coach and six Horses, he was one of the Racers, but his Servant was to run. Those Days are long since past, when the Royal Charioteer thought it Glory to gain the Goal in Person, before his Competitor. Then the Prize was Renown and Applause, not Gold and Jewels. The Gentleman made them observe the close and morose Countenance of the Prince; he assured them, that the Prize would be his, for that was the Way now. He had brib'd the Racers to yield to his Charioteers. My Lady *Marchioness* her self, continued the Spark, must lose to him, though she thinks her self safe in her Politicks, because she has also brib'd, but not so high as the Prince. True indeed, another young Prince startles their Assurance of Success, he puts in for the Prize, but will run himself, and there's no bribing in that Case: But the *Marchioness* has a Remedy even for that. See, he's at her Coach-side, and she entertains him with all the Affability imaginable; she has a Bottle of Ratafia with her; mark what a Pint-Glass they fill: Oh, brave Prince! 'twill bring you to the Goal indeed! If his Head does not swim with this, and the Violence of the Course, my Lady *Marchioness* will

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will be much disappointed; but the other Prince will be more, who has paid better for it. He loves Money above all Things, unless it be Chastizing his Domefficks. In a Word, he is a Man of a proud, sullen, yet cholerick and avaritious Temper; no Body will be pleas'd if the Prize falls to him, and yet he cannot possibly fail of it. They are already started, and are to have three Heats. Charming young Heroe! the Prince himself, by the Favour of Ratafia has gain'd it; he is Conqueror for the first Time; but see, the second Bout his Eyes dazzle, he has mistook his Ground, and runs on the other side of the Post. This is the Marchioness's Cunning, but she shall not be the better for it; the morose Prince has got the Prize, as I have foretold, and there are but very few upon the Place who are pleas'd at his Victory.

Africa.] Pray, Sir, who is that Lady Marchioness? Her Lord seems to be old; she has all the Appearance of Joy and Ease upon her Face, and something that is sprightly and agreeable.

Gent.] The Marquefs himself is one of the most artificial Men of the Age; he loves nothing the plain way, all must be Intrigue and Management where he is concerned; he has made himself eminent upon that Score; yet far greater are the Party who wonder at his Cunning, than those that approve or esteem his Capacity. His first Lady was a Woman of real Worth and Honour, rich

in all the Graces of the Mind, as well as bless'd with those of Fortune, yet could he never affect her, and when his Lady, with her large Dowry, fell into his Possession, there were none that knew him, and beheld her Youth and Innocence, but condol'd with her in their Hearts, for those melancholy Hours she was then going to pass; but it has happened quite otherwise. My Lord Marquess wanted an Heir to her Possessions and his own, nor did he much matter which way he came by it; whether he distrusted himself upon that Head, as the Report runs; but he gave her so many Opportunities, taught her the Relish of Gallantry; and, in short, made her so intirely Mistress of her Conduct, that it would have been wonderful indeed, if she had mis'd the Censure of the World, in that Miscellany of Company which she kept. Her Favourite-Woman had an Affair with an Officer of the Court, 'tis believed she drew in her Lady, that she might not have any Thing to object against her. The young Chevalier *Bellair* fell passionately in Love with the Marchioness, as who, that has the Honour of tasting her easie and agreeable Conversation, can resist her? Then her Person has inexpressible Charms: Her Face, without boasting of what you call a regular Beauty, has something so gay, so sweet, so genteel and agreeable, that one cannot defend one's Heart against her? She breathes the Air of nothing but Love, Pleasure, and Diversion;

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version; the more criminal Vices, Scandal, Revenge, Hatred, Cruelty, Pride, with the Mixture of Haughty and Sullen, are put so far away from her, that she knows not what they mean; then she is as bountiful as *Ceres*, generous as the Deity, when he enriched one Man with so valuable a World as this. In short, all that know her, can't but forgive (let them be never so severe) her little Excursions of Love and Gallantry.

The Gentleman having ended his Relation; they would have took their Leaves of him in an obliging manner, but he was too gallant to part with them so; all the Arguments they could use, would not hinder him from following them, 'till by virtue of their Divinity, having made themselves invisible, they left him to wonder at their disappearing.

Dame *Intelligence*, who neither bore Him, nor the Country-woman any good Will, for usurping upon her Province, and forcing her to a long and painful Silence, drew away the Ladies to attend the Shrieks and Cries that came from a little House, at the end of a neighbouring Village; the Door was open, and a vast Croud about it. The Sight was pleasant enough: An old thin raw-boned Priest, in his *Sacerdotal-Habit*, combating his Wife, who buffeted him again, and seemed to be the Aggressor. He had not only lost his Hat and Peruke in the Scuffle, but his Face look'd all over besmeared with something, no Body could tell what; but at last

was known to be Apple-Pye, piping hot out of the Oven, which she had scalded him with in a very handsome manner, but was so kind as to throw a Pound of Butter immediately after, to cool him again. His righteous Spirit, raised by the Smart of the Burning, made him catch hold of her Foretop, to demolish that Fabrick; it was fastened so close to her Skull, that he pull'd, and pull'd in vain. She shriek'd out as he pull'd, and well she might, for he had torn a piece of her Ear from her Head, which made the Blood run down, and was easier to come off than the Head-Geer, which was so interwoven with Pins, Top-knots, false and true Curls, that it stood impenetrable, like a Rock buffeted by the Waves. *A/trea* assumed a Visibilty to part the Combatants, which none but her self and her Companions, among the great Croud of People, endeavoured to do, they knew her too well, and were delighted to see the Scuffle. As soon as they were parted, the Priestess flounced out of the House, call'd for her Coachman, and bid him put to his Horses, for away would she go (in that very Condition) to sue for Justice, if there were any Justice in the Nation. The poor Fellow durst not but obey her, tho' he lov'd his Master ten times better.

Intelligence was very forward to inform her self about the Combat: The good old Gentleman had Water brought him to wash off the baked Mask from his Face; the Gazers dismissed from the Gate, and then, after

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recovering a little vital Air, he begg'd *Astrea* and her Companions to repose themselves, and have Pity upon a poor Man, who, for his Sins, was match'd to that She-Devil incarnate. You see what she is for Person, my good Friends and new Acquaintance, said the Priest, nothing was ever so homely; her Face is made in part like a Black-a-more, flat-nos'd, blobber-lipp'd; there is no Sign of Life in her Complexion, it favours all of Mortality; she looks as if she had been buried a Twelve-month; neither her Cheeks nor Lips can claim any Distinction, they are all of an earthy Hue; her Teeth rotten, and sweet as the Grave, or Charnel-house; and yet the Devil was in me, I married for Love. Lord bless us! Love of what? Not of her Beauty, or her good Conditions, I am sure. But I am an old Man, as you see, and she's a Wit; that took me, tho' I understand never a Word of what she writes or says. Deliver me from a poetical Wife, and all honest Men for my Sake! She rumbles in Verses of *Atomes*, *Arctic*, and *Antarctic*; of Gods, and strange Things, foreign to all fashionable Understanding. Because she was Ingenious, I thought she'd have been a Helpmeet towards Penning those Orations I am obliged to make to the People, my Memory being something decay'd; but she hates her Duty to me, and to the Gods, and never goes to the Temple above twice a Year, and then she falls into counterfeit Fits; the Bottle of Harts-horn is sent for, and her

self carry'd in a languishing Posture home. Her Tongue is at perpetual War, her Discourse one continued Reproach, derogating from mine and my Children's Honour. If there be any Body present, then she's sure to be most violent: If I happen to bear it with heroick Patience, she is defeated and undone, falls into Fits, beats her self to be reveng'd on me. She has often kick'd all the Bed-cloaths off, and her own Linnen, 'till she has been stark naked, when the Under-Priest, the Coachman, and Boy, have been holding of her down; yet I have good reason to think all this but a Sham, I mean her Fits; for if you'll let her alone, she'll quickly come to her self; but if ther's any Body that compassionates her, (as People are apt to do 'till they know her) she'll hold them tack from one Frolick to another, for four long Hours; and then to compleat all, as if nothing had ail'd her, she'll start up of a sudden, and fall a boxing of me couragiously, or her Chamber-Maid, or both. When she has had her Revenge, she's at ease: But if by chance she finds my Mind unguarded against the bitter Assaults of her Tongue, and that I do fall into a Passion, as it is not possible always for me to forbear, then she's pleas'd, then she's delighted, and finds her Joy in my Torments. Is this any Thing but the Temper of the Devil? The Day before I'm to sacrifice, she's sure to perplex me all Night long, on purpose to discompose, and put my Mind out of Frame. I've often attempted

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tempted, upon such Occasions, to lie in another Bed, but that won't do, I should be too much at my Ease, and that would be her Hell. Up she comes roaring, and stamps her Foot impetuously and incessantly against the Door 'till 'tis broke open. She's as strong in her Freaks, as a Granadier; then she falls a howling and sobbing; tells me she can't sleep without me, and either forces me to rise to her Bed, or comes to Bed to me, and is sure to keep me awake all Night long with her Scolding; and as that is all her End and Design, there's no Intervals, no Truce to be had with her. She has frightned away all my Children, won't suffer one of them in the House; she had once like to have choak'd my Daughter, that's a Woman grown, by flying upon her with her two Hands about her Throat, and stop'd her Windpipe, 'till the poor Girl's Tongue hung out of her Mouth, her Face was grown black, and she had certainly killed her in a few Minutes more, if I had not come in and prevented her. What Safety (think you) can my Life be in with such a Fury? And yet I know not what's the Remedy: She won't go from me, if I were to give her all that I have, (tho' she's fordidly covetous) because she dares not torment any Body else as she does me; and yet I keep her a Coach and four Servants, have a plentiful Income, and an Estate of my own, and she had little or no Fortune; I was bewitched to marry her. Then she's in Love with all

the handsome Fellows she sees; but her Face, I believe, protects her Chastity, for none sure was ever yet so Courageous to assault it. She vents her Passion in Love-Verses and Dialogues of *Clarinda* and *Daphnis*. A pitiful Lawyer's Clerk was a long time her *Alexis*, and there were Love-Letters and Verses printed, with rattling Epithets, bombast Descriptions, romantick Flights, and, in short, nothing of Nature in them; yet these must be published, with an Epistle to her adored *Moneses*, whom, I've understood since, was a foolish Apothecary that us'd to recover her from her Fits, without the Help of *Galen* or *Hippocrates*. Then for her Morals, a Lady whom she had invited to stay at our House this Summer, assum'd the reasonable Freedom to advise her against Passion and Anger; she took it so ill at her Hands, that to be reveng'd, she made her self a voluntary Evidence in a Law-Suit against her, of all the Discourse they had together in Freedom, and by adding a great deal of False to the True, made her lose her Cause. I had been abroad to Day about my Business, and had miss'd my Dinner; coming home, I ask'd for something to eat; she took care (after dining plentifully her self) that there should be nothing left for me. One of the Maids whispered me, that there was a large Apple-Pye in the Oven to be kept hot for the Gentlewoman's Supper, but I was to know nothing of it. Being pretty sharp set, I went to the Oven, as
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if it were by Instinct, out I drew the Pye, got a Plate of Butter, and fell to Buttering of it in a happy Security, as I thought, because she was retired to her Closet, pleas'd with putting the Victuals out of the way, that I should have nothing to eat. The Devil would not let her rest long without tormenting of poor Me; down she comes, and before I was aware, snatches the Pye, and by a dextrous whirl of her Hand, sends it full into my Face and Eyes; the Plate of Butter follow'd, then the Tankard full of Drink, and, in short, whatever came next. Enraged at the Pain I felt, my usual Moderation forsook me; I leap'd briskly at her Top-knots; she squall'd, which alarm'd the Neighbours, and your selves, to behold this comical Combat. 'Twas Nuts to those Rogues, who would not have parted us, tho' we had kill'd our selves upon the Spot. But for you my good Friends, I am much obliged to your Endeavours; but I see small Hopes of redressing these Grievances which lie heavy upon me. Were I of another Profession than I am, by a just Indignation, I would assert the Authority of a Husband; but our Talent is expected to be meek under Persecution, and Long-suffering; particular Scandal often reflects upon the general; my Brethren may be aspersed for my sake, so that I content my self to sit down under this Chastisement, coming from the Hand of Heaven as a Punishment for my Sins, in marrying a Wife not above half so old as

my self, when I had Children grown up to keep my House, and administer comfortably to my Necessaries.

Here the two Divinities, by stroking with their Hands, and applying a proper Antidote, expelled the Fire that had swell'd the poor Priest's Face and Eyes in a terrible manner: He returned them a thousand Thanks for their Civility. They took their Leaves very courteously, often regretting the Miseries he seem'd to suffer with such a Fury of a Wife.

Intell.] You are now, Ladies, very near *Angela*; but just at Hand is the *Prado*, a Place eminent for what's either illustrious or conspicuous; here the Rich and the Fair, adorned in their most distinguishing Habits, come to take the Dust, under pretence of Air. If a Lady be new-married, and longs to shew her Equipage, no Place so proper as the *Prado*. A Beauty just come to Town, who has a mind to be a Toast, exposes her self first upon the *Prado*; the Gamester after a lucky Run from no Shoes and a Coat out of Elbows, steps into a large well-built Coach with Pillars and Arches, glorious Horses, and Trappings, with rich Liveries, and where's the Place so proper for Admiration as the *Prado*? The Aldermen's Wives come to learn Fashions, and make the Court envy the Lustre of their Jewels at the *Prado*; young amorous Beaus, who have a mind to ogle the airy vain Coquet, whisk to the *Prado*; a Town-Husband would have but

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an ill Life (these fashionable Times) if he grudg'd his Wife a Chariot for the *Prado*; nay, the very Country-Gentlewoman (humble in Town, and proud in the Country) when she has got her Husband in the Mind to let her come to *Angela*, thinks she had as good stay at Home, if she be not able to have her only pair of Horses drag her thro' the dirty Roads, in order to carry her to the *Prado*, with her Country-built Coach, and her rustical Airs, to divert the rest of the Company. Nay, the very Coachmen here are so refined, they shall ridicule a Brother come from the Country, and find fault with his driving, because it mayn't be exactly *a la mode de Prado*. Both the Men and Women, who are not able themselves to keep Coaches, make their Court with indefatigable Industry to those who do, flattering their Haughtiness, Affectation, Ill-nature, and Vanity, calling their Vices Vertues, to purchase by these egregious Compliances, a Back-place in their Coach, that they may Spark it in the *Prado*. Not long ago, an honest Gentleman, (whose Father kept back the greatest part of the Estate) suffer'd his handsome Wife to compound with her Gallant, (who had given her a Settlement for Life) upon such and such Terms, provided he tossed in a Jewel for her Neck, and a Chariot for the *Prado*; and therefore, Ladies, if you have a Curiosity, it must be impossible you should not desire to see the Cavalcade of the *Prado*.

Astrea.)

Astrea.] My Lady *Intelligence* judges of us by her self; she thinks that we likewise find Diversions among the most Company: Tho' I cannot foresee any great Use this will be to my Design, yet it being an Establishment since I left the World, I am contented to follow you to your admirable *Prado*.

Intell.] See there the Prince *Adario*, conspicuous for his Equipage, but much more for his having his Princess in the same Coach with him. She came down deep to his *French Valet de Chamber* for this Favour. My Lady *Vertue*, she is certainly of your Court, and the greatest Ornament of that of *Angela's*. Is not her Person graceful, her Air sweet and modest? Would not one believe her Charms were sufficient to conquer a Thousand Hearts? yet they make no Impression upon that only One she desires to touch. Her Birth is most Illustrious, descended from a Race of Heroe's; neither has Scandal, (which scarce spares your very Ladyships) tainted her Character; but when they object, they tell us, she loves Cards too well, which was a Diversion she probably took up, to amuse her Trouble of Mind from her Lord's repeated Inconstancy. How great and how little is that Man? Something so very high, and yet so very low in his Character; even his Generosity is a Vertue too much extended, and borders so intimately upon Extravagancy, that one knows not how to divide them: Then the Merit of his Courage is so allay'd by his

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want of Conduct, that in praising one, it always puts us in mind how much we ought to blame the other. So ambitious in his Principles; so humble in his Converse; so managed by his Favourites, and so mistaken in his unworthy Choice of them. In his Amours only there's no Contradiction, there 'tis all of a Piece, Vice without any Allay; he has corrupted more Women than a Grand Seignior; his Pleasure consists in Variety; he leaves nothing undone to compass his Ends, and because Money makes the best Dispatch, he is lavish of that to profuseness. The Traders in Amour no sooner see a handsome young Girl come to Town, a Citizen married to a pretty Wife, a beautiful Daughter exposed to the Frowns of Fortune, by the Death of Parents, but they run with Intelligence to his Highness. The *French* Valets introduce them, one is very well rewarded, and the others, by these Services, keep themselves in Favour. Yet has he this of Magnificent in his Temper, he turns none of his Women to starve when he has done with them; there are several (that sometimes shine in the *Prado*) to whom he has given large Cantons of his Estate. His now Favourite Mistress is a Woman of exalted Birth; he purchased her of her Mother (and that was most abominable!) by a considerable Sum to her self, and a Settlement of two thousand Crowns a Year upon her Daughter; the Reverend Matron did not blush to sell the Prince's

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Favour to all that would purchase; (a wretched Principle.) She was not ashamed to take sixty Pieces of a poor Poet, (all the Profit that his Brains had ever been able to present him) to make him only a Subaltern. The *French* Valets rejoiced at her Death, because she was very like, during her Daughter's Reign, to run away with their Profit, the Bribes having all found the way to her. When the Prince went to his Vice-Royalty in the *Indies*, the Princess, his Wife, was forced to give an incredible Sum to those rascally Fellows, or she had been left behind; yet had she the new Mortification to find her Lord so wholly neglectful of her, and of all Business, as to shut up himself whole Days, to write long tedious repeated Assurances of Love to his then reigning Mistress: Neither was he ever easy 'till she arrived. But those Transports are pretty well abated of their first Violence; he has returned, long since, to his darling Love of Variety. 'Tis pity no kind Hand is found to rescue him from this continu'd Vice, to point out his Lady's suffering Merit, that if possible, he may, tho' late, do Justice to it. He's now no longer in his Youth; 'tis time these Pollies should pass away; but I doubt there's small Hopes of it whilst he is in those Hands that manage him (but by the Continuation of his Frailties) and will not, in all probability, so much to their own Prejudice, awaken him from that Lethargy he appears so many
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Years to have been buried in. He is positively good natur'd; all the Errors of his Life seem not to proceed so much from himself, as his Flatterers, who have cherished and encouraged them in him. Had his Choice first light upon Men of Honour, and true Principles, how eminent might he now have been? Neither is it yet too late; if he strive to redeem his Character, it will appear, as if those ill Habits had been rather acquired, than natural to him.

Be pleased to look into the Coach that follows next the Prince, there sits the proudest Woman in *Atalantis* (if you can tell for what) except her Sister, who ran Mad for Pride. A certain Grandee had no other Method of gaining her, but by bribing her Woman, and carrying the Lady to a Mount, whence they had the Prospect of Men making Bricks in the neighbouring Fields. He assur'd her those were her Slaves, the People he held in Captivity, for he was the King of *Egypt*. This tumbled the Lady and all her Wealth into his Arms; she wanted to be a Queen, but having once possessed himself of her Riches, he shut her up of her own Side for a Lunatick; holding a large Estate by her Life; it's thought (by most People) he won't find it convenient for her to die, so long as he lives.

This Sister of hers that just pass'd us, carries her pretty Daughters to the *Opera-Market* and *Prado* for Husbands; her own has out-liv'd five Brothers of his to come

to

to the Estate, and there's yet one remaining that hopes he shall be the Seventh that survives the Sixth. The Lady her self, tho' neither handsome or distinguishable, (for any Thing but Pride) believes so well of her self, she scarce does any one below her the Favour to rise when they come in. There seems nothing in her so commendable, as her Value for that fourth Person who was with them in the Coach. The Lady once belong'd to the Court, but marrying into the Country, she made it her Business to devote her self to the Muses, and has writ a great many pretty Things: These Verses of the *Progress of Life*, have met with abundance of Applause, and therefore I recommend them to your Excellency's Perusal.

The Progress of LIFE.

I.

HOW gaily is at first begun
 Our Lives uncertain Race?
 Whilst that the sprightly Morning-Sun,
 With which we first set out to run,
 Enlightens all the Place.

II.

How smiling the World's Prospect lies?
 How tempting to look thro'?
 Parnassus to the Poet's Eyes,
 Nor Beauty with a sweet Surprise,
 Does more inviting shew.

III.

*How Promising's the Book of Fate,
 'Till thoroughly understood!
 Whilst partial Hopes such Lots create,
 That does the Youthful Fancy cheat,
 With all that's Great and Good.*

IV.

*How soft the first Idea's move,
 That wander in our Mind!
 How full the Joy, how fair the Love,
 Which does that early Season move!
 Like Flow'rs the Western Wind.*

V.

*Our Sighs are then but vernal Air,
 But April-drops our Tears;
 Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
 Whilst Beauty compensates our Care,
 And Youth each Vapour clears.*

VI.

*But Oh! too soon, alas we climb,
 Scarce feeling we ascend
 The Gentle rising Hill of Time;
 From whence with Grief we see that Prime,
 And all its Sweetness end.*

VII.

*The Die once cast, our Fortune known,
 Fond Expectation past;
 The Thorns that former Years have sown,
 To Crops of late Repentance grown,
 Through which we Toil, at last.*

VIII.

VIII.

*Then every Care's a driving Harm,
That helps to bear us down;
Which fading Smiles no more can Charm,
But every Tear's a Winter's Storm,
And every Look a Frown.*

IX.

*'Till with succeeding Ills oppress'd,
For Joys we hop'd to find,
By Age so rumpl'd and undress'd,
We gladly sit us down to rest,
Leave following Crouds behind,*

Astrea.] The Lady speaks very feelingly: We need not look no further than this, to know that she's her self past that agreeable Age she so much regrets. However, I am very well pleas'd with the Thought which runs thro'; if she had contracted something of the second and third Stanza, it had not been the Worse. I presume she's one of the Few that write out of Pleasure, and not Necessity: By that means its her own Fault, if she publish any Thing but what's Good; for it's next to impossible to write much, and write well.

Intell.] See that beautiful Gentleman at Loll in the next Chariot, born from as beautiful a Mother! he has made dreadful Havock among the Ladies. I can name you three (all of Rank) that have had dangerous Compliances for him, and yet an indigested Girl, with four hundred thousand
Crowns,

Crowns, has resisted his Charms, and the Grandour he could raise her to, to bestow her self, (as 'tis thought she will) upon a Person who has more of his Vices, and less of Quality and Estate.

How likes your Excellencies that goodly Lady who rolls on next in course? Has not she Fat enough to have prevented any Wife in *Angela* from running Mad, through Jealousy of her Lord and her? The Wife came in one Day very inopportunately to Visit at a Woman of Condition's, where she had the Misfortune to surprize her Husband and the Person before us in very convincing Circumstances; the poor Lady fell into such an ill Habit of Mind, that she could never recover her Peace, but led the Count so disagreeable a Life, so outrageous and jealous, that unable to bear the Continuance, and hopeless to reform her, they are parted; and she has the Mortification of lamenting alone her too warm Resentments, which all prudent Women will dissemble, if they do but consider that Husbands have often been reclaimed by gentle Methods, never by rough, unless they depend upon their Wives Fortune for the best Part of their own, and that, I must confess, varies the Case; yet notwithstanding this Lady's known Gallantries, an honest Gentleman has lately ventured to make a Wife of her.

Look what a Dismal grave Seignior comes next, he was once in the Government, and the

the Head of a Party; but he too much neglected both, to admire a singing Creature at the Opera, whom no body else could admire, and yet he gave her four thousand Chequins for her Favour, and the like Sum repeated to keep it secret; but as there are few Things such in the Prince's Court to whom I belong, you may depend upon Dame Intelligence for what you hear.

See that gay Lady who laughs aloud, and lolls upon her Companion, her Eyes by intervals thrown abroad in search for Gazers, eager to be admired; she has lately presented her Husband with a considerable Addition to her Fortune, tho' she had a large one before; a Relation has been so kind as to die, and leave her the Power of such a Compliment, which is no more than is necessary to soften her ill Conduct; at this very Minute she receives a Billet from the Fruit-Woman, under the Pretence of buying that Basket of Cheries; Coquet as she is, it won't be easy to her, unless the whole Prado know she is admired; at the next Round we shall find her reading on't that the World may see how well Things go with her. The Husband of this airy Lady is as great a Libertine as her self; he always distinguish'd himself by his Humility and good Nature, in caressing despicable poor Creatures, abandoned by all Things but the Extremes of Vice; these he can with Pleasure revel away his Time, and large Estate upon, tho' he be reported to have Understanding. The Lady had an
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Affair with one of the young Sons of the Seagreen Deity; handsome, and of an eminent Extraction: Lady *Bertha*, his Sister, was intimate with *Clarissa*, so is the Lady named that we were speaking of; they would often wonder together at the Caprice of Men; how *Clarissa's* Husband neglecting her, could dote, as he did, upon the last and lowest of Womankind. She scorned however to revenge these Abuses upon her self, and so to be a Sufferer both ways; she knew better than to take up with the solitary Relief of Prayers and Tears, there were other Comforts better fitted to her Genius; she would not vainly waste her Youth in Retirement, expecting a Reformation that might never happen; but dresses, rambles, plays, intrigues, is managed by her Woman, and a Mantua-maker is become her chief Favourite. Lady *Bertha's* lovely Brother pursued his good Fortune, and was even put into *Clarissa's* Bed, in his Sister's Night-Dress. I believe, Lady Vertue, they did not consult your Excellence, so much as Convenience, when the fashionable Establishment was made of separate Beds. *Clarissa* used to have whole Nights to her self, and therefore did not so much distrust her ill Fortune, or fear that she should be disturb'd now; but as she was throwing off her Clothes, to fly to Lady *Bertha's* Bosom, her Husband comes into the Room to pass the Night with her. She runs to the Door to stop him, fawns and smiles, throws her

Arms

Arms about his Neck, and with a Kiss, whisper'd in his Ear that Lady *Bertha* was gone into Bed, very ill of the Head-ach, and he should take heed how he made a noise to disturb her. Monsieur lov'd the Ladies too well to be indifferent on that Chapter; he could not hear so handsome a one was laid in his Place, but he resolv'd he would be paid for his Concession; therefore he tells *Clarissa*, a Kiss he must and would have of Lady *Bertha*, and half a dozen good Hugs, or she must not expect to lie there. *Clarissa* begg'd he would return to his own Apartment; Lady *Bertha* would never forgive her, she did not use to be kissed and tumbled. That was all one, she must begin now then; what did she do in his Bed? The Plot thickned, guess at their Confusion. As to the Heroe in Pinners, I suppose he scorn'd to tremble, unless it were for the sake of his Mistress; however, he left the Matter to Women, who are always readily assisted by Fortune, when their ill Conduct precipitates them into Dangers; he only hid himself in the Pillows, and pull'd the Bed-clothes over him, lest his Chin should not be quite so soft as his Sisters. The Husband threw himself upon her (as he imagin'd) hugg'd and embraced her as she lay covered up, endeavour'd to get at her Face, pulled the Bed-clothes with all his might, *Clarissa* him, but in vain, till he rose of himself, and swore Lady *Bertha* was the strongest Woman he ever met with in his Life; begged but one

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Kifs, and he would be gone. *French Mademoiselle* cried, *Lady Bertha* would never come again; she was certainly provoked, and would speak to none of them whilst he was in the Room. *Clarissa* gave her self violent Airs, and ask'd him if he would never have done being a Brute? Did he know no Distinction? Was a Woman of Quality (who did her the Honour to pass the Night with her) to be used in that Manner? Fie upon him! he might be asham'd of himself for ever. Thus she taunted the kind Husband to his own side, but not without threatening how many Kisses he would have in the Morning, when *Lady Bertha's* Head was better; and begging *Clarissa* not to let her go, till he had made her pay sufficiently for robbing him of his Place. But the Lady durst not stand the Encounter; when he came there to drink his Chocolate by her Bed-side, as he thought, he found the Bird flown: *Mademoiselle Frippery* the *Suivante* told him, *Lady Bertha* was so very angry at his Rudeness, and so afraid of him, that she could not sleep all Night long, lest he should come in, by virtue of his Master-Key, to disturb her, which made her Head to ach ten times worse than it did before, and sent her away, at Five in the Morning, to her own House, to recover the Fatigue she had suffered that Night for want of Sleep.

Your Divinities having naturally a regard to the Ingenious, be pleas'd to direct your Eyes towards the pair of Beaus in the next Chariot;

Chariot ; the Equipage belongs to him that sits of the left Hand ; who, by boasting of an intimate Friendship with the other, has got himself enroll'd among, and in the Catalogue of Wits, not forgetting a very necessary Ingredient, a good Estate ; as large as you see him, his Father and Grandfather are both profess'd Sparks, and spruce up in Cherry, and other gaudy colour'd Silk Stockings : He talks of *Rochejoucault*, *Fontenelle*, *la Bruyere*, as his intimate Acquaintance, and even gives the latter the Preference ; when I can't but find what seems most eminent in him, is but borrowed from the other two. If a Man of Estate has a mind to be thought to have a Genius, he has but to fall in labour of some little Trifle, a Prologue, Epilogue, Song, or Flourish to *Celia*, and be generous to the next Poet he can get his Friend to advise to dedicate to him, and presently he's *Virgil* and *Mecenas* too. The Gentleman looks indisposed at present, his native Fire quench'd in unnatural Tiffane, else nothing so gay and so coquet : pardon the Expression, it may not be thought so proper for the Sex, but they of late seem to put in for an equal Claim. He angles, not without a strain of Affectation, for Hearts ; catches at Applause ; softens his Eyes and Voice ; gives Snuff to the Ladies upon his Knees, that his fair Person may appear to Advantage with that graceful and submissive Turn. His Business (till of late) has rather been to make Love than take it ; but a certain Military's

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tary's Wife has had more Darts for him than are necessary ; he was too nice to divide her even with her Husband, far from suspecting Partnership with another ; and therefore took her to subsist upon his Fortune, which was lavished with the Prodigality of a new and true Lover. He had a troublesome Place of Profit in the Government, a Thing quite out of his Road ; he loved Writing, indeed, but not that sort, it engross'd too much of his Time ; he could not spare it from his fair Mistress, and the Muses ; but to quit it with a better Grace, he took the laudable and singular Pretence of being disgusted, because a Friend of his, who procur'd it him, was discharged from an Office upon which his in some Measure depended ; tho' the Truth is, himself had made such Discoveries against the ill Management of the Minister, that it was but vain for him to hope to keep it after.

They tell you that his Mistress, not contented with all the Love that handsome Person of his could bestow, went in search of other Adventures, the Consequence of which is, sending him to the Doctors for Tisane. They say he loves her even to a Forgiveness of That and all other Faults. I can but smile to think, how, whilst the Height of the Love-sick Fever lasts, the Women have their Turn of revenging the Injuries that are done to others of their Sex. A person, whilst she is beloved, can commit no Crimes, for as

Rochejoucault, As long as we love we can forgive.

That Friend of his on the Right, is a near Favourite of the *Muses*, he has touched the *Drama* with truer Art than any of his Contemporaries; comes nearer Nature and the Antients, unless in his last Performance, which indeed met with most Applause, however least deserving. But he seemed to know what he did, descending from himself, to write to the Many, whereas before he wrote to the Few. I find a wonderful deal of good Sense in that Gentleman; he has Wit, without the Pride and Affectation that generally accompanies, and always corrupts it.

His *Myra* is as well celebrated as *Ovid's Corinna*, and as well known. How happy is he in the Favour of that lovely Lady? She too deserves Applause (besides her Beauty) for her Gratitude and Sensibility to so deserving an Admirer. There are few Women, when they once give in to the Sweetness of an irregular Passion, care to confine themselves even to him that first endear'd it to them; not so the charming *Myra*, she loves the Pleasure but in regard to the Lover, not the Lover for the sake of the Pleasure.

Would you believe that Weather-beaten Equipage, of two Years standing, belongs to the richest Prince in *Atalantis*? Nay, almost as rich as all the Princes put together, with as narrow a Soul; nothing seems to me to be a truer Emblem of it, than the entrance

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into his own Palace, the large magnificent Gate is entirely made up, there's no Passage that way ; you go in by a small Postern, or Back-door, an exact Resemblance of that narrow Channel by which Generosity is convey'd to his Heart. A certain Poet had occasion to name him in a Panegyrick, and not doubting of a very good Reward, presented one of them to his Highness : He ordered two Pieces for a sorry Gratuity ; but before it could be received, the Poet was obliged to leave a Receipt with the Steward, for so much in Silver, Gold not happening to be in the Treasury at that time : I would fain know, if there's to be found upon the File at any other Prince's in *Europe*, a Certificate of that Nature ?

That opulent Heiress, his Daughter, makes the Princess smile, whom I serve ; she will give her occasion in a little time, to make use of her thousand Ears, and her thousand Tongues.

Behold the Reverse of what last pass'd us ; see that magnificent, young, and graceful Prince, the Duke *de Beaumont* ; his Horses are, in their kind, almost as well cast as himself, and all from his own Breed. He claims a Descent from a long Race of Kings, and an untainted Loyalty, derived from his glorious Predecessors. He is young, you see, just step'd upon the Stage of the World ; his Inclinations are fitted to his Birth : He will shew what it is to be a Prince, that is, what a Prince ought to be, magnificent, humane,

sedate, free from all those Vices that ruffle the Calm of Youth, and cost the best Part of their Time to reform from, if ever they reform. He's an Encourager of the real Ingenious, not fond of Applause; nor yet, with Pride and Sullenness, rejecting it from those who know where to give it; he will imitate his illustrious Grand-father in his Practice of all the Vertues. Oh *Astrea*! We must lead you to his Palace, where both your Divinities will be satisfied, will be charm'd, to find so perfect a Resemblance of your selves!

Does your Excellencies behold who fills that large handsome Coach? People that seem to be very merry, and infinitely at ease, but many a Heart-ake has gone to the forming of that Equipage; a notorious Gamester, who for his Excellency in that Faculty, has a Mock-Title given him; he's called *Monsieur le Chevalier*, by those Fools he has cheated out of their real Estates. No Body lives greater than he does; luxurious Dinners; Quails, Hortolans, Terrene, Pheasants, Eggs, China-Birds-Nests, Hermitage, Champagne; whatever is to be bought or procured. The Jolly Woman on the Left-hand passes for his Wife; tho' the Lady I have the Honour to serve, not only whispers, but speaks aloud, that, notwithstanding her Demureness, her appearing in all Places of Credit, haunting the Publick, visiting and being visited, she has a lawful Husband alive. Observe but the Widow on the Right-hand; be-

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because he loves Niceties, he has got her to live in the House with him; she's a Lady of the best Intelligence in the World; she knows what's done at all the Assemblies; who goes to the Chocolate-house for Letters; whence they come; what Answers are returned; who wins at the Races; who loses at Hazard and Basset; when such a Lady granted the Favour; how long before it is probable that another may be brought to do the same; she's very near being one of the youngest Grandmothers in *Atalantis*, and yet she's older than she looks for; that artificial Face of her's will still be the same; for how can that be said to wear out, that's made new or renewed every Morning? She's handsome by Nature, but loves Money too well; her Admirers are infinite, she has been the Fashion these twelve Years, and that's a long Time in this varying Age, especially when we consider *Le Grand Maître du Hostel Royale* furnishes great part of her Expence, and upholds her Chariot for the *Prado*, where this *faux Prude* set at gaze, scorns to own the least Acquaintance in Publick, nor will return a civil Salute to those whose lesser Vices are not crowned as eminently with Fortune's Favours as her own; tho' she makes no scruple in private at Cards, to manage them out of their Money. As to the Chevalier, by Whim and Custom, so called, he rose (if it may be called rising) from the very Dregs of the People, a Waiter at a Bowling-Green,

from the most abject Slavery, to the greatest Profusion of Wealth and Pleasure. Had either of your Divinities assisted his Ascent, it had been glorious ; but in his Practice he has nothing to do with Justice, or any other of the Vertues. Fortune is only pleased to shew how preposterously she can work, to let the gaudy Gamester shine in the Circle, whose original Place was among his Livery-Companions, at the Gate ; she makes them acceptable to, and Companions of the Greatest ; those eminent both for Quality and Beauty, hug these Scoundrels to their Bosom, set them glaring in the Face of Day, for the well-managing a Die ; for if a Man be but once Master of Money, this complaisant Age never scruples how he came by it.

Vertue.] Who is that alone in yonder Chariot ? his Equipage is handsome, but his Person needs no Setting off: He appears much a Gentleman ; his Eyes are continually on the next Coach, which is adorn'd with a wonderful gay Lady. She either sings well, or fancies she does, for I've observ'd, that still as she came round, she was humming an Air : Sure she was at the Chariot-Race ; he seems to steal his Glances, and be upon the reserve.

Intell.] I must take leave to answer your Mightiness, without Power, by a Leer, and a malicious Smile, because I am infinitely pleased at your Query, it borders so much upon my beloved Diversion, Scandal ; and
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lets me into a very ample Theme: 'Tis the Chevalier *Bellair*, of an ancient Family, and a considerable Estate; yet fond of Honour, he has lifted himself under *Bellona*, and most part of the Year exposes himself (that fine Person of his) to the Fatigues of the Campaign, the rest of his Time he votes wholly to the Lady you see in that Coach. At first he was as happy as Love and Opportunity, with the Help of the Favourite Mantuamaker (for those People are now mightily the Fashion) could make him; but the Lady soon grew inconstant, and has left him to wait whole Days together at the Chocolate-House, in expectation of the happy Moment for her calling of him, according to her Promise; whilst she, drown'd in the looser Revels of Wine, and new Love, forgets that he is upon Duty, impatient, and fretting at her Delay. One of his Rivals is a Person of Poetical Dignity, he first made her a Muse, and she in return made him a Fortune; his Bounty was imaginary, hers substantial. A beautiful Youth of Quality, whom I have already shewn you in the *Prado*, may be call'd another; but still the Chevalier is the standing Dish, and may very well go down when in the Country, where her Husband is going to confine her; their Villa's are not far distant from each other. Her Lord has what he wanted, an Heir, to deprive the next Successor, whom he mortally hates,

and thinks it high Time, by Banishment, to put an end to her publick Indiscretions.

The *Prado* empties apace ; 'tis almost Night ; the King's Decease has put all Things out of Frame ; at another Time you should have seen twenty times the number of Coaches. View that beautiful black Lady, she has the killing'st Eyes in the World ; she first brought the bright Olive-Beauty in request ; but weary with her own native Charms, she chang'd her Complexion, and turn'd fair ; the Town would not be impos'd upon, they could not so suddenly lose their Memory, they would attribute to Art what the Lady endeavour'd to pass upon them for Nature. To her it is that we owe the first Assembly and Invention of giving Musick in the King's Gardens. A certain Minister, renown'd for Wit, and call'd a Poet by all the Poets, (for fathering one Copy of Verses, by whomsoever wrote) the *Mecenas* of the Age, an Honour acquir'd with little Expende, where few or none are found to contest it with him, they scorn to be guilty of that unfashionable Vice, Generosity to the Ingenious. He was in Love with this Lady, and wanting Opportunity to declare his Passion, bethought himself of giving the Royal Musick, and best Voices, in a Manner, where the whole Court would not fail to come, because they were sure to find only themselves, the Cits being either ignorant of the Assembly, or excluded. It
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fortunately answer'd his Expectations ; after the Musick was over, the Lady was seen to walk with him down a close Walk, where some that belong to my Prince's Court, do not stick to report, she gave him the Promise of a more fortunate Rendezvous.

See that dapper squat Gentleman, with a tolerable Face, poring on a Book, and feigning to read, tho' it be too dark to see : He would willingly be thought a Wit ; not one of the Writers, but brisk at Repartee. By large Promises he has often bubbled the common Women out of what they had to bestow ; but is now, with his own Consent, sufficiently bubbled himself. *Laurentia*, a young Courtezan, who owes her Birth to the free-born Joys of Love, has had the good Fortune to captivate him in such a manner, that he renounces the whole Sex for her Sake, and 'tis thought he may be such a Fool as to marry her, which is more than ever her Mother could persuade her Father to do for her, tho' she be a Woman of an intriguing Brain : But having profited by her own Mistakes, she instructs her Daughter in the Art of Management. This seems to me a sort of Lengthning of Life, or of living one's Time over again ; at this rate a Courtezan (the Daughter of a Courtezan) must be much too cunning for any Man in the World. She joins her Mother's Experience to her own Youth and Charms, and so set out may pretend to out-wit the Devil himself,

if he once appear in the Shape of a Gallant.

Laurentia's Mother affecting Quality-Airs in all what she says or does, drew in a pretty Boy to marry her Girl, while they were both very young: The Boy had Friends at Court, that might have provided well for him, but this unlucky Marriage put him out of Hopes; they sent him among the Marines: In a little Time he grew into great Dislike of what he had done, in wedding the Daughter of such a Creature, and was either kill'd, or else dy'd so soon after that she was left a young Widow, and a moot Point whether not a Virgin, so the Mother would have had it believ'd, by all that were not likely to make Experience of the contrary: Their Circumstances were then very low; something to better them, she could not refuse the Privilege of her House to a declining Coquet, who was her intimate Friend, and had made her many Presents. This Lady, after a long Run of Love and Gallantry, having rather increas'd than diminish'd the Fortune her Father left her, found a young Gentleman Fool enough to marry her, tho' he had a pretty Estate in Hopes, depending on a pretended Uncle or a real Father. One would have thought it was an Obligation to her to prove a good Wife; but like the Cat metamorphos'd into a Lady, she must run at the Mice, tho' she were sure to lose her Preferment by it, and be turn'd into a Cat again; Cards and Gal-

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Gallantry were not Things so easily renounc'd; but because she had something more to manage than before she was marry'd, she met with her Lover Incognito at his House, 'till at last, *Laurentia's* Mother, by her Artifice, and extolling her Daughter's Charms, drew the Chevalier to consider them; he became false to his old Mistress, and, as 'tis suppos'd, paid the Price for his new One. Then was the Girl seen in a Gold Watch, that had scarce before a Shoe to her Foot; thus was she introduc'd, 'till from one degree to another, she rose to the Honour of pleasing this Gentleman, who had one of the best Estates beneath the Nobility in *Angela*.

He parted with a very considerable Employment, to get ready Money to put his Mistress into Repair; from a narrow Compass, and poor Education, she is risen to that height of Expence and Delicacy, nothing almost is nice enough to please either her Mother or her self. The old One's Discourse trolls all upon Vertue, that her Daughter would sooner die than to do an ill Thing; we can answer for our Daughter's Honour. I wonder some Macilente (when he hears her thus exclaim) does not ask, whence then are deriv'd these fine Lodgings, Wax-Lights, Card-Assemblies, nice Eating, and rich Cloaths? We live no longer in an Age when Fairy Kings and Queens brought Riches to Mortals: People are seldom seen to change into such Extremes, with-

without a visible Wherefore. The Spark, I think, does not pretend to dissemble, or else whence comes those passionate Raptures? That he'll never love another Woman, if *Laurentia* will never suffer another Man. They have made a reciprocal Vow, not to kiss, touch, or scarce to come near any of the Sex but themselves. Hence I suppose it is, that we find him reading in the *Prado*, for fear he should be thought to take a Pleasure in looking at any Woman but his Mistress.

That disagreeable Woman that whisks away next, is always dirty, ev'n when she's set out with Jewels; she loves Cards better than any Thing but Money, and for the Sake of Money she loves Cards. Being first upon the Place appointed, the Day that she was going (within the Year) to bestow her self in second Marriage, she told the Gentleman, She hop'd 'twas lucky, for so it happen'd with her other Husband, who fortunately dy'd first, and left her very rich. One would have thought this Compliment would have disorder'd the Bridegroom; but he wanted nothing of her but her Money, and therefore made her this Repartee: the Omen was not less auspicious to him, for exactly so it happen'd with his other Wife, who more fortunately for him, dy'd first, and left him the Possibility and Honour of becoming her Husband.

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Gamesters an incredible Sum of Money, and a very great Estate; but still, let our Relations be never so abandon'd, I think they ought to receive bare Subsistence from so near a one as a Sister, especially when it is so much in one's Power, as it is in hers.

O let me ease my Spleen! I shall burst with Laughter; these are prosperous Times for Vice: D'ye see that black Beau, (stuck up in a pert Chariot) thick-set, his Eyes lost in his Head, hanging Eye-brows, broad Face, and tallow Complexion; I long to inform my self if the Coach be his own, he cannot yet sure pretend to that. He's call'd *Monsieur le Ingrate*, he shapes his Manners to his Name, and is exquisitely so in all he does; has an inexhaustible Fund of Dissimulation, and does not bely the Country he was born in, which is fam'd for Falsehood and Insincerity; has a World of Wit, and genteel Repartee: He's a Poet too, and was very favourably received by the Town, especially in his first Performance, where, if you'll take my Opinion, he exhausted most of his Stock; for what he has since produc'd, seem but faint Copies of that agreeable Original. Tho' he's a most incorrect Writer, he pleases in spite of the Faults we see, and own. Whether Application might not burnish the Defect, or if those very Defects were brightned, whether the genuine Spirit would not fly off, are Queries not so easily resolv'd.

I remember him almost t'other Day, but a wretched common Trooper: He had the
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Luck to write a small Poem, and dedicates it to a Person whom he never saw, a Lord that's since Dead, who had a sparkling Genius, much of Humanity, loved the Muses, and was a very good Soldier. He encourag'd his Performance, took him into his Family, and gave him a Standard in his Regiment. The genteel Company that he was let into, assisted by his own Genius, wiped off the Rust of Education; he began to polish his Manners, to refine his Conversation, and, in short, to fit himself for something better than what he had been us'd to. His Morals were loose, his Principles nothing but Pretence, and a firm Resolution of making his Fortune, at what rate soever; but because he was far from being at Ease that way, he cover'd all by a most profound Dissimulation, not in his Practice, but in his Words; not in his Actions, but his Pen; where he affected to be extreme Religious, at the same time when he had two different Creatures lying-in of base Children by him. The Person who had done so much for him, not doing more, he thought all that he had done for him was below his Desert; he wanted to rise faster than he did. There was a Person who pretended to the great Work, and he was so vain as to believe the illiterate Fellow could produce the Philosopher's Stone, and would give it him. The Quack found him a Bubble to his Mind, one that had Wit, and was sanguine enough to cheat himself, and save him abundance of Words and

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and Trouble in the pursuit. Well, a House is taken, and furnish'd, Furnaces built, and to Work they go; the young Soldier's little ready Money immediately flies off, his Credit is next stak'd, which soon likewise vanishes into Smoak. The Operator tells him, 'Twas not from such small Sums as those he must expect Perfection; what he had seen hitherto was insignificant, or minute, as one Grain of Sand compar'd to the Sea-shore, in value of what he might assure himself of in the noble Pursuit of Nature; that he would carry him to wait upon a Gentleman very Ingenious, who had spent more than ten times that Sum in the Hands of the Ignorant, yet convinc'd of the Foundation, was ready to join with him in the Experiment to go on with a new Attempt. Accordingly Monsieur is introduced to one, who was indeed a Friend to the Quack, but did not absolutely confide in his Skill: Tho' he still believed there was such a Thing as the Philosopher's Stone; yet hearing how illiterate this pretended Operator was, he could not imagine he had attain'd that Secret in Nature, which was never purchas'd, (if ever purchas'd at all) but with great Charge and Experience. This Gentleman had an airy Wife, who pretended to be a sort of a Director in the Laws of Poetry, believed her self to be a very good Judge of the Excellencies and Defects of Writing: She was mightily taken with Monsieur's Conversation, pray'd him often to favour her that way. Being inform-

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ed of the Narrowness of his Circumstances, she gave him Credit to her Midwife, for assistance to one of his Damosels that had sworn an unborn Child to him; the Woman was maintain'd till her Lying-in was over, and the Infant taken off his Hands, *par la sage Femme*, for such and such Considerations upon Paper; he had no Money to give; that was beforehand evaporated into Smoke. Still the Furnace burnt on, his Credit was stretch'd to the utmost; Demands came quick upon him, and grew clamorous; he had neglected his Lord's Business and even left his House, to give himself up to the vain pursuits of Chymistry. The Lady who had taken a Friendship for him, upon the Score of his Wit, made it her Business to inform her self from her Husband, of the Probability of their Success; he gave her but cold Comfort in the Case, and even went so far as to tell her, he believed that Fellow knew nothing of the Matter, tho' there was a great City-Hall taken, and Furnaces ordered to be built, that they might have room to transmute abundantly. The Operator had persuaded the young Chymist to sell his Commission; he was very busy about that Affair, and even repin'd that he met not a Purchaser as soon as he desired, for he thought every Hour's Delay kept him from his imaginary Kingdom; but it was to be fear'd, when he had put the Money into the Doctor's Hands, to be laid out in Mercury, and other Drugs, that were to be transmuted into Sol, (as small
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a Sum as it was) he would give him the Slip, and go out of the Nation with it. The Lady was good-natur'd, and detested the Cheat; she begg'd her Husband, that he would give her leave to discover it. He advis'd her against it, it might do them both a Mischief; but she insisted so much upon it, that he bid her to do what she would. The Lady was then in Childbed, among a merry up-sitting of the Gossips, Monsieur made one; his Genius sparkled among the Ladies, he made Love to them all in their Turn, whisper'd soft Things to this, ogled t'other, kiss'd the Hand of that, went upon his Knees to a fourth, and so infinitely pleas'd them, that they all cry'd he was the Life of the Company. The sick Lady was gone to repose herself upon her Bed, and sent for Monsieur to come to her alone, for she had something to say to him. Vain of his Merit, he did not doubt but she was going to make him a passionate Declaration of Love, and to tell him how sensible she was of his Charms; he even fancy'd she withdrew, because possibly she was uneasy at those Professions of Gallantry he had been making to others. He approached the Bed-side with all the Softness and Submission in his Air and Eyes, all the Tenderness he well knew how to assume. The Lady desir'd him to take a Chair, and afford her an uninterrupted Audience in what she was going to say. This confirmed him in his Opinion, and he was even weighing with himself whether he should be kind or cruel,
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for the Lady was no Beauty, but lay all languishing in the becoming Dress of a Woman in her Circumstances. She entertain'd him very differently from what he expected. In short, she discoverd the Cheat, advis'd him to take care of himself, and to withdraw from that Labyrinth, he was involved in, as well as he could; he was undone if he sold his Commission, all the World would laugh him to Scorn, and he would hardly find a Friend to help him to another. A Thunderbolt falling at the Foot of a frightned Traveller, could not more have confounded him than this did our Chymist. What! all his Furnaces blown up in a Moment, all evaporated into Smoke and Air; he could never believe it, the Plumes (elate and haughty as he appeared before) sunk upon his Crest. Who would have thought there could have been such a shrinking of the Soul? Such a Contractedness of Genius; such a Poorness of Spirit; so abject a Fall from so tow'ring a Height? He was not able, in half an Hour's Time, to speak one Word; his Address was departed, he knew not what to say, only begged leave to retire. 'Twas necessary that he must pass thro' the Chamber where the Ladies were, to go to the Stairs; he pulled his Hat over his Eyes, without seeing them, and away he went. The Lady was satisfy'd with doing the friendly and honest Part, let him receive it how he would. The Coquets fell upon her with Violence, and ask'd
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her what she had done to Monsieur? What she had said to him had certainly bewitched him. Never was such an Alteration, for they had easily seen his Change of Countenance and Air. She defended her self as well as she could, and they were forced to conclude the Entertainment without him.

The young Chymist was so base (as he afterwards told the Lady) to believe this only an Artifice of her Husband to keep the learned Doctor to himself, and thereby deprive him of his Share of Philosophical Riches; in this Thought he mortally hated the Discoverer, but his Eyes being open'd, and his Sight clear'd, he quickly saw the Fallacy as plain as the Sun at Noon. He was already undone, or very near it; they had contracted abundance of Debts; the Doctor was a sort of an insolvent Person, the Creditors knew that, and did not trouble their Heads about him. Monsieur was forc'd to abscond; all he could preserve from the Chymical-SHIPWRECK, was his Commission. This Lady engag'd her Husband to serve him in his Troubles, and sent him perpetual Advices when any thing was like to happen to him; she prevented him several Times from being persecuted by the implacable Midwife; he us'd to term her his Guardian-Angel, and every Thing that was generous and humane.

But Fortune did more for him in his Adversity than would have lain in her Way in
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Prosperity; she threw him to seek for Refuge in a House, where was a Lady of vast Possessions; he marry'd her, she settled all upon him, and dy'd soon after. He re-marry'd to an Heiress, who will be very considerable after her Mother's Decease; he has got a Place in the Government, and now, as you see, Sparks it in the *Prado*.

The Lady who served him, lost her Husband, and fell into a great deal of Trouble; after she had long suffered, she attempted his Gratitude, by the Demand of a small Favour, which he gave her Assurances of serving her in; the Demand was not above Ten Pices to carry her from all her Troubles to a safe Sanctuary to her Friends, a considerable Distance in the Country; they were willing to receive her if she came, but not to furnish her with Money for the Journey: He kept her a long Time (more than a Year) in suspense, and then refus'd her in two Lines, by Pretence of Incapacity; nay, refus'd a second Time, to oblige her with but Two Pieces, upon an extraordinary Exigency, to help her out of some new Trouble she was involv'd in.

It is not only to her, but to all that have ever serv'd him, he has shewn himself so ingrateful; the very Midwife was forc'd to sue him: In short, he pays nor obliges No-body.

Astrea.] I think you have dwelt much too long upon so bad a Subject; we may find perpetual Instances of Ingratitude, but very few

few Specific Principles Coverousness grateful; Generous, and are ne Cost, and it.

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few Specificks against it. A Man whose Principles are corrupted by Hypocrisy and Covetousness, can never be either good or grateful; it is a great Misfortune to the Generous, they judge others by themselves, and are never undeceiv'd 'till at their own Cost, and when it is too late to remedy it.

Intell.] There's a demure Lady in that Coach, and of Quality too, who had a comical Adventure happen'd to her some Nights ago; the Gallant she has chose, is neither young nor rich, nor sweet, nor handsome; all she could find to induce her must be his Impudence, and the Reputation he has of pleasing the Lady that favours him; besides he's a Drunkard, and in his Sleep tells all that he has done, and acts over again the Business of the Day. This old Stallion of the Senate-House, had a Note sent him by the Lady that her Husband was gone into the Country, and would not return that Night, consequently she invited him to pass it away with her; he sent her Word he would not fail to obey her Commands, but stay'd too long after Supper at the Bottle, believing the Dose would heighten his Spirits: When he came to the Lady, it was two Hours beyond the Time she had appointed him, but very gay, and fluster'd with Drinking. He's one of those that intend to be ever Young tho' in despite of Time, let his Looks contradict his Tongue never so much; this last depends
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upon himself, and will always be youthful. Whilst he was pacifying the Lady's Choler, justly rais'd against him, for baulking her of two Hours Diversion; her Husband with Authority knocks at the Door, the Lovers were in the Dressing-Room over the Bed-Chamber, she begg'd the Senator to stay there in the Dark; her Husband used to fall asleep as soon as he was in Bed, and then she would come up to him, for 'twas impossible to get out now, whilst their People were about; then orders her Woman to blow out the Candles, and down she goes into the Bed-Chamber. The Husband was returned sooner than he designed, and very weary, so to Bed they went. She waited but the Sound of his Nose to rise and go to her Lover, who by this time, being in the dark, and the Fumes of the Wine beginning to work, was fallen asleep himself. He puts his Hands upon his Cane, and resting his Forehead upon his Hands, resolv'd to take a little Nap; there was a Couch and an easie Chair in the Room, but he would not indulge himself there, lest he should sleep too long, and the Lady finding him in that Posture, might be scandaliz'd at his second Neglect. In his Sleep he fell into a Fit of talking, and acting over again what he had been doing at the Tavern whence he came. It seem'd (according to Custom) he had been quarrelling with the Drawers, who knew him so well, that till he had called and knocked twenty times, they never cared to come

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come to him. Being thus agitated in his Sleep, he bawled as loud as he could, *Ricardo, Tomasio, Willielmus*, and knocked with all his Might with his Cane over the Husband's Head, never waking himself with that Action, no more than those Persons do who are said to walk in their Sleep. The Lady immediately heard him, and was frightn'd out of her Wits ; she could not think what he should knock for, in that dangerous Place, unless he were a dying. Nothing, no not even giving up the Ghost should have forced him to make a Noise there. Whilst she was busy with these Reflections, he redoubles his Efforts ; he dreamt himself very angry at the Fellows for not coming, and knocks and calls again. This quite awaken'd the Husband, who had heard the first Attempt imperfectly ; he starts up in the Bed, feels for his Night-Gown to rise, and see what was the Matter. Thieves were in Possession of the House, and were knocking down the Things over Head. His Lady cling'd to him, not in a pretended but real Fright, and begs of him for the Lord's sake not to expose himself ; they would shoot him dead upon the Spot, for they were apparently Masters of the House (just at that Instant the knocking and bawling was repeated) my Lady cry'd they were calling of the Rogues together, and they should be all killed. At the same time she rung her Bell for her Woman, who was gone down Stairs for something ; when she was coming into the Chamber, the Senator

renewed his Battery over-head, which was Information enough to the Chamber-maid how Things went; she pretended to let fall the Candle in her Fright. The Husband, animated with the sight of the Light (notwithstanding his Wife's Efforts) was got half out of Bed; the Woman pretends to be bereaved of her Senses with Fear, runs out, and double-locks the Door after her, by which address her Master could not stir forth; she goes to the noisy Gallant, wakes him, and tells him the Mischief he has done. There needed not many Arguments to induce him to withdraw, which he was so lucky to do before the House rose. The Woman had the Presence of Mind to throw open the Dressing-Room Window which answered upon a Garden, and conveying away her Lady's Dressing-Plate, and some small Jewels that were left upon the Toile, ran and called the Footmen and other Servants, telling them that there were Thieves in the House. Mean time her Master made a terrible Battery to burst open the Chamber-door; the Lady rung the Bell incessantly, the Family came together, the House was search'd but no Thieves found, the Things mis'd, and the Window wide open. It was not doubted but at the Hazzard of their Necks, being disturbed, they were gone that way. The Lady had opportunity to sell or bestow, as she pleased, her Sett of Plate and Jewels, for her Husband presented her with new. However she tells her Woman.

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it ought to be a Warning how People make Choice of a Debauchee for their Lovers, for if all were like hers, they can neither keep Counsel awake nor asleep.

The next departing Coach brings us the famous last Year's Toast (a modern Title for a reigning Beauty) her Health was drunk by the Name of the Blossom: She had passed all her Life before in her own Country, without any such Reputation of Charms, they even distinguished her not at all; but after the prodigious Eclat she had made here, Heavens! how they thronged to admire her, they could scarce believe they had ever seen her before, or any Thing so beautiful; accused their own Blindness! Sure they were infatuated! And a thousand such Exclamations. So true it is, that we often borrow from others, even to our very Opinion of Things and Persons.

I see but two Coaches remaining; the last is a History, and therefore to be told at leisure.

If your Divinities please to remove a little out of the Dust they have raised; the Moon begins to dance upon the Water in the Canal, we will repose our selves near the Bank, and then I'll tell you, that the last Coach but one holds a young Lady, whose Mother had something particular in her Fortune. Her Husband was a Chevalier, but under some Circumstances that had impair'd his Estate. He resolv'd to absent himself, till Time and his better Oeconomy should redeem the

Misfortune ; his Lady knew little of the Matter, or so pretended : She had, by him, a young Son and a Daughter. The Chevalier had made a slight Acquaintance with a Gentleman, of so considerable an Estate, that few (who are not Noble) had better, and even many of them not so good. He takes his Wife and two Children with him, some sixty odd Miles into the Country to this Gentleman, under pretence of making him a Visit. The Gentleman, whose Name was *Ramires*, entertain'd him according to his Temper, not only with Hospitality, but Generosity ; his Soul was large, he lov'd Expence, and to live up to that mighty Fortune he possess'd. After a while, the Chevalier takes his leave of him, and begs that his Wife and Children may remain there till his Return, which you may be sure he told them would not be long. His Lady was not handsome, but had a prodigious deal of Wit and Management. Some think she was let into the Secret by her Husband, or at least could not but guess at their indifferent Circumstances. She applied her self with all possible Artifice to gain *Ramires's* Esteem, knowing that a Friend of his Capacity could do her no harm. As much a Country-Gentleman as he was, he lov'd Magnificence, and a well-order'd Table. The Lady *Laurentina*, that is her Name, had a very good Genius for that, and every thing else ; she knew one certain Maxim, That to be well receiv'd,

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it is undubitably necessary to become useful to those we would recommend our selves to ; no matter whether to their Business or their Pleasure, so we are but useful. *Ramires* would often say, He had never known the Elegancies of Life, if he had not known *Laurentina* : Without her he had ever been ignorant of the true Benefit of an Estate, and dead to all the Charms of Wit and Conversation : She it was that had put a new Spirit into him, had refin'd him from a Brute into a Man. In short, she had put something into him that he was unacquainted with before : that little Devil of Love had got Possession of his Breast, from whence the Lady took care it should not be frightned. Mean time they heard nothing from the Chevalier, nor *Ramires* did not desire she should ; tho' amidst all his Passion, he could not help wondring what he meant, by leaving his Lady and Children so many Months in a Place so entirely strange to them, and almost so to the Chevalier ; but he was mistaken in him, he knew what he did ; in the small Time of his Acquaintance, he had studied *Ramires* thoroughly ; generous and open Tempers are much easier seen to the Bottom than others ; the Chevalier knew the Charms of his Wife's Conversation would quickly compensate, in *Ramires's* Esteem, for the Charge of their Subsistence ; which was a Trifle he despised in comparison to the Company he liked, even when Love was not in the

Case. The Lady pretended (and it might perhaps be really true) that she knew not what to think of it; however, as she had always been obedient to her Husband, she was willing to expect his Return in that very Place, because he had commanded her not to stir till he came to fetch her. In short, one Year, two Years, and several Years past on, but no News of the Chevalier; still she was entertain'd with as much or more Respect than at first. Care was taken that the best Masters should be had to educate her Children, who were both very handsome, you saw the Daughter, and I can assure you, nothing is more agreeable than her Son. *Ramires* paid her a most profound Respect; she manag'd the whole Family with the same Air and Authority as if it were her own; the best Apartment was hers; the Servants plac'd or displac'd as she pleas'd; her own and Childrens Expence (even to their very Clothes) defray'd out of the Estate. *Ramires* was never so easy as when he saw her so; neither could there be any Thing that he heard was the Mode, either for Dress or Living, but he caus'd to be presented to her and Mademoiselle *Margerita* her Daughter. *Ramires* was a young Man, all his Friends prest him to marry, for an Heir to preserve his Name; he told them, he was very much at ease for that; an Estate seldom wanted an Heir. He caus'd his Sister's Son to be brought to his House, and made him take his

his Education they were in the In themselves. the Cards, Game. *Ra* der'd his N his Court endeavour one of the tur'd, had He was co Lady *Laur* look'd wi blacken'd her Behav not one o are Spies) *Rinaldo* ha by his *Mo* *rita* and m would not under less his being he look'd without h felle *Marg* her in all at their Ex ing (for f other Di perpetual to *Marger* in vain;

his Education with *Laurentina's* Children ; they were now grown up to an Age wherein the Inclinations begin to distinguish themselves. *Laurentina* had so well pack'd the Cards, that she was almost sure of the Game. *Ramires*, at her Instigations, order'd his Nephew, young *Rinaldo*, to make his Court to Mademoiselle *Margerita*, and endeavour to please her ; the Youth was one of those, that, without being ill-natur'd, had nothing benign in his Temper. He was come from a Mother who detested Lady *Laurentina* and all her Works ; they look'd with utmost Prejudice upon her, blacken'd her Reputation ; notwithstanding her Behaviour was so well manag'd, that not one of the Servants (tho' all Servants are Spies) could ever discover it. Young *Rinaldo* had no very strong Head ; prejudic'd by his Mother and Uncles, he hated *Margerita* and my Lady, not considering *Laurentina* would not have consented to the Marriage under less advantageous Circumstances, than his being declar'd *Ramires's* Heir : But that he look'd upon himself as already design'd for, without being oblig'd to marry Mademoiselle *Margerita*. The surly Youth opposed her in all her little Desires ; thwarted her at their Exercise, whether in Dancing, Singing (for she had a very pretty Voice) or any other Diversion ; there was nothing but perpetual Complaints of *Rinaldo's* Rudeness to *Margerita* ; his Uncle reprimanded him in vain ; his Perverseness was displeasing to

him; so he sent him off to the Academy, to perfect his Studies, and prepare himself for something less than being his Heir.

Mean time, certain News arriv'd (not from himself but others) that the Chevalier was well and in the *Indies*; else it is not doubted but *Ramires* had perswaded *Laurentina* to marry him; but that being no longer practicable, his Friends rais'd Clamours against her, which he saw would infallibly ruine her Honour; therefore he must resolve to marry, or part with her out of his House, where she could no longer stay with Reputation, but under the Umbrage of a Wife. Her Choice directed him to a Lady of a very passive Temper, easy; provided she had no Trouble given her, she was sure to give others none: Her Dowry was Forty thousand Crowns, which tho' inconsiderable to what a Man of *Ramires*'s Estate might expect, yet it was counted a great deal for a Wife to bestow upon a Husband whose Heart was in Possession of another. They were marry'd, and Lady *Laurentina* continued her former Empire; the Bride was as complaisant to her as the Bridegroom, because she was naturally good, and her Rival only artificially so. But *Ramires* did not so easily relish this new Change of Life; all his Estate could not make him happy, since he had not his former Freedom to talk whole Days apart with *Laurentina*: He fell into a languishing Dis-

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stemper, of which he died about six Months after he was married.

He so far resented *Rinaldo's* Contempt of Mademoiselle *Margerita*, that he struck him out of his Will, leaving only a small Legacy in comparison, and called his Brother's Son to the Estate; (tho he had at first design'd it for his Sister's) a new Name being to be assumed by the Possessor (that of the Family) it was of no Importance what they were called before. When they came to examine the Cash, they could not find how forty thousand Crowns had been consumed in six Months, besides *Ramires's* own large Income, and all the Debts left unpaid; they could account for none of this, neither as to Plate or Jewels, and not above two thousand Crowns was found in Specie, so that it is not at all doubted but he gave the whole to Lady *Laurentina*. Her Husband is not yet returned; she lives in a very handsome Manner; and, which is wonderful, *Rinaldo* (come back from the Academy) fell passionately in Love (as much as his Soul could love) with Mademoiselle *Margerita*. Those that pretend to divine, seem to think, that it will one Day be a Match, tho' it does not appear to be either of their Interests, unless the Lady draw out some of her concealed Bags, if she have any; but she'll scarce do that while she lives, or till her Husband's Return, lest she confirm the Opinion, that *Ramires's* Lady's Fortune was emptied into her Lap.

Rinaldo is perpetually with *Margerita*; her Charms drew, some time ago, the Vows of a young Gentleman, Nephew to the Favourite; they hoped he would marry her, but that is not yet done, and therefore not probable it ever will, especially if they stay for the Consent of those who may never be brought to give it.

Astrea.] The Moral that may be drawn from this Story is, That the two Sexes ought never to meet in such dangerous Intimacies, where the Consequence is forbidden. Perpetual Conversation with the Ingenious, Habitual Friendships, Tenderneſs eaſily riſe to Love; to defend themſelves againſt ſuch Arms, they muſt have ſupernatural Aids; it is not to be purchaſed from below, under the Forfeit of their Inſtinſts. The Punishment fell as it ought, upon him who could make the holy Tie of Marriage ſubſervient to his unlawful Paſſion. We may alſo ſee in *Rinaldo* how depraved is human Nature; when it was his Duty to love, he hated *Margerita*; when he knows not well how to attain, he loves her. But pray my Lady *Intelligence* proceed, the Moon aids us to view a beautiful, tho' limited Proſpect; it is more agreeable paſſing a Night in your Converſation, than otherwiſe; nothing can be better underſtood than what you ſay; in your Diſcourſe I ſee the World, without going into it, and hear ſo much, that I do not deſire to ſee it.

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tion. I pretend to Morrow to have the Honour of Conducting you to the *Imperial Palace*; where you shall behold our graceful Empress, whose Heart is entirely Upright; were she but to judge all Things by her own Eyes and Ears, all Things would be administered with the same Impartiality and Justice as when your self holds the Ballance. But alas! What Defence is there against the Corruption of Favourites and the by-Interests of Ministers? 'Tis impossible a Prince can come to the Knowledge of Things but by Representation; and they are always represented according to the Sense of the Representator; either Avarice, Revenge, or Favour, are their Motive, and yet how is it possible to prevent it? A Prince knows not how to distinguish by the Out, and are seldom let into the Inside; all appears fair to them; if he be a good Man, who so forward as the Atheist in affecting Piety? The Debauchee becomes regular; the Covetous and Revengeful, Generous and Calm; the most Cholerick know nothing but Smiles: Not that they have in reality exchanged their Vices, but the Appearance of them. There are few honest Men found at Court; they willingly furnish, at the Expence of their Sincerity, wherewith to maintain the Post of a Favourite; none serve there but in Prospect of making, advancing, or preserving their Fortune. 'Twould be very hard to deny a Prince the Joys of Friendship, which is even the Prerogative of every

little Breast; to a generous Mind the greatest Sweet of Power is doing good; and how natural is it to begin with what most affects us? Therefore, till there can be found upright Ministers, and dis-interested Favourites, Grievances there will be, and (since the Price runs so high) I fear they are too difficult to be redress'd, or not till the last general Conflagration.

From the Empress's Side you must please to pass to the Favourites, where it is to be a publick Day, you will find her very intimate with a Woman that has a beautiful Appearance, adorn'd with every Thing that's splendid and ravishing! Sweetness in her Eyes! Invitation in her Looks! She is called by all, that but superficially behold her, *Vertue*; she deceives People at the first View, but then, with a very little Acquaintance, we find 'tis only Vertue pretended. But of late she is become the Idol of the Court, the Favourite (tho' their Acquaintance be not of a long standing neither) has introduced her. She has long borrowed from her Highness here an exact Imitation, tho' with a little Examination we find something in her Air very constrained; uneasy, till the Appearance she hath assumed be dismiss'd, and she return to her native Vice, which is ever in the Cabinet, at their Couches, and in familiar Conversation. Her Assistance is only required upon extraordinary Occasions, at Council, Audiences, times of Festivals, or visiting Days, and then

then her two are perpetually should be qualities very n Flattery. Hypocrisy, under her the *Lares* and old *Rome* Riches, se Alcove, but it but her upon the Corruption two first Rings, C the other hardly acc Waters, Mightine down upon Jewels are they are v Cost, but up to ab Gold is t pire. Be a long T with Bill other, to curious Stuff, each side ners suis

then her two fashionable Maids of Honour are perpetually prompting her, for fear she should be out in her Part. These are Beauties very much admired, named *Artifice* and *Flattery*. The Mother of the Maids is call'd *Hypocrisy*, and is very busy in keeping all under her Charge in decorum. They have the *Lares* and Household Gods in *Angela*, as in old *Rome*; the Favourite's, is the God of Riches, set upon a shining Altar within an *Alcove*, but she lets none have the Key of it but her self. There are found kneeling upon the Steps three Figures, inscribed, *Corruption*, *Bribery*, and *Just Rewards*; the two first perpetually furnish Diamond-Rings, Chequins of Gold, and Bank-Bills; the other insignificant Presents, which are hardly accepted, Ribbons, Gloves, Cordial-Waters, rich Wines, and Rarities for his Mightiness's Table: But these he looks down upon with Contempt; even Plate and Jewels are but coldly received, as knowing they are valued by the Giver at the prime Cost, but when they are sold will not come up to above two Thirds; therefore ready Gold is the only Thing current in his Empire. Behind, and at a little distance, seem a long Train of Merchants and Artificers with Bills in one Hand, and Rewards in the other, to pay for the Signing of those Bills; curious Clocks, repeating Watches, silver Stuffs, fine Pieces of Linnen and Lace. On each side of the Altar are Crouds of Petitioners suing for Places, either in the Army,

Navy,

Navy, Government, or Household, with their Bribes disposed in very regular and decent Order; for not any are found so weak as to pretend to Preferment in that Court without one.

Having seen what's most remarkable in the Favourite's Apartment, I pretend to conduct you to a handsome hospitable Lady that keeps a Bank, and Cards, for all idle and avaricious People, either to fling away or improve their Money; but as their Humours are different, and all extraordinary, I won't forestal your Entertainment, which I may be positive is new to your Eminence; for I dare to swear, *Astrea* was never yet at a Basset-Table.

While the Lady is busy at her Diversion in one part of the Room, you may glance your Eyes and Ears and find her Lord no less employ'd at his; he pretends to Brightness of Understanding, to determine *De Bel Lettres*, who writes insufferable; which intolerable; pardon the Tautology, 'tis his own Phrase; which with a Mediocrity; but none excellently, except it be the Cabal, of which the Lord *Girardo* has the Honour to be an eminent Member: They produc'd, indeed, one taking Comedy, and let an inferior Person try for the Reputation of it, tho' the Town was not so complaisant to give it him. The next that came out, was too studied, it smelt of the Anvil, 'twas neither Tragedy nor Comedy, tho' so called, through the whole it could not force a Smile;
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yet could they magisterially, from their Throne of Criticism, condemn and look down with Contempt upon all that did not think as well of it as the Fathers who begot it. The Lord *Girardo* is indeed a Man of Wit and pleasant Conversation, and would much more deserve Praise, were he less partial ; he takes too many Things upon Trust, and often condemns a Book for the Author, as if either Genius or Expression were always the same, they that generally creep, may sometimes soar ; at least it seems to me to be an Injustice to believe the contrary, till they have proved it. A late Author has produc'd two very different Volumes, and promises us two more ; I doubt not but if he had carefully conceal'd his Name, they would have been applauded from the Lord *Girardo's* Quarter ; but having a Prejudice to the Man, they condemn the Work, and without reading cry, they would not give two Chequins for whole Reams of his Writing, tho' it be never so correct. If you ask any one their Opinion of such a Poem, Play, or Book, they immediately answer, 'tis cry'd down at the Lord *Girardo's* ; they don't like it at the Lord *Girardo's* ; What should you see it ? What should you buy it for ? 'tis condemn'd at the Lord *Girardo's* : Not that this so much quoted Lord *Girardo*, can be supposed to spare so much Time from the Publick, and the Duties of his Charge, to read all those Books whose Reputation he destroys ; but
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his Levee is too open to little Under-Criticks, even to the very Women-Wits, who save him the Labour, and give the Detail according to their Prejudice, or mistaken narrow Understanding; and then his Lordship does them the Honour to report it as his Sense, tho' in a Thing he knows nothing of; and at that Rate, how should the Author avoid being cry'd down at the Lord *Giraldo's*?

When you have sufficiently diverted your self there, for I can't pretend your Excellency, if you wanted it, would gain much Instruction from that Quarter, I'll lead you to the Council-Board, and the Senate-House: It would take up a great deal of Time to report you the several Histories of each particular Member, those of the Nobles and others. But I shall have a care to omit nothing that has happen'd extraordinary, together with their Foundation, Institution, real and pretended Interests: The Arts of Government, which are here elegantly display'd to the Sight of a nice Observator: Reasons why a Place of no seeming Profit should have so much Money expended in the Pursuit of it; and by what Means they find their Account in this Lottery of Fortune, where (as it is now managed by the Wife) none but Fools draw the Blanks.

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ed Detections thereof : From thence I'll conduct you to the Army, into the very Tent of their General ; report to you how much he has done, how much might have been done ; shew you the Interest and Inclination of the Officer, the Wretchedness of the Soldier, and the Debauchery of the Whole ; their incessant Desires to prolong the War, their Arts to prevent or retard a Peace, which will level the Power of some, and annihilate the exorbitant Expence of the Whole.

For a Change of Scene, it may not be amiss to take the Tour of the Opera and Theatre ; you'll find the same Injustice in their little Commonwealth as in a greater : The Favourite Poet (in concert with the Master) has of course the reading of all new Pieces brought to him for his Approbation, which he is sure never to give, to what seems more meritorious than *his own*, lest he should put their Reputation upon a Level. Hence the poor Poet is forc'd, with infinite Patience and Humility (tho' he be doom'd in the Beginning) to dance Attendance for two or three Years together ; they refer him to one, then to another, so to a third, till they have run the whole Round with him, and then dismiss him with an, *It won't do*, when they have already plunder'd it of all that was either new or well express'd, to dress up their own Collections ; you may judge there's no appearing

ing for him, if they would permit it, when his Market has been so forestall'd.

The very Women are not encourag'd and paid according to the Merit of their Performance; (certainly their Value consists in well Speaking and true Action, in a just Imitation of Nature, a Capacity of varying and representing the Passions, and those other Excellencies appropriated to the Character of a true Comedian;) but the Whim and Liking of the Superior advances his own Favourite to the Profits that are due to others; for if she have the Luck but to please him, no matter what becomes of the Audience; he pays those for Speaking who never knew how to speak, even to the Imitation of a Parrot. If this had not been obvious, they would never have suffer'd, by their Injustice, the admirable *Bracillia* to leave them, who in some Things could be only excell'd by the incomparable *Berenice*; in most, but by her self; and in all, was the usefulest, as well as the most agreeable, Woman of the Stage.

If you should have any farther Inclination to Gallantry, we will make the Tour of the *Tuilleries*, where Vice and Vanity appear in their own Kingdom: I wonder the Women of Condition do not leave to walk there, since it is become so profess'd a Market for the Bad: It will raise at once your Pity and Indignation, to see so many handsome, young, well-fashion'd Women
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abandoned to Destruction. They come to be bought after the most detestable Manner, for an Hour or a Day, or as the Customer pleases; and when once their Folly and Poverty have reduced them to such an Ebb, they are Pollution to all that touch them, not only in Regard to their Health and Body, or Loss of Chastity, (which is not strictly numbred among the Vertues;) but their Souls become a Sink of Abomination, a Harbour for Lying, Revenge, Jilting, Deceit, Slander, Theft. Money is their Deity, Interest their Heaven; in their Acquaintance is the Destruction of all Principles, the Bane of Conversation, and something of more Wickedness than is to be found in any other Species of the Creation!

But that the City may not complain *Astrea* does not visit there, we will lead her to the *Bourse*, to see at once the Magnificence of their Building, and the Deceit of the Merchant; the whole Mystery of Artifice and Trade, the Immenseness of their Riches, and the Means by which they have acquired them; the Opulency of the Whole, and the Parcimony of the Particulars, some great Ones excepted; where are to be found the Vices of the Court with a worse Air, and more Ostentation; the Citizen's ambitious Wife, giving those Laws in her Drawing-Room she has taken from Above, with a lame Imitation of that Splendor, Luxury, Cards, and Gallantry, which seems appropriated to the Great,
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and but forcibly ravish'd by, and never can appear natural to these.

You may likewise have a View of the City-Physician, who neglecting the favourable Inclinations of *Esculapius*, runs mad after *Apollo*, who as carefully avoids him, forbidding the smallest of his Rays to glance that Way, and even warns his *Daphne* from bestowing a Branch of her Laurel upon one who so little understands his own Interest or Talent. Had he contented himself indeed with Writing, not much, but well; or only given a Specimen of what he could do, in his Episode of the Creation, we had lamented the future Silence of an admirable Poet; but to prescribe in Verse; to eat, drink, sleep, walk, and ride in Verse, has jaded his Muse, and sent him back to *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, sufficiently humbled, one would think, and convinc'd of his Error, when he prefer'd the airy Praise of *Parnassus*, to the substantial Fame of being a good Physician.

Not so his Brother, Seignior *Montpelier*, who wrote not much, but well; he seems to understand the Difficulty to maintain an acquir'd Reputation, and is therefore wiser than to hazard the losing of it by a new Attempt.

These Digressions have carried me from my first Subject. I shall conclude them with but advancing one Curiosity more, and that seems to be where *Astrea* is principally concern'd, the Courts of Justice. What would

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you say to see, as I have done, two People (eminent for Dignity and Fortune) contending Years together for an Estate, to which neither of them have a Right? One pretends to a Will, another to a Deed, when, in Truth, the lawful Heir dies a Prisoner; tho' under the specious Pretence of assisting him, the Suit is prosecuted to the Height, till both Parties pretty well tired, lay down their Animosities, and conclude the Peace, by dividing the Estate between themselves, leaving the Heir and his Children to seek their Bread where they can get it.

What would *Astrea* have said, to have seen, in one Cause, and at one Tryal, seventy Witnesses go away perjur'd, most of them so well manag'd, as to believe themselves in the right? Would she not have exclaim'd at the Impudence, as well as the Injustice of Mortals? And yet the Redress they pretend to give us for the Hardships and Grievances of the inferior Courts of Justice, is in its Nature the highest Grievance. We have an Appeal from written Statutes, and known Laws, made by the wisest of our Legislators, approved and confirmed by the Senate and Sovereign; but what is the Appeal? Why truly to one Man's Opinion, whether influenc'd by Prejudice, Revenge, Avarice, Love, Ambition, or any of those Passions which byass the Breasts of Mortals; and this is call'd, the Perfection of Justice: There have been but few, very few, that have born this great Office

Office uprightly. A certain Chevalier seem'd to understand Mankind perfectly well, when he refused to sue for a great Estate that was detain'd from him, whilst the Grand-President, that then was, officiated ; he knew he mortally hated him, and could not enough confide in his Principles, to secure himself from being oppress'd with his Resentment and Power ; therefore he let the Cause sleep till he was remov'd, and a new one put in his Room ; by which Means he is possess'd of the Estate, and the late President bears yet his Animosity unsated.

The last Coach that we beheld in the *Prado*, belongs to the second Wife of one that was Grand-President in the Reign of *Sigismund* the Second. I will acquaint you with some Passages of his Life, before he entred upon that exalted Dignity.

Volpone, the Elder, was possess'd of a large Estate ; he had two Sons, *Hernando Volpone*, who was afterwards *Grand-President*, and *Mosco*, the Younger. *Volpone* was of the Party opposite to the Court ; an old Debauchee, given to irregular Pleasures, not such as the Laws of Nature seem to dictate. After marrying *Hernando* to a Wife he hated, and *Mosco* to one that had been his own Mistress, he dy'd suddenly in the midst of his Excesses. Whether it were that he was sordidly covetous, or that he could not spare so much from his own Expences, he did not bestow a liberal Education upon his Son, but bred him to the Practice of the Law,

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Law, in that Manner that is the least Generous and most Corrupt ; but *Hernando* had natural Parts, that surmounted all those Inconveniencies, together with a good paternal Estate, which his Father could not hinder him of. All the great Successes he has met with, is due to the Brightness of his own Genius ; he owed much more to his natural, than acquir'd Parts. His Memory was good, so was his Luck : to these were joined a great deal of Wit ; a Volubility of Tongue ; ready Sentiments, and a most plausible Address ; Religion in Pretence, none in Reality. He held it lawful for a Man to attain by any Methods, either Pleasure or Riches ; he was violent in the Pursuit of both ; quitting his Interest for nothing but Pleasure, and his Pleasure for nothing but Interest.

A Man composed of such Elements, wanted nothing but to be known to be advanced ; but because he was yet too young to possess those Employments and Dignities he aspired at, he suppress'd his towering Thoughts, and was contented to plod on in the necessary Tracts that all must follow, who aim to be one Day considerable by the Gown.

There was an Orphan left to his Care, her Fortune not large, but her Person very agreeable : *Hernando* was Amorous ; he hated his Wife, tho' he lived civilly with her, and had the Art of dissembling so natural, that it cost him nothing to appear a
good

good Husband. *Louisa* was the Name of his beautiful Ward; she was brought up in the House with his Lady, who had a great Kindness for her. *Hernando* had none of those terrible Conflicts I before described in the Case of the Duke, and Mademoiselle *Charlot*; he was not acquainted with those violent Airs of Honour, nor had scarce, in his narrow Education, conversed with any who travell'd that Road; however their precise Party held it a violent Scandal for a marry'd Man to corrupt a young Woman, especially under his Ward; therefore care was to be taken that it should not be known, and then it would be as if it were undone. Her Mind had taken a natural Bent to Orizons and Devotion; his Lady encouraged the good Spirit in her, and laid the Foundation of a Vertue not easily shaken; tho' *Hernando* was indefatigable in his Pursuits, yet he would rather have had it in Ambition than Love; he did not care how easie he came by his Pleasures, nor how dearly he paid for them, as appeared afterwards by a Taint he received, the usual Present that lewd Women bestow upon such who do themselves the Injury to converse with them.

Mademoiselle Louisa found nothing so obliging as her Guardian, whatever she requested was granted; whatever she but seem'd to wish, she enjoy'd; but he was at a Loss how to begin with her; if by a formal Declaration, it was teaching her to deny.

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My Lady had instructed her in all that was necessary to make a young Maid set a Value upon her Chastity; she seem'd to bear an incorruptible Desire of preserving hers; their daily Conversation, nay Diversions, roll'd upon nothing that was loose or amorous; all Appearances were against him, and yet, in spite of Appearances, he resolv'd to proceed, and undermine that seemingly invincible Chastity. It would be a Sort of a Triumph over his Wife, whom he hated, as well as over *Louisa*, whom he lov'd; but how to attempt her first, was the Point: He saw nothing of an amorous Constitution; nothing of the native Coquet, all was regular, all was cool and innocent; how much to blame was he to make her otherwise? Are there such violent Desires that Reason cannot suppress? Is Love such an irresistible Tyrant; Will he trample upon all Obstacles? Are the most sacred Ties of no Obligation in his Sense? O no! for if it were true Love, 'twould seek the Good of the Person beloved; but *Hernando* was in his Temper a Friend to none but himself; Amorous, and convers'd every Day with a young handsome Woman, which was impossible for him to do, without desiring of her. The little Freedoms that were permitted, inflamed him; he could not pass near her without trembling; when he did but touch her Hand, his Blood flush'd in his Face; sometimes he would ravish a Kiss, in the way of Play, but then he was lost in Pleasure;

Pleasure; he took all Occasions for those pretty Liberties; her Bed-side was not refus'd him: When he us'd to View her there in a Morning, he would fix his sparkling wishing Eyes, cross his Arms, and sigh in such a tender Manner, that *Louisa* must have been very Ignorant, not to have discern'd a Mystery in such Behaviour. He would always affect to sit near her; to take the Place she had quitted; to touch what she had but touched; and when his Lady was not present, her Glove, her Handkerchief, was Extravagance to him; yet with nothing of a fulsome Address; he had a native and becoming Gallantry. *Louisa* thought her self obliged by these Distinctions; they even created a sort of Gratitude, which warm'd it self, to Tenderness: She was pleas'd to see, to hear him; his Company seem'd more diverting than others; she knew no harm in it, she thought no harm.

At that Time there was a young Gentleman from the Country, a Relation of *Hernando's* Lady, who fell in Love with Mademoiselle *Louisa*; his Circumstances were advantageous for her, and his Person very agreeable. Mr. *Wilmot* begg'd the Honour to wait upon his Cousin and the young Lady to the Opera. *Hernando's* Blood flash'd in his Face; he immediately guess'd that Mr. *Wilmot* was engag'd; he thought it now high Time to declare himself; he had fool'd too long; there was an audacious Lover, by the Rites of Marriage, going to pre-

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pretend to take her from his very Table ; he confess'd 'twas advantagious to her ; he was his Lady's Relation ; the lov'd *Louisa*, and would not fail to press it to oblige both ; nay, *Louisa* her self might approve of him, he was handsome, he was young, he was amorous ; she was innocent and uningaged : Nothing oppos'd *Wilmot*'s seeming Happiness ; but all Things seem'd to be against his. These Things revolv'd in an Instant through his Mind. He saw them rise to the Opera, with a Concern he was not able to support. *Wilmot*, by the Laws of Civility, was to lead the Lady *Volpone*, to put her first into the Coach, *Louisa* was preparing to follow ; *Hernando* catch'd her Hand in such a Transport as was highly favourable to his Eyes and Air, he never look'd so handsome as then. No, Mademoiselle, saye he, *Wilmot* shall never touch this Hand whilst I am alive ; they were too near to say more. *Hernando* agreeably surpriz'd his Lady, when he stept into the Coach to them, and said he would go to the Opera. 'Twas known he had appointed Business of mighty Consequence, which would suffer by being delay'd ; like a good Wife, she did not fail to represent it to him, for fear he should have forgot it ; but that was all one to him ; no Business could come in Ballance with *Louisa* ; he saw that must be the Time to defend her Heart from the first Impressions of a young assiduous

L Lover.

Lover. He sat over against her in the Coach, and without knowing what he did, press'd her Knees with his, till he pain'd her; she wondred at the Excess, because 'twas what he was not us'd to; but she durst not complain, for fear of his Lady. The Story of the Opera chanc'd to be of a Woman who had marry'd a second Husband, her first being yet alive, tho' unknown to her; after seven Years Absence he returns the third Night of their new *Hymen*, discovers himself to her; she knows and owns him; falls into extreme Despair at the Misfortune; runs mad, and in her Lunacy stabs her self: The Play was wrought up with all the natural Artifice of a good Poet. *Louisa*, who did not often see such Representations, became extremely mov'd at this. Her young Breasts heav'd with Sorrow; the Tears fill'd her Eyes, and she betray'd her Sense of their Misfortune with a Tenderneſs that *Hernando* did not think had been in her. He was infinitely pleas'd, and employ'd a World of Pains to applaud, instead of rediculing, as his Lady did, that Sensibility of Soul. When they came away, he took care that her Hand should fall to his Share. As they were going home, he sat over against her in the same Manner as before. At Supper, the Play was their Subject. His Wife was reasoning about the Accident of the double Marriage, and said it was necessary the Poet should dispatch her

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her out of the way ; for loaded with such a Misfortune, 'twas impossible she should live without being infamous, and consequently detesting her self. *Hernando* was not of the same Opinion, and upon that Head, in his eloquent Manner, introduc'd a learned Discourse of the Lawfulness of double Marriages. Indeed, he own'd, that in all Ages Women had been appropriated ; that for the Benefit and Distinction of Children, with other necessary Occurrences, Polygamy had been justly deny'd the Sex, since the Coldness of their Constitution, the Length of Time they carry their Children, and other Incidents, seem'd to declare against them ; but for a Man, who possess'd an uninterrupted Capacity of propagating the Species, and must necessarily find all the Inconveniencies above-mentioned, in any one Wife ; the Law of Nature, as well as the Custom of many Nations, and most Religions, seem'd to declare for him. The ancient *Hebrews*, who pretend to receive their Law from an only God, indulg'd Plurality of Wives, and unlimited Use of Concubinage. The Children were bred up together without distinction, as being all the Sons of one Father ; nay, their *Land of Promise* was divided by equal Portions among twelve Men, the Sons of one whom they call *Jacob*, tho' several of those Sons were born of Concubines, and the rest not from one Wife, but two, living at one Time in

and of the same Family. The *Turks*, and all the People in the World, but the *Europeans*, still preserv'd the Privilege. That it was to be own'd, their Manners in all Things are less adulterated than ours; their Veracity, Morality, and Habit of living less corrupted. That in pretending to reform from their Abuses, *Europe* had only refin'd their Vices; Pleasures that were forbidden have a better *Gusto*: And tho' they had ty'd themselves, out of Policy, to one Wife, to make particular Families great, and maintain Distinction; yet there was scarce a Man (but himself) that had Estate and Vigour to uphold his Pleasures abroad, but what went in search of them, as forbidden as they were; that, true, he condemn'd a promiscuous Pursuit, because it was irrational and polluted; but if one or more Women, whether marry'd or not, were appropriated to one Man, they were so far from transgressing, that they but fulfill'd the Law of Nature. It was agreeable to the Practice of great *Jupiter* himself, and therefore could only, in a political, not religious Sense, be accounted infamous; that the Loss of the World's Esteem was very well recompensed, by the true and valuable Joys of Love; that a young Lady ought never to oppose those good Inclinations she might find in her self towards a marry'd Man, because she was gratifying at one Time both her Passion and her Duty.

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You may be sure this Harrangue did not relish very well in his Lady's Ear, but it was not for her he intended it. *Hernando* appeal'd to Mr. *Wilmot*, if he had said any Thing but what was rational; he, who did not know the other's Design, and like a right Man, was for upholding the Sex's Charter, did not fail to applaud it, tho' it were but an ill Mode of making his Court to a Lady he pretended to marry. *Louisa* very well observed it: In becoming his Wife, she found she must prepare her self for the Mortification of one or more Rivals, and that he would plead Custom, and bring Precedents for it; this disgusted her of that Side; she presum'd that no unmarried Man ought to advance such Doctrines before a Woman he lov'd; 'twas only to be look'd upon as the Husband's Refuge, when he was so unfortunate to meet with a Wife he did not like; and how firm soever was the Foundation, it should not be built upon but in Extremity.

Next Morning *Hernando* begg'd the Favour of his Lady, that she would take *Louisa* down with her to their Villa, near six Leagues from *Angela*; and endeavour to divert themselves, as well as they could, for two or three Days, at which Time he would be sure to wait upon them; this was to send her out of *Wilmot's* Way; he could not rest while he thought another pretended to her. Their Departure was so sudden,

the Lover had not Time to interest his Relation in his Cause; he would have even follow'd them, but *Hernando* gave him a cold Reception, and told him, his Wife, fatigu'd with the Hurry of the Town, was retir'd to avoid Company, and would very well spare the extraordinary Compliment, so that he resolv'd to delay it till their Return.

Mean time, *Hernando* weigh'd how he should declare himself: Paper is never out of Countenance; and tho' he did not use often to blush, yet the natural Timidity of a Lover taught him to despond when he was near his Mistress: He knew many Things were lost, not because Men cannot attain to them, but because they don't attempt them. He was not sure whether a Letter might escape his Wife's Hands, and fall into *Louisa's*; nay, even whether *Louisa* would not her self expose it; he thought the Hazard was too great, and therefore resolv'd to depart that very Night, within two Hours of Twelve, when he was expected of none. He had a Master-key which open'd all the Doors and Gates; he took no Servant with him, but mounting his Horse, he flew away with the Speed of a Lover, little at Ease till he be with his Beloved. A Surtout and riding Peruke sufficiently disguised him; he alighted at the Garden Back-gate; the Moon was at the Full, and lent him Light more than he had Occa-

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Occasion for. 'Twas then past Midnight ; he knew *Louisa's* Chamber was on the Ground-floor ; two large folding Windows opened into the Garden, which the extreme Heat of the Weather might possibly cause her to keep open. He believ'd the whole Family was, if not asleep, at least in Bed ; his Lady's Side was on the other Part of the House. Avoiding the Gravel, for fear the Noise should discover him, he fetch'd a Compass by the grassy Walks to come to *Louisa's* Chamber ; where he found the lovely Maid in a melancholy Posture, leaning with her Arms upon the Window, and gazing at the Moon. His Heart beat violently at the Sight ; he was afraid of showing himself, lest he should frighten her, and in her Surprise she should cry out ; neither was he sure her Attendant was dismiss'd, for the Lights were still burning. But Boldness being ever a Friend to Love, he advanced, and called softly, Mademoiselle *Louisa*, charming *Louisa*, are you alone ? The Tone of his Voice was sweet, and particularly softned. *Louisa* only started, but did not shriek. In a Minute she ask'd him, having presently known him, When did you come ? How long have you been here ? Have you any Body with you ? Dear Mademoiselle, he interrupted her, no : She said, all the House is in Bed ; I have just sent away my Maid, am all undrest, even to my very Night-Gown ; but not

being disposed to go to Bed, nor in the least sleepy, I thought it was Cruelty to keep her up ; but I'll call her to bring Lights to let you in, and wait upon you to my Lady's Chamber. Hold, hold, Mademoiselle, he eagerly cry'd ; and with that he gave but one Jump into the Room, and then another to catch her in his Arms. She fell a trembling, and ready to sink as he held her, being taken with a Passion of Fear and Surprize ; she fear'd, but she knew not what. *Hernando*, with all the Submission of a Lover, taught by Nature more than Education, fell upon his Knees close to the Chair where he had plac'd her : Dear Mademoiselle, I must beg you to recover your Disorder, what are you apprehensive of ? Are you afraid of so submissive a Lover ? He stop'd here to see how she would receive the Declaration ; but her Trembling and Fright continuing, he saw she was just going to have a Fit of Swooning. He had heard in those Cases, that the best Remedy was to lay her at length ; so that taking her, without Resistance, in his Arms, he carry'd her to the Bed, and slipping off her Night-Gown, with as much Modesty as the Circumstance would permit, he threw the Bed open, laid her in, and cover'd her up very handsomely ; then cast himself down upon the Bed-clothes, his Face to hers, where he could not resist the Pleasure of paying himself in Kisses for his Pains. This, and
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what was done before, recall'd the young Beauty. She remov'd him gently with her Hand, and turning that way, Oh! Sir, says she, what are you about? Do you mean to ruine me? I mean to love you, Madam, to adore you, to die for you; I mean to marry you, if you will make me so happy. Dreams, answer'd the Lady, are not you marry'd already? Oh, Madam, if you did but love me but with a Grain of that Passion I have for you, it would be more than a Dream, it would be Reality; but that is my Misfortune, all I ask of you at present is, that you will dismiss your Fears, for upon my Faith and Honour, I engage you shall have no Occasion for them: All wild as I am, with Extremity of Love and eager Desire, you shall command me as you please. I will not so much as pretend to the Liberty of a Kiss without your Leave; let me have but one of your fair Hands, that I may protest upon it my never dying Passion. I have long and desperately lov'd you; smother'd by Pain, I should have dy'd rather than have reveal'd my Love to you, if that Country-Booby's Pretension had not alarm'd me, and given me Courage to speak. For your Sake I am come hither alone; for you only I shall return solitary and dying with Grief, at leaving my better Part behind; 'tis too dangerous a Secret to be shar'd with any but our selves: Upon the Road I would have given my Life for this

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fair, this silent, happy Opportunity ; don't make it of no Effect, by groundless Fears ; reassure your self, Mademoiselle ; banish, Madam, that treacherous Enemy to Love. Oh that you would permit me to give you only a Taste of what I feel ! that you would once but admit of so much Curiosity in my Favour, so as to prove but a glimmering of that Delight, which mutual Lovers bestow upon and receive from one another. Here he sought her Lips, and prest them so tenderly, and so respectfully, that he could not fail of insinuating, by that dangerous Contact, something new and tender into the Breast of the unexperienc'd Virgin ; he pursu'd her so artfully, that she consented he should stay there till Morning ; and before they parted, promised to hear him again upon the Article of Marriage. She confess'd, she preferr'd him to all Mankind ; she wish'd he were single, she should never like another so well, but her Honour and Chastity were above her Life. The Battery was renew'd against that Piece of Fortification ; he told her, 'Twas only a Dream, a Notion that scarce any Lady who had been so happy to love, had any more of it than the Pretence ; good Management and Conduct were Honour and Vertue too ; he was pleading for nothing criminal ; she was uningag'd, unmarried, and had a despotick Power in favour of any one she had a mind to make happy. Then he urg'd

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Arguments innumerable, all to the same Purpose as the Night before, to persuade her to the Lawfulness of Poligamy; he found that must be the Mine which could only blow up her Chastity: She list'ned, she enquir'd, and where she doubted, made Objections, which, with his Sophistry, he immediately answer'd; 'till at length he almost convinc'd her, that the Law of Nature was prior, and ought to take place; one was ordained by the Gods, the other instituted by Man, and therefore the first was undoubtedly to be preferr'd. He begg'd she would permit him to see her in the same Manner every Night; there was no Danger of a Discovery; He would pretend the great Heats made him desire to lie alone, and have his Bed made in a low Room in the other Wing of the House, answering to the Garden, as that did, by which Means he might get out of his own Window, and come into hers.

When once a young Maid pretends to put her self upon the same Foot with a Lover at Argument, she is sure to be cast; *Louisa* had no very strong Head; his superficial Reasons might quickly take place, especially when they were seconded by Inclination. Unknown to her self she lov'd him, else all his Attempts would have been insignificant; he shew'd her she was a Woman at Liberty, had her own Fortune at command, and his with Advantage: What could

could she expect in another Husband, that was not to be found in him? Why truly, the Opinion of the World; but that not being a Part of her Duty, might very well be exchanged for those incomparable Delights which are seldom or never found in mercenary Marriage; and since she already lov'd him, she could contract none with any other Man, that would not be criminal; therefore all they were to fence against, was, lest their Nuptials should be discover'd. It was not necessary she should lose Esteem, as long as she could preserve it; but in these repeated dangerous nightly Conversations, Love had arm'd her with Fortitude; she was become bold; as to Opinion, contented within her self, that she did nothing against the Laws of God and Nature, which he had taught her it was her Duty to fulfil.

Having, with a World of Pains, fix'd this immoveable Principle in her Breast, she consented to marry him; she could admit of Polygamy, but would not hear a Word of Concubinage; whether the Difference be so material I leave to the Casuists; but the Difficulty was, how they should be married unknown. *Mosco* (*Hernando's* Brother, much about the same Pitch in Devotion, and very well match'd for their Morals) was engag'd in a sort of an Amour very like this, only his Mistress seem'd rather to be the Aggressor: He was called to Council. *Hernando* told him, he could not care for his Wife, the

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Rites of Love were nauseous to him; and since it was a Folly to pass away that idle time of Life without Pleasure, he had sought it with Ease and Safety in *Louisa's* soft Bosom: But because she would not condescend to make him happy without a Priest, he did not know how to procure one that would be secret. *Mosco* answered, That he supposed, all he pretended to by marrying the Girl, was to please her; and since that might as well be done by a false, as a true Priest, their best Way was, to let him procure the Habit, and officiate to their Content: By that means *Hernando* should screen himself from her Persecutions, when he was grown weary of her; as that would be no wonder, for he himself was grown sick at Heart of young *Zara*, and did not know how in the World to get rid of her. This was applauded as a notable Expedient; *Hernando* gain'd the Lady by it; and should she ever take a fancy to put in her Claim, 'twas impossible for her to find the Priest, and therefore 'twould be in vain to pretend to it. They only demurr'd, lest she should know him, maugre his Disguise, or suspect the Tone of his Voice: As to that, they did not doubt but the Dress, together with a contrary colour'd Wig, would make him quite another Thing. His Voice should be altered with a Bullet, or Plumb-stones in his Mouth, and speaking *a la Francoise*, he might very well pass for a Refugee; a People

ple that are to be found in Swarms thro' all Parts of *Europe*, especially the *Islands*.

Hernando would not have it deferr'd, he caused her to come to *Angela* upon a slight Pretence; his Lady remained in the Country; they durst not share their Secret with any other; few of the Servants being in Town, and those that were, sent out of the way. After Supper, this pretended Priest comes upon a Visit to *Hernando*; he took care there should be but little Light in the Room; the Ceremony being only to quiet the Lady's Conscience (who thought she did no ill, so thoroughly had he wrought her) there was no Witness requir'd; so married they were; the false Priest received his Fee, made his Leg, and brushed into a Coach that waited for him.

The new married (I mean the Bridegroom) was very impatient to go to Bed, the Lady, as dutiful as obliging, did not let him wait long; when the Servants were disposed to their Rest, he was introduced into her Chamber, where he passed the guilty Night, I suppose, to both their Satisfaction.

The next Day they returned into the Country, but *Hernando* was too much in Love to pass a Night without the Joys of his young Wife; the Invention of the Window still held good: But what should they do when the Season call'd them to *Angela*? When they should be forced to abandon that dear *Villa*? A thousand blest Opportunities

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portunities presented themselves, which they could not find elsewhere; they lost none of them; the conscious Walks and Gardens witness'd to their Passion. *Louisa* could not enough love a Husband so very amiable; she devoted all her Thoughts and Wishes, her whole Days and Nights, to him; the same unaccountable Thing which cools the Swain, more warms the Nymh: Enjoyment (the Death of Love in all Mankind) gives Birth to new Fondness, and doating Extasies in the Woman; they begin later, with-held by Modesty, and by a very ill-tim'd Oeconomy, take up their Fondness exactly where their Lover leaves his.

This was sufficiently prov'd by the young *Zara*, a very pretty Girl, whose Mother lived in the same *Villa* with *Hernando*, but so great a Bigot, that *Zara* had all her Life seen nothing but their own forbidden Crew of Sectaries. Her self was born with genteel Inclinations, and had something jantie in her Mien and Conversation; they did nothing but teize her for not conforming her self enough to their Manners. Her Fortune was considerable for one of her Rank; she had sixteen thousand Crowns in her own Hands, which was more than three times as much to Ladies that dress, and live in the World. Her Father was dead, and she went often to *Hernando's* and his Brother's to converse, which were the principal People of the *Villa*. *Mosco*, who never saw a Woman

man he could not have bestowed some of his Favours upon, let her be handsome or indifferent, was mightily taken with pretty *Zara*; he had not the Command of Money as his elder Brother had; all Things moved in a much narrower Sphere than at *Hernando's*; his Lady had been his Father's Mistress, and his Mother never forgave him his Marriage with her; it could be no Disadvantage to him to have the Command of *Zara's* Fortune: The young Creature took a fatal Passion for him, which was not in her Power to conceal, no not even from his Wife. If she were at the Table at Dinner with her, and he return'd unexpectedly, her Surprise and Joy were usually so great, that all the World might read in her Face the Disorder of her Soul. The Lady did not love her the less for it; she believed her sick of a Distemper she could not help; and did not imagine it would arise to any guilty Commerce between her and her Husband. Mean time *Zara* put all her little Matters into *Mosco's* Hand; he it was that disposed of her Fortune, and made what Wastes or Improvements he saw good. When she had Affairs at *Angela*, if he were there, she took up her constant Residence at his House; and perpetually put her self in the Road where she might meet him. He saw this Empressment, and was not at all displeased with it; his Soul was as amorous, and his Person almost as handsome, as his Brother's.

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Brother's. I've already told you their Principles were the same, tho' perhaps quite so much may not be said of his Address and natural Parts; however he had a great deal of Wit and Attempt; understood very well his Business, but had not the good Fortune to be born an elder Brother.

By the Pretence of Business, he could often see *Zara* at her Mother's House: Those Opportunities were not lost; she was of an Opinion that Cohabitation makes a Marriage; she would have given ten times her Fortune, if she had had it, that *Mosco*, as he sometimes gave her hopes, would leave his Wife and cohabit with her; not that he ever intended it, but Men do not use to say disagreeable Things to those that they come to be happy with. He could have been very well contented if she had loved him something more discreetly, her Fondness began to be very tiresome to him. She was one Day at Dinner at *Hernando's*, *Mosco* arrived unexpectedly; she was forced to withdraw to the Air of the Window in the next Room, or she had swooned away; tender *Louisa* follows to assist her; she even leaves her Dinner to administer what was in her Power towards her Recovery; they got together into the Garden, where, having no Witnesses but themselves, *Zara* no longer restrained her self, but gave way to a great Passion of Tears: When that was over, and *Louisa* had intreated her to let her know
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the Cause of her Afflictions, and assured her of secrecy : She began thus ;

You see here, my dear *Louisa*, the most lost undone Maid that ever liv'd. I love *Mosco* to that Height, that nothing but his Love can satisfy me ! Alas, that's a Thing impossible to expect from so unconstant a Person ! Yet has he a thousand and a thousand times persuaded me, that his Passion was mutual : I cost him none of those Cares and Troubles, by which other Women are brought to oblige their Lovers, the Work was all done to his Hand ; I even lov'd him before he distinguish'd me. I was the Aggressor ! I am the Sufferer ! How dear am I going to pay for those few Moments of Delight I have pass'd with him ? Those charming Pleasures are no more ! I cannot bear to live without him ! Doubtless, *Louisa*, you wonder to hear me entertain you at this rate ; but it is not with us, as with you ; we think mutual Love and Consent makes a Marriage ; we stand not in need of the Priest's Ceremony ; when once we give our Faith, it is inviolable ; it would be a mortal Crime to swerve from it : And tho' *Mosco* was married before, leaving his Wife to co-habit with me (as he has a thousand Times promised) is Ceremony sufficient ; all that we require to make a Marriage, and render *Zara* happy. But he's cool'd, his fainting Ardors retain nothing of their first Sweetness ! he even avoids me ! whilst I love him to such
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a transporting Height, that I am not Mistress of my self! You saw it was not in my Power to suppress those Disorders his Presence gave me. What must all the World think of my Folly? Am not I mad? 'Tis impossible I should live under this Disease of Soul! I must put an End to all my Uneasiness: But alas! that is not to be done without putting an End to my Life.

Louisa hearing a Story so very parallel with her own, wept in Consort; she was afraid of the same Inconstancy, tho' *Hernando* was still kind and generous. *Zara* had Beauty, Youth, and Fortune; yet were not these any Articles towards her Happiness. The Caprichio of Men carry them above all Consideration, how valuable soever; *Louisa's* love-sick Heart was languishing with the same Distemper. *Zara* had found out a Confident who loved as much as she, and therefore was not like to give her any good Advices towards her Recovery: However, she said and did all that was in her Power to comfort her; she even advised her to absent her self from *Mosco*; if it were true that he was really become unkind, a generous Disdain, ought to be her Cure; but probably she might mistake; Business, unlucky cross Affairs, might make her mis-interpret him. Men were not always disposed; Love seldom was consider'd in them after a time, but as a leisure Employment, an Unbending of the Soul, a Sweetening

ning of Fatigue, and 'twas Wisdom in Women to give way to those cruel Hours, and wait with Patience for the Tender.

Hernando and *Mosco* appeared in the same Walk; *Zara* begg'd the Favour of *Louisa* to entertain the former, whilst she got a Moment's Discourse with the other. This was a Service no way disagreeable to her, nor *Hernando*; but 'was not the same with *Mosco*, he would have his Brother not leave him to be baited by *Zara's* Fondness. He laugh'd, and told him he had much Hurt done him indeed, to be safe with so fair, so kind, and young a Creature; but now he had an Opportunity to entertain *Louisa* he would not lose it, let him look to himself as well as he could. Thus *Hernando* and his Mistress, having both the same Design, quickly struck into another Walk, and left that to the disconsolate *Zara*. She came up to her Lover, who enquir'd of her Health, and what had occasioned her sudden Illness? As if you are a Stranger to it, Sir, she said? There are some Persons who so wholly possess our Souls, that we can't hear their very Name without Perturbation! Their Sight, unexpected, influences them as yours did me. But what shall I say? Alas! I give none of those Disorders; if with you all be not calm within, it is because Hate, and not Love, disquiets you. Why did you encourage the Follies of a Maid who might have been happy had she never seen you? Alas I was

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innocent ! I knew none of those Arts, by which, I am since informed, the Women of the World prolong and heighten the Lover's Passion; I thought it was Merit in me to love what seem'd so meritorious. I should have believed it a Fault unpardonable to have dissembled my Love. I was bred up in the plain Road of Sincerity, my Heart corresponds with my Manners; I know nothing so base and guilty as Dissimulation: and therefore I speak to you for the last time; Things are come to such a Height, that I can't bear to breathe and not possess you all. Will you do as you promised? Will you live with me? Shall I have that Sanction for my Passion? My Fortune may be wholly at your disposal. I will even do all that's necessary to please my Mother, in whose Power it is to double it; she will no longer oppose my Inclinations, when she finds you give me that Proof of yours. You have but to cohabit with me to make you Master of her Estate, as well as mine: I am asking no new Thing, 'twas but what your self first propos'd; the Artifice by which you drew me to give you the last Proof of my Love, and without which I should have believed that Concession highly Criminal. Persons of our Persuasion promise nothing but what they are sure to perform; you well know their very Word to them is a Law. I was never used to converse with Deceivers, therefore you need not wonder I took so little

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Precaution against you. Upon the whole, if you acquit your self as you ought, there is none I would change Conditions with. You have screw'd me by your Delays up to the very Height; you must now stop, or I break and fall to pieces. To Morrow carries yours and your Brother's Family from our *Villa* for the whole Winter. I can't support your Absence, unless you totally destroy my Hopes: Tell me you hate me, that I may cease to love you. Restore my Affairs to the Posture they were when I first engaged with you; give me back my Writings and my Effects; let me see that you will have no further Correspondence with me, and I will endeavour either to be easy or die. To this long Speech *Mosco* returned as long an Answer, stuffed with false Assurances of Love, and Performance of his Promise; he would but put his affairs in a Posture not to fear his Wife's Anger, and then devote himself to *Zara*. Meantime he'd often find Opportunities to see her; they were discharging their own Lodging, and he would henceforth take up his at her Mother's.

By this time, the other (as fantastically married) People had join'd them, *Zara* became a little less splenetick; she staid late that Night, because it was the last, which neither *Hernando* nor *Louisa* thank'd her for in their Hearts, since they were apparently going for a long time, to take their leaves of meeting in the same Bed together.

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Louisa proved with Child, which alarmed them both ; she grew apparently big. *Hernando* bid her not disquiet her self he would take a House for her, and she should be accountable to none but himself for her Conduct.

This Lady, undone with Love, consented to the Proposal ; she valued not the World's Opinion, which she was going to lose, nor being abandoned by all the Good, to shut her self up in Infamy, to devote herself to a Passion that possibly might quickly meet its Date in too full Possession ; but she doating on to Extremity, found Fame and Honour, Riches and Content, in her Lover's Arms.

Mr. *Wilmot* renewed his Addresses ; he had engaged his Cousin to propose him to *Louisa* for a Lover. She had been much surprized at her intended Separation, nor could imagine why a young Creature should take a House to live alone by her self ; she fancied some Mystery, but far from the right. However, resolving to speak in favour of Mr. *Wilmot*'s Passion, she came softly and unexpectedly to *Louisa*'s Chamber, but found no Body there ; she heard some talking in the little Dressing-Room, which being upon the jar, she saw her false Husband upon his Knees, kissing *Louisa*'s Hand, and heard him entreat her, that she would admit him to her Chamber when the House was at Rest ; he would pretend to lie alone, and
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tho' there was not the same Conveniency of Windows as at the *Villa*, yet something ought to be hazarded for so great a Happiness. *Louisa* was apparently consenting, when Lady *Volpone* made a third. You may guess how acceptable was her Company; she lost her usual Moderation; Tears, Grief, Rage, Reproaches, all that could agitate a Wife, jealous and convinced. She upbraided *Louisa* with Breach of Hospitality; of violating the Laws of Friendship; she that had been as a Mother to her; 'twas more than Adultery, 'twas Incest, and Parricide; she not only seduced her Husband, but would murder her, since it was impossible she should survive the Loss of his Affection.

Hernando would not suffer *Louisa* to reply, least the *Eclaircissement* of the double Marriage should be a double Scandal to him: But taking her by the Hand, he bowed to his Lady, and told her, his Ward should wait upon her at another Time, when her Temper was better, and she more sensible of the Honour she receiv'd by so deserving a Person's Conversation. So leading her down Stairs, he went with her into a Coach, and disposed her to her Satisfaction, in a Friend's House of his, till her own was fitted up.

Thoroughly convinced of the Doctrine he had taught her, That Plurality of Wives were lawful; She managed her self no more as to the World's Opinion, forsaking that, before

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before it could abandon her. She lay-in at her own House, and no longer pretended to keep her Commerce with *Hernando* a Secret. She considered her self as his Wife, and persisting still in her belov'd Opinion, indulged the enchanting Poison, which destroyed her Fame, and intoxicated her Reason.

Mean time the afflicted *Zara* wrote several Letters to *Mosco*, to summon him to the Performance of his Promise; she fatigu'd, she persecuted him; he heartily wish'd any favourable Accident would transport her to a more happy Region; neither her Height of Passion, Youth, nor Beauty could restore lost Appetite, or prevent a Loathing. She perpetually talked of dying, but he knew that very few de cease of that Distemper. The Flower of Beauty apparently faded, neither the Roses nor Lillies retained their native Colour. Her Dress she neglected, Diversions were no more: Sorrow, nay, Despair, grew her inseparable Companions; all she hop'd and wish'd was, that they would quickly terminate her Pain. In this Manner she entertained those who pretended to comfort her. They found her deplorably Melancholy, but could not divine the Cause, and vainly strove to divert her, but that was beyond their Sphere. She argued with her self, that could she see him but once more, to know his final Resolution, it would determine hers; to obtain that

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Satisfaction, she resolv'd to write again ; but whether to move him (by her Submission) to compaffionate her Sufferings, or to threaten him into a Compliance ; the former Method had not been fuccefsful, therefore, in Words that refemble thefe, ſhe resolv'd upon the latter.

T I R E D out with Love and Disdain, too
cruel Friend and Husband, I have resolv'd
to suffer no more in private, but will proclaim
my Woes, and thy Delusions, even to the Woman
the World believes thy Wife ; tho' I only am
such, and will not fail to make my Claim within
two Days, at Angela ; if, before that Time be
expired, thou dost not comfort and relieve thy
affectionate and most despairing

ZARA.

Mosco could by no means relish a Visit of that Nature ; he rais'd not any great Ideas of Delight from such a Scene ; he had too much Wisdom to let it work up to so great a Height ; therefore since he saw Promises were no longer Specie, or would any more pass current with *Zara*, he resolv'd to undeceive her, tho' it might possibly take her Affairs out of his Hands, and with them inconvenience his ; yet her Persecutions were more intolerable, and he would be at rest from so troublesome an Amour. 'Twas in vain to wish that he had not engag'd her so far ; those are among the Things, which, when

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when once done, cannot so easily be repair'd; he took Horse, and arriv'd the same Night at the *Villa*. She was all Joy, and new Transport to see him; 'twas as if she had never been in Pain. She told him he must lie there that Night. He said nothing to contradict her. They supp'd with her Mother, who afterwards withdrew to order the Linnen for his Bed. All the good Nature he was Master of could not force him to shew Tenderness where he had so strong an Aversion. He ask'd himself whence it came, that a Person of her Youth and Charms, with all that's endearing in the Sex, Excess of Truth, and Excess of Love, could not in the least sway his obdurate Heart to a Return? He found the fatal Secret; he had been happy, and that prevented him from being still so. Satiety and Loathing succeeded; his Reason could not preside over his Appetite; he could eat no more, however delicate was the Banquet, and therefore it must be removed. 'Twas hard to tell a Lady so that had obliged him, but it was ten times harder to let her suffer in continual Torture. Therefore having summon'd all his Resolution, he ask'd her if they should take a walk by the River-side? The Servant was above ordering his Bed, but he was afraid what he had to say would make *Zara* so outrageous, that the Family would hear her, and he (in the first Gust of her Passion) be exposed as well as her self. *Zara* consented

to every Thing that was agreeable to him. They began their Walk by the pale Glimmerings of the Moon, and the agreeable Noise that arose from the gentle Dashes of the Water. Leaning on his Arm, which she eagerly press'd, with the Rapture of a Passion overjoy'd, Thou shalt never, my Dear, says she, forsake me again; I have told my Mother of my Design to take you for my Husband: We will begin this very Night to co-habit together; my Despair and Melancholy has drawn her at length to consent. Do but utterly forgo that Woman you call your Wife, and we require no more for making mine (in our Opinion) a lawful Marriage. We are above the little Censure of others; the Law nor Magistrates do not frighten us. I make you absolute Master of my Fortune, only upon these Conditions — My Dear! Why do you not speak? Thou art not come here to disappoint me: I beseech you to answer me. Alas! beautiful *Zara*, what can I answer? Nothing, I fear, but what will be disagreeable to your Expectations. You don't know the World; you are ignorant of Mankind: 'Tis in our Power to marry our selves but once; this is a fundamental establish'd Law, as long as that Wife shall live. I did not doubt but you knew it, and when I first gain'd the Pleasures of your Love, said the contrary, only to allow your Vertue that Pretence for yielding; but we must be both
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utterly void of common Sense, to pass such a Marriage upon the World ; me to abandon a Lady by whom I have so many Children, and other Benefits, to ruin my own Reputation and yours, for an airy Notion, by which we make our selves obnoxious to the Laws, and hated by Mankind. You will object the Promises I made you ; it would be much greater Madness to keep them, neither did I think you seriously expected it ; no wise Woman reckons upon the Performance of those extravagant Things that are said to gain her. Be contented with my Love ; there's nothing I shall omit to please you ; I will lose no Opportunity to entertain you with my Passion, provided you are discreet, and do not expose us both. He was going on, when *Zara*, not able to hear any more, sunk upon her Knees, and catching hold of his Coat with both her Hands, interrupted him thus, Kill me upon the Instant ; I have something more than the Pains of Death upon me ; whatsoever are called the Pains of Hell and Damnation, I feel yet more : Words cannot express them ! O ! if ever you intend to meet Mercy (as certainly you'll one Day stand in need of it) have Mercy upon me, a Creature undone by Love (agonized by Passion) tortured by Despair ! Kill me, or comply with my Request. I shall never live, I cannot live to see another Day : Pity me ; pity the lost, the expiring *Zara* ! *Zara*, who adores you ;

Zara, enchanted by your too powerful Magick; *Zara*, that even now dies, and can live no more without some Kindness. Here her Sobs choak'd her Words. He striving to get loose from her, she grasping to retain him; Spleen joined his Aversion; he saw he could not bring her to Reason, and therefore, since they must quarrel, the Breach had best be made in the open Fields, where no Body could hear them. He would take the Pretence, and break from her, never to be plagu'd with her Importunity again. You would do well, Madam, says he, aiming to unlock her Hands, to leave me in Peace, and go home to compose your Brain, by Sleep. You happen to be amorous, and fantastically mad, and I must be the Sufferer. True, you have obliged me; I promised to make a Marriage after your Fashion, by Co-habitation: I do not think fit to perform it; what of that? Are you the first Woman that has gone upon a wrong Principle? My Family and Reputation are not to be staked for Trifles: Be more moderate, or assure your self I'll never, from this Instant, see you more. Here he threw abroad her Hands, and broke from her; she fell her length upon the Ground; then getting up as fast as she could, strove to follow him, but he was at too great a Distance. Revenge and Despair work'd her up to the Height of Lunacy: She tore off her Hood, her Coif, her Gown that hung loosely about her,

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trampling it under Foot, and calling after him, Turn, turn but a Moment; turn (she cry'd) and see what Love and Rage can do; return and behold what *Zara* can perform! Frantick, lost to Hope and Love, lost to Life: Ruin, Despair, Destruction, Death, eternal Misery, overtake me! Heaven, Earth, and Hell revenge me! Heaven, Earth, and Hell are conscious of my Wrongs! I devote my self to eternal Misery, in view of returning in the most affrighting Form to haunt this Barbarian; Let me mingle among all the Traytor's Pleasures; let him attain to no Honours but what may be blasted by the Remembrance of *Zara*; let him reproach himself; may the World for ever reproach him; let me, a Ghost, pursue the Traitor with never-ending Reproaches. Receive me, oh hospitable Flood! into thy cold Bosom; receive a devoted Wretch, whose Flame thy Waters can only quench— Here she flounc'd, with all her Strength, into the River, to the last Moment persisting in a Desire of speedy Death. She held her Breath, and was immediately stifled, without swallowing any of the Water. 'Tis very much a Question if he did not hear the Fall of the Body; possibly not believing a Woman's Love could work her to such a prodigious Height of Frenzy and Resentment, he had made the best of his way to his Lodging; or take it for granted, that he both suspected and heard her Destiny, it

was

was scarce safe for him to return, unless he could have proposed to have flung himself in after, soon enough to save her Life, which the Consequences assures us had been impossible; for she was stifled in a Minute, even before a Gulp of Water could be swallowed.

Next Morning the Body was found down the River, where the Stream had carried it, and *Mosco* upon the Road in his Return to *Angela*. The Fact hath been thus reported by many of his Friends, without finding Credit, because the World oftner condemns than acquits. Her's have advanced, That he had the Improvement of her Fortune in his Hands, which amounted to a considerable Sum, and which was not known to any but themselves: That his Affairs would not then permit him to restore it; which if she had lived, and they had become Enemies, he must have done; therefore to appropriate her Wealth, and rid himself of a troublesome Amour, in Conjunction with two more of his Friends, they had first strangled her, and then thrown her Body into the River.

But, be it as it will, we cannot see a swifter Piece of divine Vengeance than in the Punishment that here on Earth beset *Zara*, for bestowing her guilty Affections upon a Person married to another.

By this time *Lonisa* had two Children: Nor can she be called much more happy than

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than *Zara* ; for tho' she did not survive her Lover's Kindness, she suffered by it : Neither her Charms, nor the Obligations she had laid upon him, could confine him wholly to her Arms. He got but an ill Present among some of his Women, which, perhaps not knowing himself tainted, he imparted to both his Wives. The first (recover as she could) was not to be made acquainted with it ; her Temper would never suffer her to live easy with him afterwards. But for *Louisa*, all Remedies were vainly applied, she was Heart-broken at his Inconstancy ; and tho' by her Brother's Death she was become a considerable Heiress, yet her Melancholy would suffer her to take no Pleasure in Life. Not that she ever had any Remorse for abandoning her self to a married Man, because Polygamy was an unshaken Article of her Faith : But in her Taste of Love she was nice and delicate ; for as she had wholly devoted her Heart and Person to him, she believed his, both by Merit, and by Promise, were wholly due to her ; but having received so fatal a Proof of his wandering from both, she took it to heart, which joining to an ill Habit of Body, carried her from this Life, a Martyr of that Passion to which she had been devoted ; persisting to the last Moment in an Opinion, that, in Regard to *Hernando*, she had done nothing but her Duty.

His

His first Lady, ignorant of her Distemper, yet longer survived : But when it was come to a Crisis, and that Death was apparent, he seem'd to atone for all his former Irregularities by an exact Behaviour. One would have thought that he had been inconsolably afflicted ; he saw no Company but in her Chamber ; he received that little Sstinence that was absolutely necessary for Life, by her Bed-side. Whether he really had, or only seem'd to have Remorse, he said and did all Things that were necessary to approve himself a tender Husband ; and departed not from that Behaviour till her Death most obligingly set him free, and left him at full liberty to pursue, without Controul, his Amours and his Ambition.

These two Brothers, renown'd for their Ascendancy over the Ladies, have this in their Character, That they only desire to be heard : In their Tongue there is such Delusion, that it is impossible for any Woman they attempt, not to be enchanted and undone by them.

Hernando made a Truce with Love, and applied himself more closely to Business : He past all the Preferments of the Long Robe, till he had attain'd to the greatest. When once Grand President, by an infinite Natural Capacity, and but a superficial Knowledge of the Laws, he acquitted himself with Applause. That Lady who last
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left the *Prado* (though but an inconsiderable Fortune) he married amidst all his Grandour ; the Charms of her Wit and Conversation attach'd him to her. She had the good Fortune to fix, as well as to survive this wandering Star ; though it must be own'd, That *there are Follies like some Stains, which wear out of themselves, among which, Love is generally reckoned to be one.*

The End of the First Volume.



*Alfred...
the...*

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20 Lord
21 March
22 Lord
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28 King
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30 D. of
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31 Dutch
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